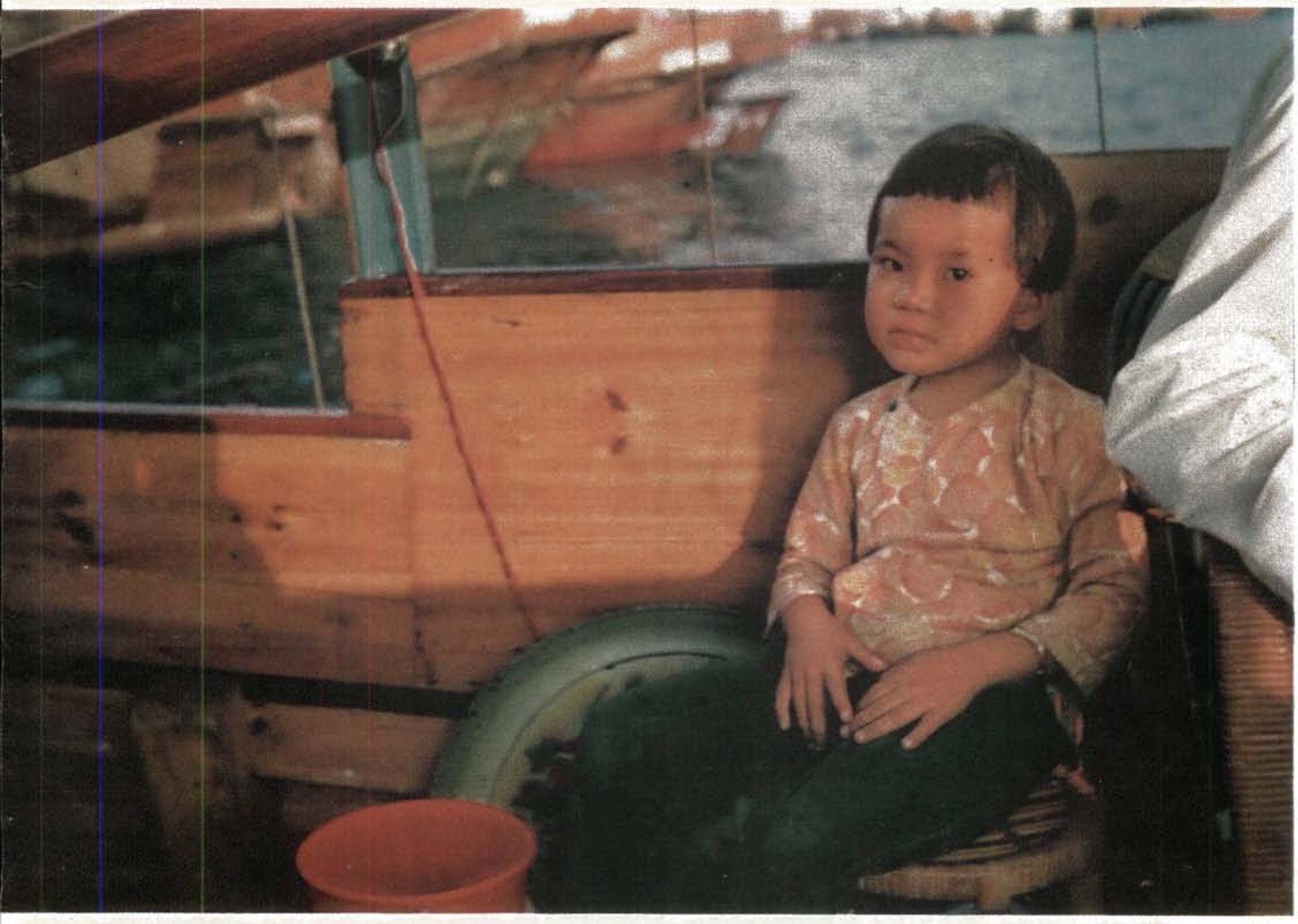
MARY HEMINGWAY REMEMBERS HAVANA

Saturday Review

January 2, 1965 25¢



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) TRAVEL CALENDAR • PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

OUR WEAKNESS IN SPACE

By Frank Drake

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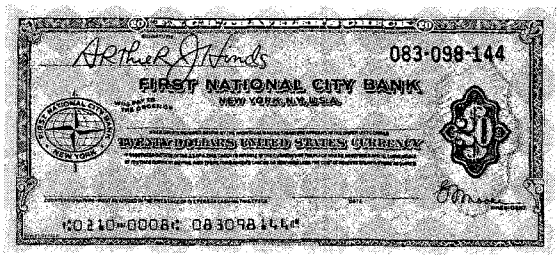

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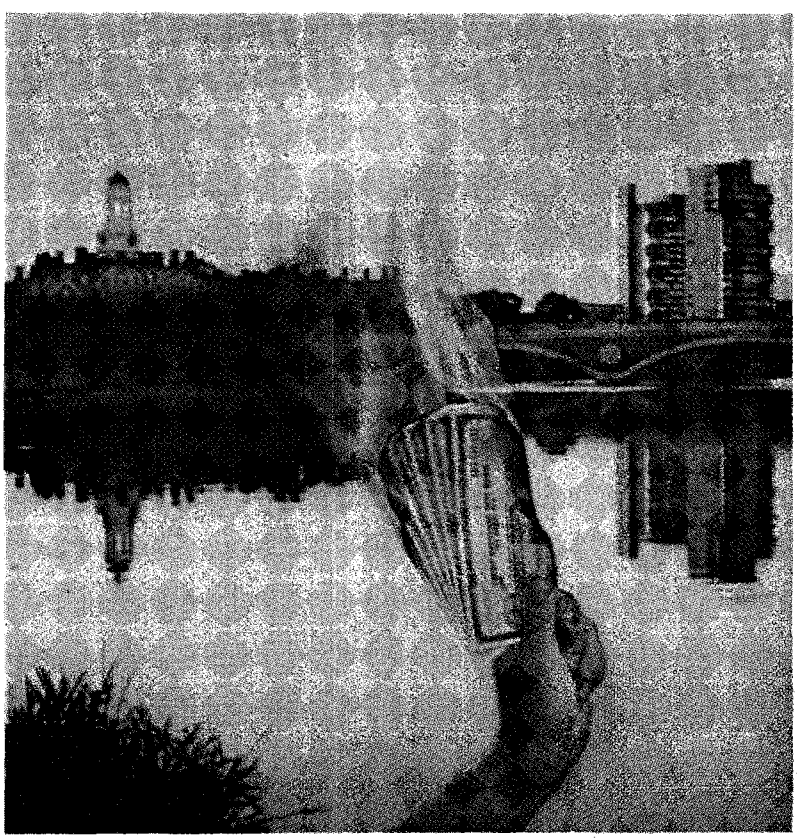

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Test No. 3—Availability—in San Salvador
Banco Salvadoreno officer José Daniel Castellanos (right) greets Mr. & Mrs. Mauricio Castro Aragon who buy First National City Travelers Checks here. They're quick and easy to buy at banks everywhere.

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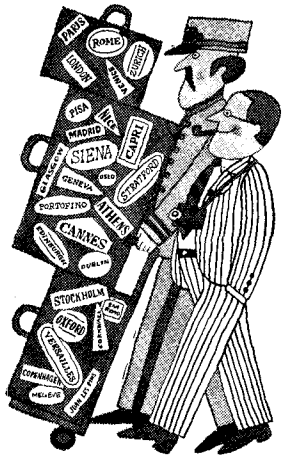

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Saturday Review

January 2, 1965

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVIII, No. 1, January 2, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Midwest Office: Raymond W. Welch, Jr., Mgr., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 1221 Hearst Building, San Francisco 3, California, and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California; Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

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"The decision to use the atomic bomb was a decision that brought death to over 100,000 Japanese. No explanation can change that fact. But this deliberate, premeditated destruction was our least abhorrent choice."

Henry Stimson quoted by McGeorge Bundy
Decision to Drop the Bomb/Chet Huntley
Tuesday, January 5 (8:30-10:00 PM)

" 'Pity me!', said the mouse. 'The world is growing smaller every day...There is only one corner left for me to run to, and in that corner...the mouse trap!' "

Franz Kafka/The World of Franz Kafka/Directions '65
Sunday, January 17 (1:00-1:30 PM)

"Korea is the story of a scar...barely healed, still angry and red after one of the most bitter struggles of our history."

Walter Cronkite/Korea: The Line/The Twentieth Century
Sunday, January 17 (6:00-6:30 PM)

If you watch only 2½ hours of television this month, you'll have enough to think about for the rest of the year.

her programs of special interest in January:

ew Year's Day Bowl Games
otton Bowl—From Dallas (Starts 1:45 PM)
gar Bowl—From New Orleans (Starts 1:45 PM)
se Bowl—From Pasadena (Starts 4:45 PM)
range Bowl—From Miami (Starts 7:45 PM)
ator Bowl—From Jacksonville, Saturday, nuary 2 (Starts 2 PM)

scovery '65
e Baird Puppets; Surprises and Disguises; scovery Goes to London; Yuri and na Discover America
ndays, January 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (11:30-12 N)

rections '65
e World of Isaac Leib Peretz; The World Isaac Babel; The World of Franz Kafka; The orld of Isaac Rosenberg
ndays, January 3, 10, 17, 24 (1-1:30 PM)

e Decision to Drop the Bomb
et Huntley narrates. Footnotes by people sponsible for its development and use.
esday, January 5 (8:30-10 PM)

umni Fun
ason's premiere of information game with ll-known college alumni teams.
nday, January 10 (4-4:30 PM)

ence All-Stars
owcase for scientific accomplishments of ung people. Premiere of second season.
nday, January 10 (5-5:30 PM)

The Capitol: Chronicle of Freedom
U.S. Capitol: monument to freedom, democratic government and art.
Tuesday, January 12 (10-11 PM)

Inauguration Day Ceremonies
Coverage of President Johnson's oath of office, address and parade.
Wednesday, January 20 (11 AM-5:30 PM)

The Stately Ghosts of England
Margaret Rutherford on a ghost-hunt in three of England's haunted mansions.
Monday, January 25 (10-11 PM)

The French Revolution
Michael Redgrave narrates the demise of Royalist France, the birth of the French Republic and the rise of Napoleon.
Tuesday, January 26 (10-11 PM)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts
Leonard Bernstein presents young, talented singers and musicians.
Thursday, January 28 (8-9 PM)

The Magnificent Yankee
Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne portray Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and his wife.
Thursday, January 28 (9:30-11 PM)

The American Sportsman
First of four monthly specials on hunting and fishing: Africa and Bermuda.
Sunday, January 31 (5-6 PM)

The Twentieth Century
Walter Cronkite narrates. TAC: The Lightning Punch; Target: North Africa; Korea: The Line; The Strange Case of Rudolf Hess; The Nisei: The Pride and the Shame
Sundays, January 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (6-6:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Captain Kangaroo/ Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: World War 1/That Was the Week That Was

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/ABC Scope

Fridays: International Showtime/The Entertainers

Saturdays: Sunrise Semester/Mr. Mayor/ Exploring/Wide World of Sports/Mr. Magoo

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/ Watch Mr. Wizard/Issues and Answers/Sunday/ Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Profiles in Courage/ Walt Disney

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.*

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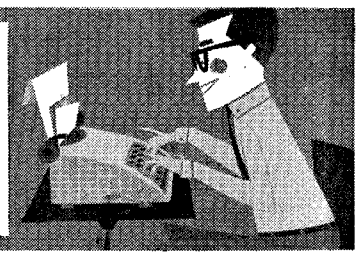
Top of My Head



Scandal! TV Payola Uncovered

DID YOU know there are hundreds of people in this country accepting payola to watch television? These people are members of the Nielsen club—1,200 of them—and every couple of weeks or so the audimeter recordings in their sets are collected and new ones inserted. They receive a minimum of $25.

Consider this dialogue in a Nielsen home:

"John, come on, we're late. What are you doing?"

"Just a minute. I'm turning on the TV set."

"But we won't be here. We're going to the theater."

"Mary, you know we get paid for this. The least we can do is make the audimeter believe we're watching TV."

"Oh, that's right. What channel are you leaving it on?"

"The top-ten channel. We don't want the Nielsen people thinking we're not average."

Wouldn't you like to get $25 for watching television? I would. For some shows I'd charge more, but in general that's what I was trying to do when I applied a few weeks ago in this space for membership in the Nielsen 1,200 club. I listed my qualifications, including membership in good standing in the Diners' club. Not a word from Mr. Nielsen. But I did hear from a couple of friendly readers who are members. I quote one from Mr. R. C. Salander, 113 North Gould Road, Columbus, Ohio, enclosing a Nielsen thirty-two-page diary which he was instructed to fill out. The first question is an interesting one: "Do you have a television set?"

We won't bother with the rest of the questions. There follow now pages of lined diary from Thursday morning at six to the following week at the same time. And Mr. Salander writes:

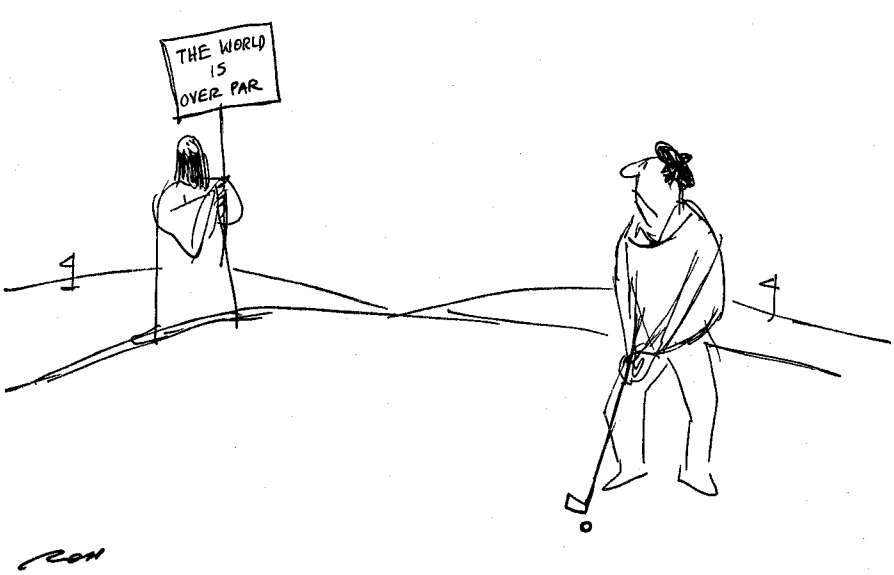
> Your letter [*SR* Nov. 21]. . . . has been answered. I feel it is a far, far better thing for me to give you the enclosed Nielsen TV Viewing Diary. Now you can show us how power corrupts, etc. Make the wasteland bloom again, bring back the roses to the cheeks of the little kiddies by making them go outside to play. Make the lines, mark the numbers, watch the clock etc. . . . I haven't the stomach for it. Sincerely yours.

Thank you, Mr. Salander. But don't I get another diary? I have two TV sets, one black and white, the other mahogany.

The second letter is from Mr. Henry C. Cowen, 50 Briarfield Lane, Huntington, New York:

> Dear Mr. Ace:
> I am a member of the A.C. Nielsen

(*Continued on page* 104)



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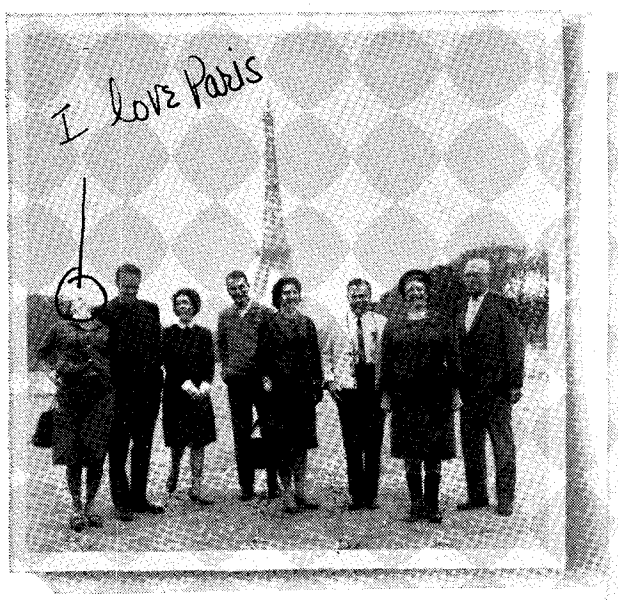
When you fly alone to Europe, you could take Sabena (or any of the other 17 fine airlines).

With friends, you should take Sabena.



does so much of Sabena's transatlantic
ness consist of four or more friends flying
her? For two good reasons: First, Sabena
s you and your travel agent unlimited
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to 68 cities in Europe, Africa and the
lle East. And more important, by special-
in families and friends, Sabena has be-
come expert in knowing their needs. That's why so many travel agents book families and friends on Sabena. Why 4306 U.S. travel agents and their clients call Sabena Europe's most helpful airline. Come to think of it though, there's nothing we would do for a few friends that we wouldn't do for you. Even if you're all alone.

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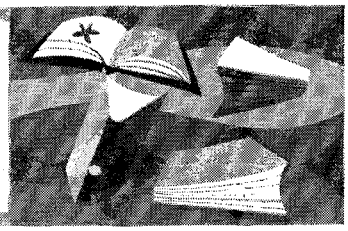
Trade Winds



Once again I am constrained to come to the defense of Ebenezer Scrooge, a misunderstood man. A rereading of *A Christmas Carol* last week indicates that he did not hate Christmas—not nearly so much, for instance, as a large segment

of the Christian world which considered the celebration frivolous not many decades ago.

Scrooge was merely a miser. He cried "Bah! Humbug!" at his nephew because the boy was trying to use Christmas as a means of forgetting about paying bills, growing older, and other things that Scrooge thinks important. When Scrooge is asked for donations for the poor, he rightly recalls that he pays taxes to support the poorhouse and jails, where the poor are incarcerated. True, Scrooge's attitude is ungenerous, but he only asks to be left alone, and when he repairs to his gloomy quarters on Christmas Eve, it appears possible that he might be as poor as he claims.

Scrooge's character has one strong virtue: he is easily convinced. In one short night, he completely reverses his notions about Christmas and his entire outlook on life is transformed. In fact, almost immediately after he has chatted with the apparition of Jacob Marley, Ebenezer begins to change for the better. The story of Tiny Tim and the tour with the three Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and Future is superfluous evidence.

So, please, let's not be too hard on Scrooge after this. Overnight he was transformed into a lovable, generous person. Could it happen to one of us?

A little book called *Offbeat Humor* from Peter Pauper Press seems aptly named. It tells about a man who was bitten by a dog. A few days later the doctor told him he had rabies. The patient took out a pad and pen and started writing.

"No need to write your will," said the doctor. "We'll pull you through."

"It's not my will," said the man. "It's a list of people I'm going to bite."

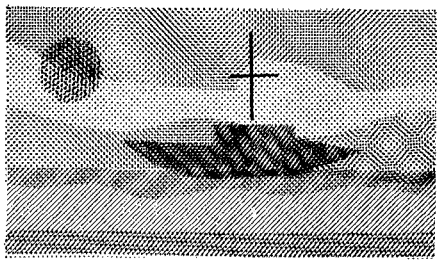
Among the critics of the report of the Warren Commission is John Rothman. He thinks the text is all right, but he says the index is terrible. As editor of The *New York Times Index*, he knows. (*The Times Index*, in simple terms, is a means by which you can look up anything that was printed in the paper since the first edition in 1851.)

The index of the Warren report is practically useless as a guide to the contents of the document. Names are listed with nothing but a string of page numbers after them. A search for data about Oswald's stay in the Soviet Union, Rothman points out, would entail a check of nearly all the 250 references to Oswald. Subject terms such as "wounds," "press coverage," and "prison" are omitted altogether.

Today indexing is a science, Rothman explains. Finding what's been printed in journals and books can be a headache. Indexers now call themselves "information retrievers." At the University of Pittsburgh they study the subject at a "knowledge availability center." The federal government has financed two studies on information retrieval. But for some reason someone slipped up on the Warren report.

After his own *Times Index* Rothman believes the next best are those in *The World Almanac* and in the Sears, Roebuck catalogue.

It took three years of hard work for Morris Weeks, Jr., to edit *The Complete Boating Encyclopedia*, just published by Golden Press. Last summer, though, it



seemed that he had a few free days when the galleys had been corrected and the book was on the press.

"Let's go sailing," he said to his wife, Antoinette.

Soon they were relaxing as their four-

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:een-foot sloop carried them out from :he harbor of Glen Cove, New York, and :ito Long Island Sound.

"It's getting foggy," Antoinette said. 'I can't see a thing."

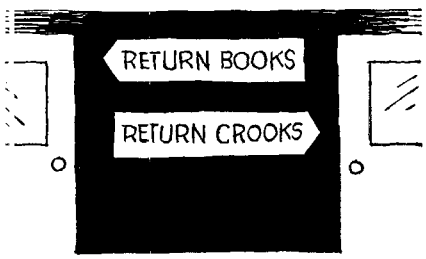
"That's all right," said the editor. 'We just sail on this course for half an :our, then turn around 180 degrees and :ail back a half an hour and we come :ack to Glen Cove."

They heard whistles and bells and :w shapes in the fog. In about half an :our a red buoy slid past.

"See?" Weeks said. "Now we start :ack." He brought her about and they :iled another half an hour and, sure :nough, land ho! There was a light-:ouse, a breakwater, and a big sign that :id: "Harbor of Stamford, Connecticut."

Much later that night, back in Glen :ove, New York, Weeks said to Antoi-:ette, "If you tell anyone at Golden 'ress about this, I'll leave you!"

:harps and Flats: The Chief of Po-:e of Verona, Wisconsin, has the key



(the public library. Reason is that)lice headquarters is in the library.

)- It's not too late to enter the Inter-:ational Novel Award. This is sponsored)y Putnam's, McCalls, Fawcett and Em-:assy Pictures. Write a book of at least)0 double-spaced typewritten pages :nd send it to Putnam's by July 1 and :ou may win $210,000.

)- When former President Truman was :arooned in a stalled elevator in his Jew York hotel, someone called through :e trap door, "Is there anything we :n do?" "Yes," HST replied, "get me bourbon and water."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1603)

(Diana) Forbes-Robertson: *MY AUNT MAXINE*

Stardom had come after thirteen years in the theatre. Maxine was thirty-five, slim, more beautiful than at any time in her life. She emerged totally at last, a groomed and shining lady, splendid in her grandeur, all flamboyance discarded. There was no one quite like her.

Chess Corner—No. 95

THE old masters would turn in their graves if they could see the new-fangled treatment of chess openings by some of the present-day paladins.

Witness, for example, the Sicilian Defense when the young Hungarian champion, Ivan Bilek (White), played his countryman Levente Lengyel in a recent Hungarian tournament.

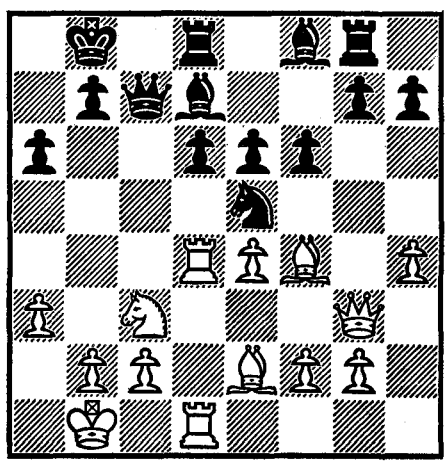
Black's 5 . . . P-QR3, a time-frittering move when the position cries for development, is a case in point. And White's 6 P-QR3 is another. To boot, Black willingly cedes the center with 6 NxN and is soon saddled with a backward Queen Pawn. All of this seems to represent a trend toward the idea that you can get away with anything.

Common sense, however, rules the middle game. White takes a bead on target, and Black grimly defends. But a nimble switch by White to another sector of the board, using his Knight as a springboard, 17 N-R2, leaves Black, who is not so nimble, without resource.

It is interesting that the adversaries here were two of twenty-four qualifiers for the interzonal tournament in Holland.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Bilek White	Lengyel Black	Bilek White	Lengyel Black
1 P-K4	P-QB4	9 Q-K3	P-Q3
2 N-KB3	P-K3	10 O-O-O	Q-B2
3 N-B3	N-QB3	11 B-K2	N-K4
4 P-Q4	PxP	12 Q-N3	B-Q2
5 NxP	P-QR3	13 R-Q4	O-O-O
6 P-QR3	NxN	14 R/1-Q1	P-B3
7 QxN	N-K2	15 P-KR4	K-N1
8 B-KB4	N-B3	16 K-N1	R-N1



17 N-R2	B-K2	24 NxB	RxP
18 Q-N3	K-R1	25 RxP	R-KB1
19 N-N4	B-QB1	26-N-Q5	RxP
20 B-B4	P-KN4	27 NxP/6	Q-B1
21 BxKP	BxB	28 QxN	QxPch
22 QxB	PxB	29 K-R1	Resigns
23 N-Q5	Q-N1		

—Al Horowitz.

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Across the Imperial Court—the bustling lobby of the New Wing sets the exciting mood of modern Japan. Here, your Imperial welcome includes every luxury and convenience of modern hotel comfort. Plus the Imperial's traditional hospitality.

Perhaps you would like to spend a few days in both wings. Your travel agent knows the Imperial well. He'll understand.

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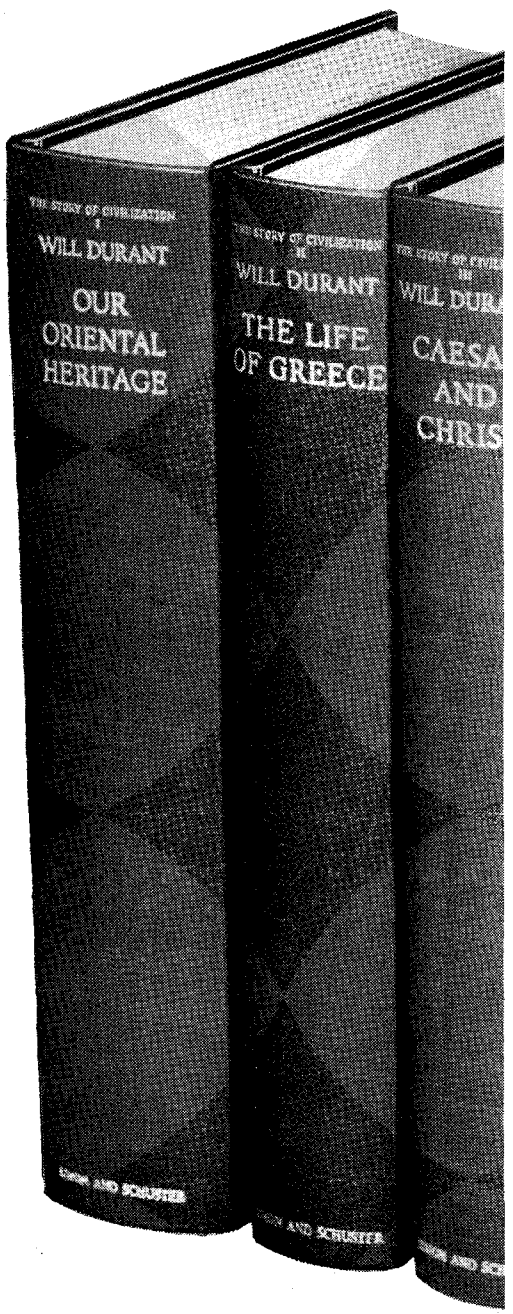

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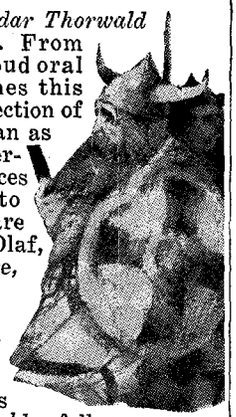

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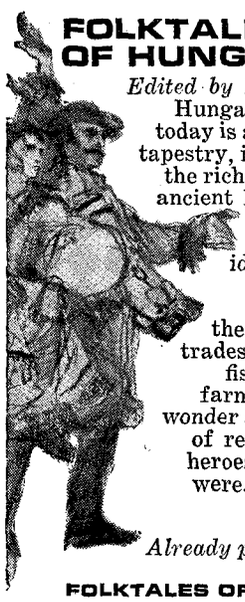

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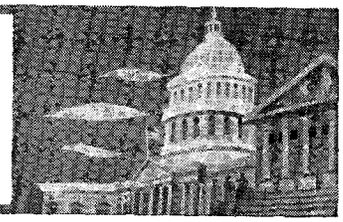

LONDON.

A MEMBER of Britain's new Labor Government who had just moved into his official residence confided to me the other day that he had decided to hold on to his old, modest, little apartment. "Who knows," he mused, "how long I will have this new place at my disposal. . . ?"

The remark is indicative of the uncertainty that prevails within the Labor Government. The narrow election victory was disappointing, but the desperate battle to preserve the value of the pound caused a profound shock among the still overconfident Laborites. It was a battle far grimmer than Prime Minister Harold Wilson had expected, and not even he can yet fathom all its bitter consequences.

The gaily lit garlands strung across Oxford and Regent streets, the enticing shop windows, the throngs of shoppers, the crowded theaters and night clubs—all belie the gravity of the economic crisis that has come to haunt Britain and the Labor Government. In 1958 the Suez crisis exposed Britain's military weakness and Great Britain thereafter ceased in the eyes of the world to be a great power. The crisis of the pound sterling last month exposed a chronic weakness of Britain's economy and put into doubt Britain's ability to continue as the world's banker and holder of a "reserve currency." The United States and several of the financially strong governments in Western Europe promptly came to the rescue of the pound sterling when Britain's own gold reserves proved inadequate to halt the run on it. They acted swiftly and in unison, fearing that the collapse of the pound could cause the collapse of the precariously balanced world currency system. The United States particularly, as holder of the second "reserve currency," was fearful that the sterling crisis could also drag the dollar toward devaluation.

Monetary battles are silent and bloodless, the communiqués unintelligible to the average man. But the repercussions are world-wide and their full impact is felt only months later when it hits the pocket of the ordinary citizen. This has not yet happened in Britain. The pound was saved. But the underlying problems persist and present the Prime Minister with nothing to look forward to but unpleasant alternatives.

There is, first of all, the nagging fact that the Labor Government will remain under constant and careful scrutiny by the central bankers of the world, who represent the opposite end of the political spectrum. And they must be listened to and taken into serious account because by next March the British Government may want to ask for a renewal of these credits just at the time when it will be presenting its first regular budget. The Labor Government is committed to more public spending for social welfare and also to heavier taxation—a formula of which central bankers generally do not approve. Even worse, the new credit restrictions in Britain may well produce unemployment—which was virtually nonexistent under the Conservative Government. And if the threat of unemployment becomes plain, even the trade unions will immediately turn against the Labor Government by refusing to cooperate in the bold plan it is preparing for what is called an "incomes policy." This boils down to the acceptance on the part of industry and the trade unions of a plan for tying increases in wages, profits, and prices to the actual growth in productivity. But they may in fact go so far as to claim that because the Labor Government is failing their interests, they must look after themselves and go against the plan.

I AM thus convinced that, should unemployment threaten, the Labor Government will not wait until the situation deteriorates but will call for another election next spring, putting the blame for the economic mess squarely on the last Conservative Government. There is some justification for such a claim. The Conservatives were well aware that the balance-of-payments situation was declining but did not dare to act because they were reluctant to make moves that would force people to realize how false the then-current prosperity was. The Labor Government, once in power, was obliged to deal at once with the grave balance-of-payments problem they had inherited, but the manner they applied was so clumsy that they made the task that much more difficult for themselves. Brazenly they told the world the unvarnished truth about Britain's financial position, and as soon as it was realized that the emperor wore no clothes, the flight from the pound was on. And when, compounding the blunders, the government made several additional technical and psychological mistakes, there was

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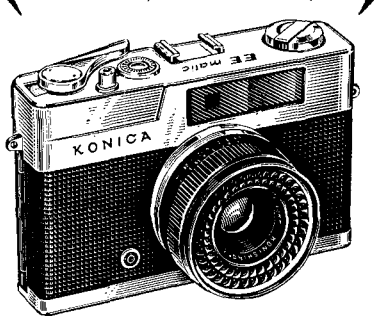

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nothing for it but to resort to the most extreme steps to save a pound.

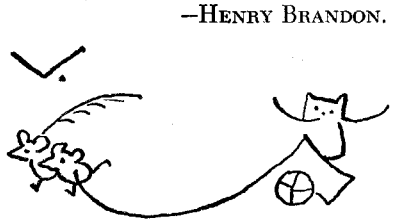
The betting among both Labor and Conservative politicians is that if there are to be new elections next spring the Labor Party, in spite of its many errors in the short time it has been in power, will again win. Many people who voted Labor in the last elections not because they are resolute socialists but from boredom and dissatisfaction with the Conservatives told me that they would probably vote Labor again because the government should be given a fair run to show what it can do. Moreover, Harold Wilson, in spite of his stumbles so far, has succeeded in creating the image of a strong leader while the Conservative Party, on the other hand, gives a picture of disarray.

Several Conservative leaders privately confessed that they do not expect to overthrow the Labor Government; despite its narrow majority they see themselves out of office for the next four to six years. Thus if Mr. Wilson does call for another election before the consequences of the pound crisis are felt among the workers and middle-classes, he is likely to be returned by a larger majority that would give him more time and elbow room to deal with the grave long-term problems underlying the economic crisis—the reluctance of industry and labor to modernize themselves, to be more competitive, and to concentrate harder on exports rather than on the home market.

Whether these are the central reasons for Britain's economic crisis or whether the reasons go deeper will be known only in time. Mr. Wilson made it clear during his recent visit to Washington that he would cut various defense expenditures, but at the same time he left no doubt that he wanted to preserve what is left of Britain's responsibilities east of Suez. He has proved in various ways that he is just as empire-minded as the conservatives, just as anxious to preserve the value of the pound and Britain's role as the world's banker. Whether Britain's resources are sufficient to live up to these expectations, whether the pound crisis was an ominous warning that it cannot live up to them, only the future can tell us.

Meanwhile the mood in London is a curious mixture of hope and disillusionment—hope that the Labor Government will succeed in pulling the country out of its present mess, disillusionment at how badly it has done so far.

—HENRY BRANDON.



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Saturday Review
January 2, 1965

The President's Most Powerful Tool

A Chief Executive's main strength lies in his leadership of public opinion.

Here a professor of political science examines the varieties of that leadership.

By ELMER E. CORNWELL, JR.

IT IS the office of the Presidency that makes American democracy unique in the democratic world. It has been the Presidency, more than any other part of the system, that has enabled American democracy to succeed and flourish for a century and three quarters. And it has been the relationship between President and public that has given this office its power and importance.

Sweeping assertions? Yes, but defensible—if not provable in an ultimate sense. The uniqueness of the Presidential institution in a world of free nations that have most often followed the British cabinet model is obvious, and hardly less so in light of de Gaulle's assumed role under the Fifth French Republic. That the Presidency has made the constitutional system workable is perhaps less obvious but can be persuasively argued in light of the roles played by Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson, and the Roosevelts.

But why insist that the President's key relationship is with the public rather than with his party or with Congress? Popular government by definition entails close links between governors and governed, whatever the constitutional forms. Likewise all freely elected officials must cherish their popular base of support. In a very real sense, however, the American President finds in the populace not only his base of electoral support but the very essence of his power to influence the process of governance. Were he the British Prime Minister and were American parties like British parties, Presidents could govern as party leaders. But American parties have rarely lent themselves to anything approaching "party government."

The separation of powers and the constitutional allocation of legislative authority to Congress shape the President's relation with that body. Save for the veto, the occupant of the White House has no means of either setting major policy himself or forcing the Legislative branch to do his bidding. Apparently the framers did not intend the chief magistrate to be a policymaker except in crisis situations. The leverage the President has acquired in the lawmaking process has been indirect, based on use of the arts of persuasion, and ultimately grounded in the popular support he can claim or mobilize. Hence his link with the public is his key relationship.

THE President, in the nature of things, must deal with the citizenry largely through the media of communication, and the impact of the revolution in communications on the Presidential office during the present century has obviously been tremendous. Presidents have found in the mass circulation daily newspaper, radio broadcasting, and, recently, television unprecedented channels for exerting leadership of opinion in the making of national policy. But not only does the Chief Executive now have the technical means to reach his clientele with an ease and rapidity unknown in the last century; he has also achieved an omnipresence in the general flow of news and in the awareness of the average citizen which in itself has vast implications for the shaping both of national opinion and of public policy.

The role of the President as leader of national opinion, as it has evolved during the first six decades of the twentieth century, is clearly a permanent feature of the office and of the American political scene. This role, however, invites two sharply contradictory interpretations. Some will ask, especially in the light of the Kennedy (and Johnson) success in harnessing television: Does not the White House now have available an array of communications techniques of limitless and even frightening potential? Have contemporary Presidents perhaps become dangerously powerful, as channels for manipulating the public have opened up to them?

On the other hand, a case can certainly be made that, short of an overriding crisis, Presidents need more than publicity techniques to overcome the enormous frictions in the American political system. The legislative accomplishments of the Kennedy Administration seem meager indeed when measured against the amount of effort and virtuosity expended to obtain them. The real question may therefore turn out to be: Is the President's power and capacity to influence events likely to be equal to the ever-increasing demands being made upon him?

The one thing that has emerged clearly, whatever its ultimate significance, is the pre-eminent ability of the Chief Executive to generate publicity and to command public attention. Both his interpretation of the potential of the office and his natural reserve caused President Kennedy to modulate somewhat his use of the enormous publicity power of the White House. But the breezy and uninhibited Texan who succeeded him has apparently felt no compulsion to keep the danger of overexposure continually in mind, with results that come out graphically in the following from *Time*:

> In the course of a single breathtaking, nerveshaking, totally implausible

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Elmer E. Cornwell, Jr., is chairman of the Department of Political Science at Brown University. This article is adapted from his forthcoming *Presidential Leadership of Public Opinion*, which will be published later this month by the Indiana University Press.

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week, the 36th President of the U.S. made nearly two dozen speeches, traveled 2,983 miles, held three press conferences, appeared on national television three times, was seen in person by almost a quarter of a million people, shook so many hands that by week's end his right hand was puffed and bleeding.

Quite apparently Lyndon Johnson began his Presidency on the theory that there is virtually no limit, no brooding danger of ultimate public boredom which he need take into account in his efforts to mold and marshal public opinion. Johnson, of course, like Coolidge and Truman before him, faced (and easily surmounted) the problem of building his own national image in order to secure his party's nomination, and eventual re-election to office.

But whatever a President's theory in this regard, he can consistently hold the center of the governmental stage against virtually any rival. The Congress, with which he must, in constitutional theory, joust for the citizen's attention, is ill adapted to vie with him for first position in the public eye. A phenomenon of the Kennedy era, archly labeled the "Ev and Charlie Show," dramatically underscored the legislative branch's dilemma—which is also the dilemma of the opposition party—in making itself heard. It consisted of periodical televised "press conferences" staged by the minority leaders of the Senate and House, Everett McKinley Dirksen and Charles Halleck.

These affairs were an outgrowth of the need on the part of the Republican Party, and particularly the Republican Congressional leadership, for a platform from which to compete with the Democratic White House. The format chosen was a recognition of the tremendous impact of the Presidential press conference and the even greater presumed impact of Kennedy's live televising. As Russell Baker wrote in the *New York Times*, Dirksen and Halleck "did not expect to match the White House with its traditional monopoly over the headlines and the television tube, but they hoped to hold a minority share of the communication lines."

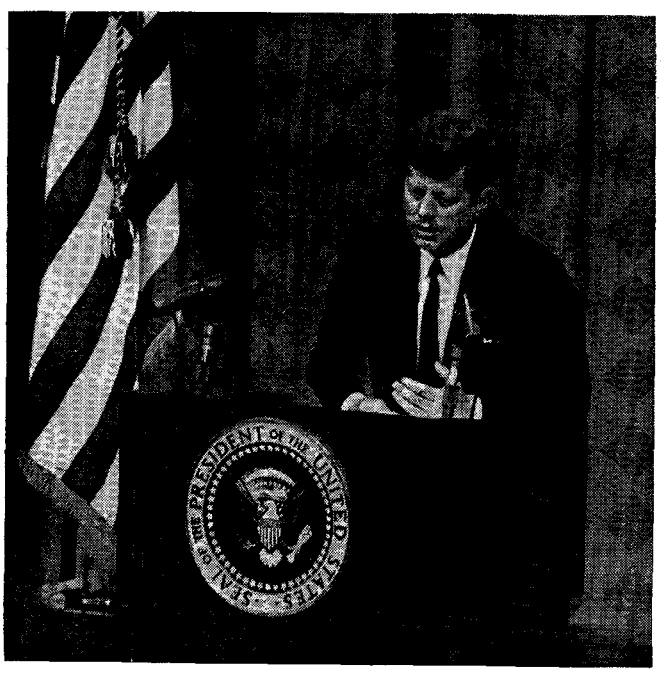
Not long after this effort had got under way in 1961, its serious weaknesses became evident—not the least of which was the irreverent title coined by a reporter and taken over gleefully by Washington and the rest of the country. The principals were not particularly telegenic compared with President Kennedy and other youthful New Frontiersmen. In manner, phraseology, and the stridency of their approach to the issues of the day, they seemed faintly old-fashioned. Whether the results would have been happier with more attractive spokesmen whose views hewed closer to the middle of the political road is hard to say. For whatever reason, the show declined after an initial flurry of success born no doubt of curiosity. According to Baker the session of March 15, 1962, was typical:

> President Kennedy's news conference yesterday was attended by 391 persons. For this morning's "Ev and Charlie Show" the authorities of the Capitol press gallery had set up facilities for seventy-five reporters. Seventeen showed up.
>
> After the President's news conference yesterday afternoon, all the major television and radio networks had tapes immediately available for unabridged reproduction across the country. "Ev and Charlie" drew four screen-film cameras to record fragments that may, or may not, yield the Republicans a few seconds of canned film in some of the nation's living rooms tonight.

Such is the enormous advantage enjoyed by the Chief Executive in the television age. The blurred public image of Congress is thus further blurred, and the already monumental disadvantages of the out party are made worse. So despondent had the Republican leadership become as the 1963 session dawned that funds for the continuance of the show were cut off.

Added to this one-sided advantage which the President enjoys in gaining access to the public is his vast image as national leader and even as father figure. Gallup poll findings that Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy all enjoyed popularity in or near the 80 per cent range at high points in their careers bespeak more than the partisan following that put them in office. A President, once in the White House, quickly assumes a public position far beyond the limits of his electoral majority, even when this was narrow and inconclusive. This would seem to clinch his unchallengeable position and to confirm the worst fears of those who cry incipient tyranny.

However, access to an attentive public by no means automatically confers the power to shape and mold popular attitudes. TV viewers, even of a Presidential telecast, though they may hang on his words, need not accept his conclusions. Not only the legislative record since 1960 but the Congressional achievements of JFK's three predecessors underscore the point that the President is far from invincible, however fully or skil-



—*Pix.*

—*Wide World.*

Competitors for public attention—The "Ev and Charlie Show" lost by a landslide.

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fully he may exploit the mass media. The Kennedy efforts along these lines, which drew from Senate Republican Leader Dirksen the lament that he "had never seen an Administration so organized in the propaganda field," resulted in surprisingly little forward movement by Congress.

What, one might ask, explains this apparent anomaly? Why is the White House, with all its recent electronic embellishments, so much less effective than it ought to be? For one thing, the collective impact of recent innovations in communications has been far more complex than would at first appear. James Burns, an astute observer of the Presidency, wrote in the *New York Times Magazine* shortly after President Kennedy's assassination:

> . . . the more [Kennedy] spoke and acted in terms of national unity and bipartisanship, the more he dulled his image as a leader moving strongly ahead, and in a partisan direction, at home. As in the case of Presidents before him, his role as chief of state had to pre-empt his role as party chief and legislator-in-chief.

Presidents, when they address the nation, cannot help evoking their role as national leader, symbol, and spokesman, because the media operate continually to cast them in this role. And the more the public comes to see the President as the personification of the nation, irrespective of party, the less willing it is to accept the partisan side of his office. The cold war with its recurring crises has also enhanced the President's stature as a nonpartisan national leader and champion in a dangerous world. Both the magnitude of the reaction to President Kennedy's assassination and the mingled feelings of personal loss and fear for the future that it brought suggest the psychological and symbolic importance which the White House occupant has come to have for the nation.

When the Chief Executive then assumes the mantle of *party* leader or protagonist of one group against another, the "President of all the people" image becomes blurred. The American public, which has been taught to think that political controversy is always in bad taste, reacts unfavorably when the preeminent symbol of its yearning for unity and leadership demeans himself. The higher the pedestal to which the man and the office have been elevated in recent years, the greater the adverse reaction to Presidential partisanship. The nation followed Harry Truman willingly in foreign affairs, yet reviled him bitterly for moves like the steel seizure and some of his less inhibited public comments. Similarly, the enormous popularity of Eisenhower the general, the man, and the President was coupled with a refusal to see him as a partisan figure or to heed him when he plugged his policies or his party's candidates.

THE last months of President Kennedy's life are particularly suggestive, and in a sense ironic. During most of his tenure he seemed to be acutely aware of a need to preserve his image and to husband his broad nonpartisan support. Sidney Hyman and others criticized him for this acute image-consciousness and urged him "to forget about his popularity entirely" in the interest of more effective leadership on critical issues. In 1963, events on the erupting civil rights front forced a sympathetic but reluctant President into taking an increasingly clear stand on behalf of the embattled Negro groups. Unquestionably he took his stand fully aware that it was fraught with danger to his image. Reaction, measured by the polls, showed that the public was indeed responding unfavorably. His general popularity went down sharply and a Gallup survey released just before the fateful 22nd of November showed that nearly 50 per cent of several samplings since May felt the Administration was pushing too fast on integration.

Though the point cannot be proved, it seems obvious that entwined with this specific reaction to a policy trend was a generalized uneasiness and even anxiety at having the President thus take sides and abandon impartiality. Ironically, his fateful visit to Texas was part of an effort to recoup this loss; and even more ironically, its tragic outcome, releasing again as it did the floodgates of emotional identification with both man and office, gave back to the President in death the broad base of support and affection which the imperatives of policy leadership had jeopardized while he was alive.

President Johnson, between November 1963 and his landslide re-election, displayed a keen awareness of this aspect of the office. He has been extraordinarily successful in cultivating and maintaining the "President of all the people" image, much as Franklin Roosevelt was able to do in his first year or two of office. The exceedingly unpopular Goldwater candidacy further enhanced the President's broad base of national acceptance, both electoral and otherwise. And yet the polls showed that the major negative element in LBJ's public image was his reputation as a skilful politician and wheeler-dealer. Though precisely these qualities made possible his striking legislative successes, they again represented partisan blemishes on a man whom the public yearned to have symbolize a national unity and harmony that is above politics.

This is the point. The vast impact of the mass media in capitalizing on the President as good copy, the President's own exploitation of these possibilities for "image-building," and a general yearning in the public for a nonpartisan national symbol—a yearning reinforced by the anxieties of cold war—have lifted the White House occupant above the sordid arena of partisan politics. Thus any effort to participate in the party or group struggle, as a President must, is as likely to produce shock and disillusionment as it is to enlist active support.

A supplementary—and more orthodox

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—explanation of the modest legislative achievement of the Kennedy Administration is the different constituencies of the President and Congress. Congress represents the nation in terms of local groups and interests, while the President represents it as a whole and particularly its *national* interests and currents of opinion. Congress thus has a vested interest in promoting local claims and ignoring national claims, while the President seeks to emphasize national goals and problems at the expense of parochialism. Add to this the rural imbalance that is characteristic of the Senate and, through malapportionment and obsolete district patterns, of the House as well, and the difficulty is compounded.

The President's prime weapon for influencing policymaking is his ability to command and influence a national audience. In theory a public which he has convinced will communicate its desires to Capitol Hill, and action will result. But Congress by its nature is far less responsive to national currents of opinion than to local pressures. Furthermore, well over half the membership comes from safe seats and is immune to anything but a virtual tidal wave of popular demand. Only events, rarely Presidents alone, can produce opinion of this intensity. Finally, many of the most powerful individuals on the Hill, the committee chairmen, are from the safest districts and hence the most insulated from any White House-generated pressure.

THE consequences of recent Supreme Court decisions on legislative apportionment may help make Congress more amenable to the influence the President can bring to bear from the electorate. His basic power position must remain essentially the same, however. He confronts the checks and balances and planned frictions of the American constitutional system, which no degree of mastery of the media or further expansion of the Presidential image can neutralize. Thus, in the last analysis, those who lament the limits of Executive power, rather than those who fear strong Presidents, may have the better case.

Since little is likely to be done constitutionally to strengthen the President's hand, his ability to lead and mold public opinion, for all its inherent limitations, must remain his prime reliance. American parties and the American public will do well to bear this in mind as they act in their mysterious ways to fill the office —and hardly less as they fill the Vice Presidency. More than ever before in the history of the Republic, the times demand strong Presidents, and, more than ever before, the strong President will be the skilful leader and molder of public opinion throughout the country he serves.

Meanwhile, Back at the Plot . . .

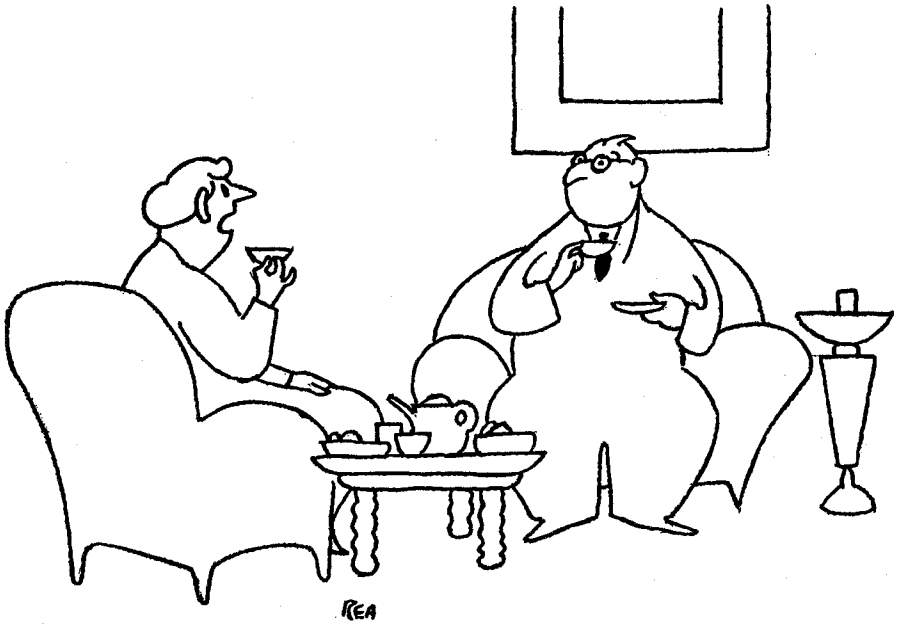
By WILLIAM WALDEN

IN THE SHORT STORY I was reading—the author and title of which I shall not identify, for reasons that will be obvious later—the lovely young wife had just confessed, under unremitting pressure from her much older, insanely jealous husband, to having succumbed to the blandishments of his best friend and spent the previous night with him. Would the husband erupt in a towering rage? Collapse in a state of shock? Icily order her out of the house? Search out his best friend and kill him? In an agony of suspense I read on:

> For several moments he stared at her, dumb with incredulity. In the unnatural silence, the old clock on the mantel clacked away rhythmically. Downstairs, the swishing of the housekeeper's broom could be heard in a sibilant, mocking refrain. On the next block a motorist blasted his horn at a dilatory pedestrian. Far off, a train whistle hooted faintly and derisively, as if . . .

I never learned what the wronged husband did, for at that point the story and I parted company. I could have exercised the reader's prerogative of skipping ahead, but years of overexposure to fiction have bred in me a violent antipathy to certain narrative tricks. The dead-weight space filler that is planted at suspenseful moments, like that quoted above, is, in my opinion, the most underhanded of them all.

Lest there be any misunderstanding, let me hasten to explain that I have no quarrel with exposition that, however indirectly or remotely, creates background, rounds out character, or is otherwise pertinent to the story. The author may be as oblique or circuitous as he pleases in telling his tale without offending me. What I cannot abide is deliberate padding—the bit of pseudo-atmospheric detail, unconnected with the rest of the story, flung lumpishly into the narrative stream, usually at a critical juncture, for the sole purpose of exploiting the reader's interest. A son angrily accuses a father of having callously driven his wife into an early grave; the ominous silence that follows is broken by the racking cough of a neighbor in the next apartment—a neighbor never previously mentioned and almost certain never to be mentioned again. A thief, having just murdered a storekeeper, stares, sweat-drenched and horror-stricken, at the dead body; at that precise moment a rat begins to gnaw at the plaster in the wall. A child is about to topple to his death from an open window; a delivery boy whistles blithely as he bicycles along with his groceries in the street below. (The rat is one of the shortest-lived in the annals of zoology, being born an instant before he gnawed the plaster and dying an instant after. As for the delivery boy, he belonged on



"You always have to have the middle word in an argument, don't you?"

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the other side of town, where the lady who ordered the groceries resides, but he had been summoned to the street of the teetering child by an implacable pen.) These gratuitous observations are literary detritus strewn deliberately in the reader's path to retard the climactic revelation. The storyteller, having reached a crucial point, attempts to keep the reader dangling on the hook as long as possible.

This device is not only shoddy and exasperating (to me, at least), but singularly lacking in originality, being confined generally to a limited range of subjects. The old reliable, and by far the most frequently used, is the weather. During tense pauses, it is routine for wind to whistle around eaves, rain to slap against windows, or thunder to growl ominously in the west. Sometimes sleet pelts against a roof, or a finger of lightning stabs through the velvet blackness outside. During narrative crises, the weather almost invariably takes a quick turn for the worse.

THE next most popular topic of these verbal quagmires is transportation. Though no hint has previously been dropped that a railroad exists anywhere in the neighborhood, the moment a climax is reached, train whistles scream shrilly, shriek stridently, or moan poignantly from afar. Let the briefest silence occur, and immediately ambulance sirens start to wail, fire engines snarl, fog horns bellow in the harbor, heavy trucks rumble by (shaking the house), obsolescent trolley cars clang, horses' hoofs clop, brakes screech, planes roar, and automobile horns toot like crazy. The endless, vociferous comings and goings of extraneous vehicles have stretched many a flimsy story and many a reader's patience.

Animals are likewise heavily overworked during pregnant pauses. Dogs yelp, whine, or bark, and cats mew, meow, or miaou. In stories about farms, any domesticated animal may be dragged in to punctuate a silence. In the woods, this function is generally reserved for wildlife. Crying babies tend to favor cities, especially slums, but, if needed badly enough, will operate in almost any environment. Other noisemakers are creaking floorboards, telephones that ring insistently but are seldom answered, loudly ticking clocks, coughs, sneezes, swishing brooms, steeple chimes, church bells, and echoing footsteps. Fireplaces may offer a rich lode; in a story I read recently, a defective damper in a chimney received more attention from the author than the leading character of the plot, and was far more vivid than either. Sometimes a suspenseful pause is filled with an eerie silence whose eeriness is described at length. Cigarettes and liquor are favorite spur-of-the-moment fillers. At tense intervals, characters who until then were innocent of vices suddenly start lighting or snuffing out cigarettes, or pouring with shaking fingers and draining at a gulp. Characters who would shudder at the thought of merely breathing someone else's tobacco smoke have been forced by their desperate creators to huff and puff like locomotives, while others have been driven to drink in moments of stress on the part of their authors. As soon as the crisis is over, of course, these characters return to their normal weed-hating, teetotaling selves.

Someday I shall have my revenge on these space-stuffers in a story of my own. Its plot and principal scene are clearly fixed in mind: Eddie Stone, a young man recently out of prison for armed robbery, has been trying to go straight since his release so he can marry the girl he loves, who knows nothing about his past. Weasles, the tough leader of Eddie's old gang, tells Eddie that unless he joins the gang in a $2,000,000 jewel robbery, Eddie's girl will be told that he is an ex-convict. Crisis: Eddie is clearly on the spot; what will he do? O.K., Weasles has just tossed his ultimatum right into Eddie's face, which turns white. Now go on with the story:

> For several seconds Eddie simply stood there numbly. Down in the street, a truck driver raced his motor wildly and it backfired several times, sounding like a machine gun. Across the alley, a man sneezed, and Eddie resisted an idiotic impulse to shout "Gesundheit!"
>
> Eddie lit a cigarette with shaking fingers. He knew that Weasles was waiting for an answer, but his brain refused to function. In a nearby apartment, a baby started to cry. An airplane roared overhead. Around the corner, a lady who had just bought a red hat protested volubly that she had been shortchanged. In Central Park, a man tripped over an exposed tree root and cursed foully. The sky over Canarsie grew threatening, and in Forest Hills a sudden gust of wind tore a few leaves from a tree. Eddie blew a circle of smoke toward the ceiling.
>
> "Well?" Weasles demanded impatiently. The question pulled Eddie's thoughts, which had started to wander, back to where he was. He went to the liquor cabinet and poured himself a stiff drink, which he downed in one swallow, after first removing from his mouth the cigarette he had been puffing on. In the hallway just outside the door, a tenant clumped up the stairs, his slow footsteps vividly conveying that he had had a hard day at the gas station and been unable to secure a seat on the subway coming home. Through the dirty window, Eddie saw a piece of newspaper float by, borne on a vagrant breeze. It seemed an omen of some sort —just what, Eddie couldn't figure out. A baby carriage with wheels that badly needed oiling squeaked past on the sidewalk below, while in the gutter an iceman's horse and wagon clattered and clop-clopped anachronistically along. Out in the harbor, tugboats beeped dismally in the fog, while in Arkansas a farmer who was chopping . . .

That's the general idea, but of course it's only a beginning.

"Don't ask me what to do. You're the dictator."

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

THE FOUNDING FATHER: THE STORY OF JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, Richard J. Whalen. New American Library-World, $6.95 (*SR,* Dec. 19)—The mystery surrounding this controversial parent is somewhat dispelled by Mr. Kennedy himself, who hints at the truth in his own self-assessment: "The measure of a man's success in life is not the money he's made. It's the kind of family he's raised."

AN AMERICAN FAMILY, Ishbel Ross. New American Library-World, $6.50 (*SR,* Nov. 28)—About a family named Taft, whose collective achievement is so far surpassed only by the Adamses, and whose political survival is attributable to the sensible, solid models each generation set up for the next.

THE KENNEDY YEARS, text by the *New York Times,* prepared under the direction of Harold Faber; photographs by Jacques Lowe and others. Viking, $16.50 (*SR,* Dec. 19)—Somewhat sketchy and unorganized in its editorial focus, this is nevertheless a superb pictorial record of the life and career of a dynamic and photogenic President.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE: THE GREAT REPORTERS AND THEIR TIMES, John Hohenberg. Columbia, $8.95 (*SR,* Dec. 12)—Nothing can replace the eyewitness account of history; this book by a former newspaperman, now a faculty member at the Columbia University School of Journalism, records the adventures and evaluates the significance of the men who were there.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION: EDUCATIONAL AND CULTURAL AFFAIRS, Philip Coombs. Harper & Row, $2.95 cloth, $1.45 paperback (*SR,* Dec. 19)—A call to action by the former Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs, who warns that U.S. policy seriously underestimates the importance of the exchange of scholars and creative talents.

THE DIARIES OF PAUL KLEE, 1898-1918. Edited, with an introduction, by Felix Klee. University of California, $10 (*SR,* Nov. 28)—Replete with intimations of the future, these writings reveal how closely were enmeshed the man, writer, and artist, whose methods were as varied and unorthodox as the reasoning that inspired them.

THE FUTURE OF MAN, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, translated from the French by Norman Denny. Harper & Row, $5 (*SR,* Dec. 19)—A Jesuit priest and paleontologist predicts a day when all mankind will be harmonious.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF EMERSON AND CARLYLE. Edited by Joseph Slater. Columbia, $10 (*SR,* Dec. 19)—A record of a remarkable friendship that illuminates important intellectual aspects of the nineteenth century.

THE DANGEROUS SEX: THE MYTH OF FEMININE EVIL, H. R. Hays. Putnam, $5.95 (*SR,* Dec. 12)—Despite some frailty in argumentation and susceptibility to fancy, this mythical explanation of the relentless battle between the sexes is plausible, entertaining, and provocative of more rigorous investigation.

COMMUNIST CHINA: THE EARLY YEARS, 1949-55, A. Doak Barnett. Praeger, $6.95 (*SR,* Dec. 12)—One of the leading authorities on contemporary China furnishes a seasoned interpretation of Communism on the Mainland during its formative and most crucial years.

MEMOIRS: 1921-1941, Ilya Ehrenburg, translated from the Russian by Tatania Shebunina with Yvonne Kapp. World, $6.95 (*SR,* Dec. 5)—These memoirs by the intellectual godfather of the post-Stalin thaw do for culture what Khrushchev's 1956 speech did for politics—and with a similar dichotomy between revelation and concealment.

MY FRIEND DEGAS, Daniel Halévy, translated and edited by Mina Curtiss. Wesleyan, $6 (*SR,* Dec. 5)—A charming domestic portrait of the enigmatic artist and of a friendship that began when Halévy was a boy of sixteen and Degas fifty-four and half blind.

THE BARRYMORES, Hollis Alpert. Dial, $7.95 (*SR,* Dec. 5)—Detailed, lively, and warm account of the Barrymore legend—presented in all its glamour but not without the shadows and the sometimes less than noble motivations behind it.

Fiction

EUGENE ONEGIN: A NOVEL IN VERSE, Aleksandr Pushkin, translated with commentary by Vladimir Nabokov. Pantheon, 4 vols., $18.50 (*SR,* Nov. 28)—In this quest for literal accuracy, language and syntax often suffer distortion, but the exhaustive analysis given the famous work re-establishes the translator as a man with wit, style, and a first-rate mind.

ART

Exhibitions

TREASURES FOR TOLEDO, Toledo Museum of Art—Impressive array of 100 works acquired by the museum during the last five years. Particularly notable are paintings by Primaticcio, Mattia Preti, Pietro da Cortona, and Cézanne.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF SPANISH STILL-LIFE PAINTING, Newark Museum—Loan exhibition stressing the seventeenth century, when Spain was celebrated for its distinguished school of still-life painting. Closes Jan. 26.

RELIGIOUS ART: FROM BYZANTIUM TO CHAGALL, Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo—One hundred forty works dating from the eleventh century to the present include important paintings and a large collection of rare Greek and Russian icons. Closes Jan. 10.

MARCEL DUCHAMP, 1904-1964, Cordier & Ekstrom Gallery, New York—About one hundred works, many never shown before, by the legendary *avant-garde* artist. Covers everything from paintings to Ready-Mades. Opens Jan. 14.

18TH CENTURY FRANCE: PAINTINGS FROM THE LOUVRE, Nelson Gallery and Atkins Museum, Kansas City—Twenty Rococo canvases lent by the Louvre range from the incomparable Watteau through Pater, Boucher, and Fragonard to their lesser-known contemporaries. Closes Jan. 10.

Publications

INDIAN ART IN MIDDLE AMERICA, Frederick J. Dockstader, New York Graphic Society, $25—Handsomely illustrated book by the director of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, deals with Pre-Columbian and contemporary arts and crafts of Mexico, Central America, and the Caribbean. Prepared for the intelligent layman, the text is refreshingly simple, informed, and illuminating.

ARCHITECTURE WITHOUT ARCHITECTS, Bernard Rudofsky. Museum of Modern Art, hardcover, $6.95; paperback, $3.95—A book of remarkable photographs and terse explanatory text accompanies an exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art that surveys spontaneous communal architecture from all times and all places.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Exhibitions

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD HEALD, Worcester, Mass. Chamberlain Art Museum—One-man show honoring a native Worcester "amateur" who graphically interprets the changing season in New England and Europe. (All prints, color and black-and-white, made by Heald in his own home darkroom.)

Publications

THE SILENT MIAOW, text and 200 photos by Suzanne Szasz, translated by Paul Gallico. Crown, $3.95—Fine teamwork between pen and lens in a cat story.

THE GREEK ISLANDS, introduction by Joannes Gaitanides; eighty photographs by Hanns Reich, etc. Hill and Wang, $4.95—Newest title in Terra Magica series inspires picking up stakes (and camera) and going straight to the islands.

THEATER

MAN AND SUPERMAN (*SR,* Dec. 27)—Fine revival of Shaw comedy, with *Don Juan in Hell* added as subtext.

THE NEW PINTER PLAYS (*SR,* Dec. 27)—*The Room* and *A Slight Ache* moodily explore the danger areas around two complacent marriages.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR (*SR,* Oct. 17)—The utmost theatrical imagination is used to recreate the comic absurdity and tragic waste of World War I.

ABSENCE OF A CELLO (*SR,* Oct. 24)—Interesting new comedy about an impractical scientist trying to foil big business.

Also . . . THE FANTASTICKS, HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING, THE KNACK, DUTCHMAN, THE TROJAN WOMEN, THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES, and, if you can get tickets, **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF** and **LUV.**

MOVIES

GOLDFINGER (*SR,* Dec. 12)—Extraordinarily improbable but suspenseful stuff, with 007 (Sean Connery) saving Fort Knox.

ZORBA THE GREEK—Michael Cacoyannis, a triple-talented Greek, wrote the screen adaptation and directed and produced 1964's finest film, a zesty tale set on Crete.

THE IMAGE OF LOVE—Survey of most of the more obvious aspects of love from caveman to movie queen through an imaginative mingling of graphics, sculpture, and old film clips. Narrated by Anthony Newley.

SEANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON—Fine, shuddery, English melodrama in which a demented spiritualist tries to prove her powers by kidnapping a child. Kim Stanley is the spiritualist, Richard Attenborough her compliant husband.

MY FAIR LADY (*SR,* Nov. 14)—Lavish, tasteful, and abundantly appealing adaptation of the Lerner-Loewe musical. Rex Harrison is again the perfect Professor Higgins, Audrey Hepburn a slightly less perfect Eliza.

MISCELLANEOUS

Poetry Center, New York

DENISE LEVERTOV, Jan. 11, 8:30 p.m., $1.50—Poet, author of *O Taste and See,* recently published by New Directions.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, Jan. 18, 8:30 p.m., $2—Author of *Manhattan Transfer* and the *USA* trilogy, reading from and commenting on his work.

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Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

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Six Feet, Six Hours, One World

AS STATESMEN and military leaders on both sides of the cold war struggle to keep that sprawling, bitter conflict within manageable limits, the scientific, social, and political revolutions that will finally decide the issue go forward with unabated speed.

The challenge with which these revolutions confront American society—and indeed every society, East and West—is one of adjustment to a pace and magnitude of change unprecedented in human history. If that society which best adjusts to the scale and speed of change is also most likely to prevail, then it is eminently desirable to get some grasp of the forces powering this change.

Scientists in industry, government, and our universities today are estimated to be doubling our body of scientfic knowledge every decade. More scientists and engineers are at work today than the cumulative total over the previous 6,000 years of recorded history. Developments that once would have required decades are now compressed into a few years.

This massive effort obviously has vast technological and economic implications. The impact on business, for example, is enormous. One major electronics company has reported that almost 85 per cent of its business today is in items that did not exist fifteen years ago. Moreover, U.S. business is internationalizing at a rate undreamed of only a few years ago. The speed of communications and transportation—a direct descendant of the knowledge explosion—is one major reason. Consider a few signs of this increasing speed.

At the time of George Washington's inauguration, as a recent *SR* editorial reminded us, it took almost two days for the news to reach Philadelphia and six weeks for Paris to hear about it. Not only does news move with instantaneous impact around the world today, but businessmen as well as statesmen and average citizens have extraordinary access to the remotest quarters of the globe.

Telephone engineers speak of "presence" when two people are using the telephone. Their goal is that people anywhere in the world should be able to talk to each other as though they were within six feet of each other. Their "presence" would be six feet, as it already is on many transcontinental and international telephone calls.

The jet airliner has already made political or business conferences feasible on very short notice, even though the participants may have to assemble from points thousands of miles apart, across oceans and continents. A weekend conference in Europe or Asia is a commonplace that has accelerated overseas diversification of U.S. business as well as intensified international competition.

Swift communication and transportation have made possible global competition that has fashioned a "new look" in corporations—the multinational company with roots firmly embedded in several countries. Twenty-five years ago relatively few companies could claim worldwide orientation; today the roster runs into the thousands. Twenty-five years from now, when the supersonic commercial airliner has brought all major capitals to within six hours or less of each other, the roster surely will run into the tens of thousands and the new managers of global enterprises will be making their basic decisions in terms of an integrated world market rather than rival nationalistic markets.

This contraction of the old time-distance ratios that formerly made the world so wide and strange has been increasingly matched by the expansion of leisure. Today the average working man in the United States and other advanced industrial nations enjoys twenty-two years more leisure during his lifetime than did his grandfather. He has a longer life span, more vacation time, and a shorter work week.

And there is no doubt that technological progress is going to continue to release much more of man's time, energies, and thought from the burden not only of physical labor, but of routine, repetitive tasks such as the quantifying of complex data which the computer today performs so much more efficiently.

The growth of leisure, rise in income, and acceleration of transport have also generated a travel revolution, a vast migration of peaceful visitors unprecedented in history. During 1964 it is estimated that some 55,000,000 individuals traveled across national boundaries and spent $9 billion. This phenomenon, with which this issue of *SR* is largely concerned, is a vital part of the economic and cultural transformation that the tremendous thrust of scientific development is powering. For the first time, tens of thousands of students—perhaps 2 per cent of the globe's student population—are studying in other countries than their own. Nearly 25,000 Americans are in foreign universities.

WHAT is emerging is not only a widening awareness of the world that would have seemed incredible just a few years ago but a greater appreciation for the human diversity that we all share.

The new corporate statesman, the foreign traveler, the leisured masses, and the overseas students—all, in one way or the other, gather a more universal, less parochial viewpoint through living only six feet or six hours from each other, and all must eventually recognize that the multiple revolutions of our time have made the cold war as obsolete as the Inquisition and that one world is the best possible alternative to no world.

As we start 1965 with our own reaffirmed vision of the Great Society, let us never forget that "we are all of us, consciously or unconsciously, waking or sleeping, building the unity of man or plotting the end of the world."

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Fog of Silence

WHAT DELIGHTS ME about N.C.'s editorial "The Grand Tradition" [*SR*, Dec. 26] is that it spotlights one of the most civilized yet neglected books published this year. Strange that a book with so much to say, and saying it so well, should disappear into that fog of silence.

I found in *Now, Barabbas* much that was rewarding and much that was disturbing. But I also found stimulation, wonder, and hope. It made me proud that I was in book publishing and that such men as William Jovanovich could still be attracted to it and become a vital part of it.

When he quotes Kurt Wolff on the subject of literature *vs.* profit ("In the beginning was the word, not the numeral"), he is giving us much more than a glimpse of a great publisher. When he suggests that publishing might be wise to reverse the latest trend and "go private," he is doing much more than being witty. *Now, Barabbas* is one of the seminal books of our publishing era. It is a book to read and reread for pleasure and sustenance.

That N.C. has sensed in it both the mysterious questions and the uncomfortable answers that plague book publishing is proof that he cherished the profession as much as Kurt Wolff did—and I cannot pay him any greater compliment. . . .

AARON SUSSMAN.

New York, N.Y.

Fifteen Years Later

READERS WHO RECALL *SR*'s inspired project back in 1949 to arrange for American "Moral Adoption Parents" of Japanese children orphaned by the A-Bomb in Hiroshima will be interested to know that the *Asahi Picture News* of Tokyo (the Japanese equivalent of *Life*) in its August 7, 1964, issue devoted a dozen pages to a feature narrating and illustrating what had happened fifteen years later to the scores of "Moral Adoption Foster Children" who were individually helped by American couples through all their letters, packages, and funds.

The *Asahi Picture News* back in March 22, 1950, had run an initial feature story about the project, with the front cover displaying a photo of little Mitsuko Yoshikawa, "Moral Adoption Child No. 1," together with her fellow orphans. Mrs. Fuson and I had the good fortune to be the first American parents formally hooked up with a Hiroshima orphan; thus Mitsuko was our "foster child" and we were mentioned in that issue. We kept in touch with our "Mitzi" for a number of months through letters and parcels, till she finally was adopted into a fine Japanese couple's home; now she is an attractive, happy, and normal housewife. This recent issue of the *Asahi Picture News* reproduced the 1950 cover photo on its cover and focused on Mitsuko's life since 1949. We Fusons were pleasantly surprised to see on page 10 a captioned photo of our family of four (including our David and Linda) as we looked in 1949!

"Well, I hope they invited us for business reasons, and not just because they like us!"

Other *SR* "foster parents" may wish to write the *Asahi Shimbun*, Tokyo, Japan, for the August 7 issue of its *Picture News*, to learn whether or not their "moral adoption children" happen to have been among those pictured and described in the feature article.

BEN W. FUSON,
Professor of English,
Kansas Wesleyan University.

Salina, Kan.

What's in a Symbol?

THE REVIEW OF *The Dangerous Sex: The Myth of Feminine Evil*, by H. R. Hays [*SR*, Dec. 12] surely deserves emphasis.

These symbol-chasers turn everything into symbols of what they themselves are looking for. On this basis they twist and distort every circle into a symbol of the womb. It never seems to occur to them that a circle was the symbol of the life-giving sun among the early agricultural peoples, a symbol of the light-giving moon among the early pastoral peoples, and a symbol of eternity among the Greek philosophers.

It is unfortunate that among such sex-obsessed people the most innocent remark is twisted and distorted into something suitable not to the gutter but to the sewer. A ten-foot knight's lance a symbol of the phallus, indeed! How ridiculous can you get? On that basis the fencing foil must also be a symbol of the phallus. And what of Mount Everest? Is that majestic spectacle nothing but one of nature's symbols of the phallus? Or perhaps these people interpret it as a symbol of the female breast? We might expect such nonsense from the ignorant and superstitious peoples of, say, the Early Stone Age. This, however, is supposed to be the enlightened twentieth century. . . .

LYLE RODGERS.

Washington, D.C.

Technology and Education

IT IS WITH THE greatest of pleasure that I write to thank you for the articles in the symposium "Technology's Challenge to Education" [*SR*, Dec. 12]. I was stimulated and challenged by the sheer largeness of so many "competent" ideas. To know that there exist thinkers like those who contributed to the feature's success is gratifying. Congratulations on an unusually significant achievement.

WALTER E. JORDAN, JR.

Cleveland, O.

AFTER READING "Technology's Challenge to Education" one idea comes through clearly. This is not the Nuclear Age or the Space Age or the Automation Age or even the Age of Technology.

This is the Age of the Behavioral Sciences. And we'd better get on with its business.

CLAY GERKEN,
Professor of Psychology,
University of Nebraska.

Lincoln, Neb.

THE SYMPOSIUM at the University of Delaware is a hopeful sign that our technological society may finally be taking its head out of the sand. Let's hope it's only the first of many such events.

R. L. NESTOR.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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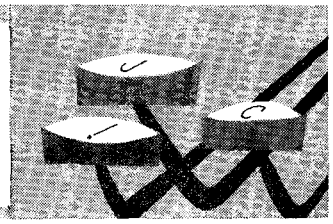
Manner of Speaking



The Editors Regret: The most common item of equipment on *SR*'s poetry desk is one that has become painfully familiar to one segment of the subscription list and is known as the rejection slip. The one I inherited nine years ago, and still use, is printed in blue on an *SR* letterhead and reads as follows:

> The Editors of *Saturday Review* regret that the inclosed material has not proved suitable for their current needs. They appreciate its merits and wish to thank the author for submitting it.

Let me confess that I dislike the awkward evasiveness of that phrasing. "Has not proved suitable for their current needs" is, at best, hollow. If your poem came back with a rejection slip attached, you can bet at long odds that current or future need has nothing to do with it, and that it will never work out for any need at all. There are times when a poem the editor would like to publish is simply too long for any space that may become available in foreseeable time, and he must return it as simply beyond his resources, but in that case—if he really likes the piece—he will certainly put his regrets into a letter and hope for a look at some poems of more manageable length. What the rejection slip says in plain fact is that he has no use for the poem now or ever.

"They appreciate its merits" is, of course, another evasion. No editor tosses material into the out basket if he sees any real merit in it. To be sure, he may think of it as competent, but since when was competence good enough?

That printed slip is a special case of using words to make a social noise. One makes social noises by way of clearing his throat in preparation for saying what he really has to say. Or he makes them as a social cover-up for nothing to say when the situation seems to demand a few words whether or not they mean anything. The social noise of the rejection slip is of the second case.

What is there to say? The information any man gets from a rejection slip when he opens his return envelope is already manifest in the fact that the manuscript has been returned. And yet there seems to be some sort of social convention requiring that some sort of letter (if only an imitation of one) must accompany the self-evident, and why not a real letter? But *SR* receives somewhere between 400 and 600 poems weekly. How can any man hope to write or to dictate an individual letter with each set of rejected poems? The pallid subterfuge of the rejection slip is mathematically inevitable.

There can be no thought of liking rejection slips, and no one does. I once spent years accumulating a massive collection of them from the very best magazines and I even kept them together in a special drawer of my desk. But be sure I did not keep them to love. They were there as some sort of metaphysical hair-shirt, my soul's wardrobe of prickly reminders, and a loathsome documentation of editorial stupidity.

I am on known ground, therefore, when some young man sends back his rejection slip with his own rejection of me scrawled across it. His is a motion of the living fire, and may the motion fan him to the heat of an irresistible creation.

Nor am I surprised when some virago of the bluebird sonnets writes me a snarly letter to demand why I haven't at least the good manners to acknowledge a personal communication personally—though I may wonder who let loose the premise that the act of submitting a poem for sale is a personal transaction.

Nor am I surprised when a plaintive matron writes to say she is wounded by the coldness of having her poem so treated. Not, of course, that she thought the poem was good enough for *SR* but she *did* so want me to see it personally. (Semantics, anyone?)

THE core of it all, of course, is in that "personally." In any case, let me assure her, and any other reader who may care, that I do personally see all poems submitted to *SR*. There is no preliminary screening process. I look at them all. But let me note a difference between "looking" and "reading." "Reading" means all the way through and then, probably, over again. "Looking" means reading until the eye has come on a reason for rejecting the poem. The first cliché is generally reason enough. In most cases, moreover, the first cliché is likely to be the first thing in the poem. It usually has to be because the second thing in the poem is the second cliché, and the third thing the third cliché, and so on. What can one write in such cases, except a short essay on the nature of the cliché, about which any would-be writer should have known already?

But to think in that direction is to assume that most amateur poets care about the nature of poetry. They do not: they care only about releasing their own emotions. For even a bad poem is likely to be an intense act of the writer's personality. "I want to be paid attention to!" it says. And back home in everyman's ego, who doesn't?

So it is that the writer's objection to the rejection slip is not because it is inane, but because it is impersonal. Any inanity or evasion scrawled on a memo pad seems to do well enough. So long as it is "personal."

But whatever the form of it, there are only three things an editor can do with a manuscript that has been submitted to him. He may buy it—and it is always a pleasure to find a poem one can buy with any enthusiasm. He may reject it. Or he may like it but be troubled by a number of details he wants to talk over—nondirectively, but in the hope the author will want to run them through his closest attention one more time.

It can be the editor's most valuable function to make such suggestions. I have myself been grateful to a number of good editors who led me to see things that needed reworking in a poem I had let myself hope was ready to go. Roughly a quarter of the poems published in *SR* contain changes that resulted from this sort of correspondence. And it is on such correspondence that the editor's time should be spent; not in chatty little elaborations of the self-evident. Beyond such correspondence, there can be nothing to say but "thanks, yes" or "sorry, no."

Still, of course, ego is ego, and the writer's more so. Some sort of social noise is demanded: one will be made. And if it can be made in a way that can soften the blow any ego must feel at being rejected, then let soft influences be brought to bear.

But how? Is it possible to phrase (what does not exist) a loving rejection? Obviously not. It may still be possible to phrase an acceptable one. I have tried and failed. But there, among the natural resources of the continent, is the ingenuity of our readers, and I hereby call for help at large.

No prizes. A few months ago John Fuller offered ten pounds of soda crackers to anyone who could come up with a replacement for the typewriter sentence, "The quick brown fox, *etc.*" In what is now known as the soda-cracker crisis, he finds he owes approximately 40,000 pounds of the stuff and was last seen trading in futures on the Chicago Commodities Exchange.

May I remind the metaphysical apothecary that *SR*'s new address is 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, and that all suggestions will remain personally and gratefully unacknowledged except by the recording angel in charge of good deeds. —JOHN CIARDI.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Final Search for Meaning

IN 1952 Whittaker Chambers published *Witness*, an account of his boyhood and youth, his conversion to Communism, his disillusionment with Communism, and his role in the trials of Alger Hiss. It was, I believed and believe, one of the most important documents of the present historical era. It left room, however, for a more systematic statement of Chambers's philosophy, and this he hoped to undertake. But a severe heart attack limited his activity, and in the years between that attack and his death in 1961 he was able to write only fragments. Some of these fragments have been brought together by Duncan Norton-Taylor, an associate of his on *Time* magazine, and published under the name of *Cold Friday* (Random House, $5.95). The name comes from a bleak portion of the Maryland farm on which Chambers spent the later years of his life.

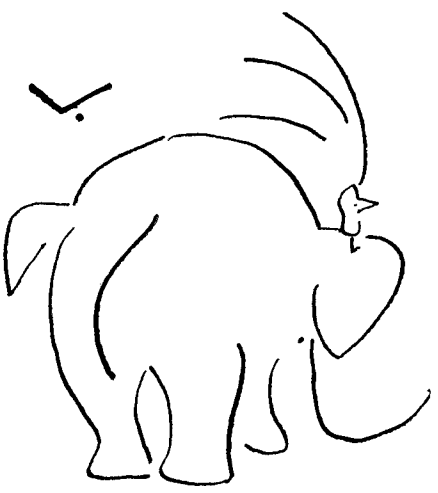
Norton-Taylor has included not only several extended essays but also notes, sketches, extracts from a diary, and letters to friends. There are some interesting passages that supplement Chambers's account of his life in *Witness*—for instance, passages about his experiences at Columbia, with particular emphasis on his friendships. For the most part, however, these are searchings into the meaning of life by a man who was living close to death.

When *Witness* was published, Sol Levitas of the *New Leader* told me to take all the space I wanted in reviewing it, and I took four pages. Up to a point, as he wrote me at the time, Chambers was pleased. In *Cold Friday*, under the date of August 17, 1953, I find the following entry:

> Searching for some papers, today, I came across Granville Hicks's review of *Witness*. . . . What struck me about his review, as at the first time I read it, was that, after claiming me as a devotee of "consequent logic," he adds that, to be truly consistent, I should return to some point in time before the technological revolution in order logically to begin my criticism of the secular, rationalist, scientific mind *ab initio*. What seems to me characteristic is his assumption that I do not know this, too, and have not done it. . . . After which, it is at once necessary to say that the striking feature of Hicks's review is an intellectual and compassionate understanding quite beyond any other liberal's who has dealt with the subject.

I want to make it clear that Chambers was paying me no compliment when he referred to me as a liberal. In one of his letters to his son, he said: "That is, you meant, by socialism, all those related political manifestations, including Communism and a good deal of what in America passes, for reasons of political expedience, by the name of Liberalism." His opinion of liberals—or, at least, of most people who laid claim to the name—was no higher than Barry Goldwater's.

At the same time he was critical of many of those who called themselves conservatives. Writing in 1954 about Republicanism, he said: "It still supposes that Senator Taft was a conservative instead of what he actually was: a balky revolutionist who was trying with his bare hands to stop the wheel of revolution from turning beyond the point which he and his like found proper and comfortable." With his gift for effective figures of speech, Chambers continued by describing the senator as "a liberal on an escalator serving the Tower of Babel": "His objection was not to the Tower or the escalator but to being carried too fast past the twenty-ninth floor."



Chambers was an absolutist, both when he joined the Communist Party and when he broke with it. He stated categorically: "The crux of this matter is the question whether God exists. If God exists, a man cannot be a Communist, which begins with the rejection of God. But if God does not exist, it follows that Communism, or some suitable variant of it, is right." What sort of God? "A Christian God," he seemed

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to be saying, for he spoke of belief in the Resurrection. He ruled out not only the unbelievers and the believers in other concepts of God but also the masses of people who give no more than lip service to the Christian faith. It is no wonder that he believed that he was on the losing side, that Communism was bound to win.

That is why I argued in my review of *Witness* that Chambers ought to turn back to the Age of Faith, before the scientific revolution. I had and have no doubt that he considered this idea, but he never discussed it and its implications thoroughly. At one point in *Cold Friday* he says that we should be better off if the industrial revolution had never taken place, but he goes no further than that.

Chambers was right in believing that Communism was a logical consequence of the scientific and industrial revolutions, but he was wrong in arguing that all consequences were in some sense Communistic. He simply could not see the great differences between Communism on the one hand and British socialism or American liberalism on the other.

Although Chambers sought diligently after the truth, his conclusions about the meaning of history are difficult to accept. His first literary ambition, while he was a student at Columbia, was to be a poet, and he might have been a good poet if not a great one. Even in these fragments one feels a power of expression well beyond the average. Both in his memories of Germany and Russia and in his descriptions of his life on his farm, the writing is extraordinarily evocative.

In a way he was a poet. After *Witness* was published, André Malraux, himself an ex-Communist as well as an eminent man of letters, wrote Chambers, "You are one of those who did not return from Hell with empty hands." Chambers came back with the determination to understand his experiences and with the ability to communicate the experiences to others. That is why *Witness* is more than an important historical document; it seemed to me, when I read it, to belong with the great confessions, and I do not think I was wrong.

Cold Friday, fragmentary though it is, has the same quality. One can quarrel with Chambers, as I did all through the book, and yet end with high respect for him. In the later years of his life, always aware of the imminence of death, he still sought for understanding. Conscious of the role he had played in history, he felt a moral obligation to interpret it, for his own sake and for the sake of others. If his conclusions are often open to question, the record of his struggle is admirable and heartening.

—Granville Hicks.

ON THE FRINGE

Among My Souvenirs

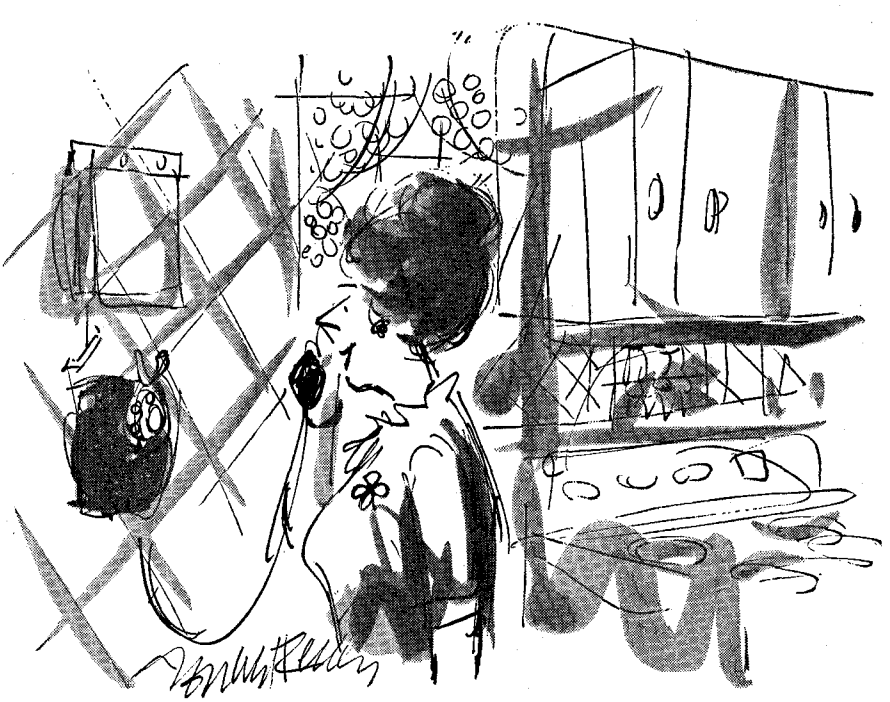
In line with my New Year's policy of desk-cleaning, here are bits and pieces from items collected during 1964 that somehow didn't end up in print. Also included are more recent gleanings from publishing rounds.

Notes from a talk with Kathrin Perutz, author of *A House on the Sound* (Coward-McCann, $3.95), to be published next week:

K.P. is twenty-five years old, American. This is her second novel. First was *The Garden* (Atheneum). Both books published first in England. For some reason, expected something lady-authorish, whatever that means. Instead met a long, tall Bardot. Taffy-topped at one end, skirts to the knee at the other. Skirt rode up when she sat down. Very distracting to the interview. Showed her the biography her publishers sent to me. She did something with her pale-lipsticked mouth. Long drop earrings shook. "The bio omits Connecticut College for Women though I went there for two years. They feel I only went there so I could write a novel about the place. That's my first novel, *The Garden. A House on the Sound* was written two years ago. It came out in England this past June. It met with critical success. I've finished a third novel, *The Ghosts.* That will be published in May '65, England first. It's concerned with 'How is anyone free to love anyone?' Ugh, it's impossible to sum up a book in one sentence. The new one's all emotion as opposed to *A House on the Sound*, which definitely isn't . . . I write too much too quickly. I know it. I write a book in a month, twenty pages a day. Write it all orgiastically; then I have to rest a month between drafts. I don't stay with passages. Either I'm being a writer or a girl; I'm never both at the same time. When I wrote *A House on the Sound* I was in complete turmoil, agony, so I gave myself technical problems to work with. Time lengths: the whole thing is set in one evening, a dinner party and a moonlight swim afterward. I used flashbacks the way they do in movies: cigarette smoke trails to a cigarette fifteen years ago, the past incident in the present moment . . . With my first book I was supposed to be Sagan. With this one, Mary McCarthy. Soon, they'll run out of women and have to compare me to men."

Not with those knees!

A release received concerning *Practical Etiquette for the Modern Man*, by Mary Lou Munson (Taplinger, $4.95), quotes the author as saying," . . . there is nothing more masculine than a man who's in command of a situation. He



"I'm sorry, but he's still on safari in the executive jungle."

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can make a woman feel four feet tall—even if she's a skyscraper." Four feet tall! That man in command is either the Marquis de Sade or a witch doctor, and I'd advise that four-foot skyscraper to run like hell while she's still got the chance. . . . One of the nicest things to happen in a long time is the publication of *Wise Men Fish Here,* by W. G. Rogers (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95), the story of Frances Steloff and the bookstore she opened on New York's West 47th Street in 1920. Though small in size by New York standards, the Gotham Book Mart, because of Miss Steloff's guts and taste, has had a big impact on America's reading. She pioneered in the sales of—and fought in the courts when necessary to defend her right to sell—the writings of James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Henry Miller, Kay Boyle, André Gide, and others. Miss Steloff very much deserves this book of her own. . . . As a result of my piece on the re-emergence of Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* (*SR,* Nov. 21, 1964) I seem to be turning into a shelter for lost books, and that's just fine by me. A note from Evelyn B. Gundy, New York City, asked if I had read *The Countrywoman,* by Paul Smith, a novel of the Dublin slums in the 1920s, published by Scribners in September 1961. Until Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Gundy's letter arrived I had never heard of the book. Checking around turned up a string of rave reviews and a sales figure of "around 4,500 copies." At this writing Scribners has exactly one copy of the novel in its files. The author's agent also has one copy. And I'm off to the secondhand shops again. . . . Word from Holt, Rinehart & Winston is that Christina Stead's *The Man Who Loved Children* is to get a second chance, come February, to find a wider readership for itself. Names such as Randall Jarrell, Jean Stafford, and Robert Lowell are lining up behind the book, originally published in 1940, in an effort to lead it to the light. . . . Incidentally, at this writing, Avon has three hundred and fifty thousand copies of *Call It Sleep* in print. Oh, frabjous day!

" . . . Well, you tell Freddie Thompson that your Daddy writes the advertising copy for the airline on which his daddy is a pilot!"

Worst evening of 1964 is tied in my memory to a fine book, *Fear on Trial,* by John Henry Faulk (Simon & Schuster, $6.50), the story of the radio and television personality's six-year fight to clear his name of the smears of blacklisters. The locale was a New York nightclub called "The Strollers," which was launching a new gimmick with which to drag in customers. Nightly there was to be a debate featuring a name moderator and name debaters on timely topics, audience participation invited at $5 per head minimum. John Henry Faulk was the moderator for a debate on the then-forthcoming Presidential election. Debaters were two exceedingly earnest young men. One ran a small political magazine; the other was heading up the Goldwater campaign in East Rockaway, Long Island (imagine hearing him and for only $5 minimum!). All I can remember of the evening is (1) fiddling with swizzle sticks labeled "Clarkes Bar & Grill" and used exclusively at The Strollers; (2) a waiter leaning over me to butt his cigarette in my ashtray; (3) a men's room attendant who held a roll of paper toweling in his hand and tore off a strip as you approached the washbasin and then held out his hand for a quarter; (4) the wonderful drunken lady who made the only audience-participation comment of the evening: "Why don't you all shut up and sit down? You bore me." But Mr. Faulk's book is very much worth reading.

As an actor, Bill Gunn has won a Critics' Award for his off-Broadway performance in *Take a Giant Step*; as a playwright he made his debut with *Marcus in the High Grass* produced by the Theatre Guild in Westport in 1958; as a novelist he is represented by *All the Rest Have Died* (Delacorte, $3.95). Furthermore, he has completed a full-length play, *The Celebration,* plus a pair of one-acters, *The Ghinko Trees,* all scheduled for New York productions this season; he has a movie script in the typewriter; an acting appearance on film for TV's *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.,* and he is deep into his second novel, currently titled *Paris Green.* This is not bad for a man who started out to be an artist ("lost my hand at painting") and is now somewhere in his thirties ("I'd rather not pin it down since I still work as an actor."). "I became an actor because I was shy. It was the only way I could run off at the mouth without being blamed for it. But a Negro has problems in the theater as a serious actor. Our stars are mostly prize fighters and singers. A Negro actor can get rave notices in a play one day and the next find himself reading for a spear carrier's part against a guy who just got off the train. It's a shame but critics do not give a Negro bad reviews. Friends told me that if I had done my play *Marcus* off-Broadway with a Negro instead of a white cast I'd have been a star playwright today. When a Geraldine Page or a Kim Stanley gives a bad performance, the critics slam her, but that doesn't happen to the Negro actor. All that praise is not good. It's destructive to an actor. You lose all objectivity.

"Anyway, you outgrow acting; it's not enough if you're bright. I hope that eventually I won't like acting. Right now, of course, I make most of my living on TV. It supports my writing, which is the prime interest. Acting is frustrating. An actor has to wait for the phone to ring so he can function. A writer can sit down anytime and write. See what I mean? Outside you wait but inside you don't have to." —HASKEL FRANKEL.

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A Cadence for Our Time

By CHAD WALSH, *whose fourth book of poetry, "The Unknowing Dance," was recently published.*

MUCH recent poetry, like the contemporary novel, has specialized in elegant navel-gazing. Maybe it takes someone outside the charmed and benighted circle of poet-critic-teacher to rediscover poetry's ancient capacity for anger and lines fit for a marching tune. Such a poet is Hodding Carter, the indomitable Mississippi editor. In *The Ballad of Catfoot Grimes and Other Verses* (Doubleday, $3.95) he proves that the old-fashioned ballad form, used with a Vachel Lindsay abandon, can still serve the poet who is sufficiently aroused. The title poem is a short story in verse, narrating the conflict between Catfoot Grimes, who "backed up his money with an easy trigger," and Night Marshal Cancy,

> . . . just past thirty,
> Two clean guns and a soul as dirty
> As washday water poured in a
> ditch . . .

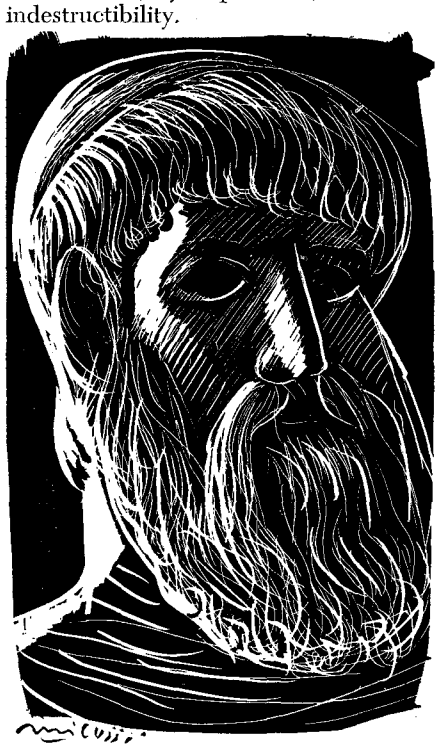
The source of the conflict is Bee, Catfoot's girl, whose one skill is uninhibited love. The story, moving relentlessly toward the final lynching, replete with archetypal details of brutality, is more illuminating than many ponderous sociological studies; at the same time it is sturdily rough-hewn poetry.

More than half the collection is devoted to poems on the blacks and poor whites, and several have almost as sharp a cut as "The Ballad of Catfoot Grimes." The more conventional and subjective lyrics reveal the limitations of a talent that is good with the poetic sledge hammer but weak on nuances.

A week after the assassination of President Kennedy the *New York Times* had received more than 500 poems, as old poets and new competed to write the second emancipator's "When Lilacs Last"; but it appears that the poem hasn't been written yet. *Kennedy*, by the late playwright Molly Kazan (Stein & Day, $1.95), was dashed off on November 23, read aloud in St. Clement's Episcopal Church in New York City, and rushed into newspaper publication. Now heavily leaded to make a (very small) book, it reads like the notes a poet jots down to jog him into writing the real poem some day. Its emotional impact comes solely from the memory of Kennedy; a photograph of his last ride through Dallas would serve as well. The whole poem is one with the impeccable sentiments and utter flatness of the conclusion:

> But this country will go on
> more proudly
> and with a clearer sense of who we are
> and what we have it in us to become
> because we had a President like that.
> He revived our pride.
> We are lucky that we had him for
> three years.

The Jewish sense of history imparts a special depth to James N. Rosenberg's *Roman Holiday* (Yoseloff, $5). It was inspired by an episode in 1926, when an Irishwoman attempted to assassinate Mussolini, and the local thugs, assuming she was Jewish, smashed up the Jewish quarter of Rome. Mr. Rosenberg wrote the first draft on the back of a long menu; he revised and polished it years later. In lines that occasionally slip into singsong or doggerel, but somehow combine to produce a moving meditation, the poet contemplates this latest outrage against the Jewish people in the light of their strange pilgrimage across history's stage. The figure of Jesus, the crucified Jew, weaves in and out, becoming at times a symbol for a people who have borne more than their share of crosses. The poem expands to become a triumphant assertion of one people's survival and, by implication, mankind's indestructibility.



Theodore Roethke died last year, still in his mid-fifties. *The Far Field* (Doubleday, $3.50) is the last we shall have from him. But what a feast it is! Here the familiar Roethke themes are brought to a perfection of expression: his unfashionable communion with nature, his celebration of physical beauty as the outer garment of the spirit, his beloved greenhouses rich with echoing implications. In one long section, "Sequence, Sometimes Metaphysical," he moves with ease into the territory of religious meditation, freewheeling and doctrinally hard to label, but poetically and devotionally moving.

Now that Roethke is dead perhaps the literary critics will examine his work with proper attention. He has suffered from a "blurred image." His poetry is so varied and its music so insinuating that no one has quite been able to put a proper label on him and process him for standardized analysis. He seems not one singer but a mixed choir. This does not make him a lesser poet, but a greater.

The intellectual and technical brilliance of W. H. Auden has overshadowed the other "Oxford poets" of the 1930s, so that the literary histories often treat even such a poet as Stephen Spender as a kind of footnote to Auden. Spender's *Selected Poems* (Random House, $4) puts the lie to this critical cliché. Spender is least at ease when he attempts the kind of poetry in which the early Auden excelled: political commentary and psychological probing into abnormal states. He is best in gentle, ruminative poems on ordinary human love, personal relationships, the quiet intercourse between man and landscape. Often a hauntingly elegiac tone pervades his verses. Without raising his voice, he can evoke a sensation or memory that lingers, as in the opening lines of "Daybreak":

> At dawn she lay with her profile at
> that angle
> Which, when she sleeps, seems the
> carved face of an angel.
> Her hair a harp, the hand of a breeze
> follows
> And plays, against the white cloud of
> the pillows.
> Then, in a flush of rose, she woke,
> and her eyes that opened
> Swam in blue through her rose flesh
> that dawned.

C. Day Lewis, another "Oxford poet" whose similarity to the Auden yardstick is harder to detect with each rereading, appears now in a new volume, *Requiem for the Living* (Harper & Row, $3.50). The unillusioned but unembittered Irishman is still present in the urbane lyricism of the shorter poems, which seldom attempt great ascents but always reach their predestined heights. Particularly interesting are several dramatic monologues, one of which, "Not Proven," is

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put in the mouth of Madeleine Hamilton Smith, who was tried for murder in Edinburgh in 1857 and died in America in 1928 at the age of ninety-two. Here Madeleine, close to the end, struggles for self-awareness and identity, and cannot quite connect with the girl she must have been at one time; her very guilt or innocence remains a mystery to her. It is Browning with modern psychological trimmings, and effective.

The poetic career of Winfield Townley Scott has been curious. He publishes in most of the magazines you could name; he has more than half a dozen books to his credit; everyone who knows modern poetry knows his work—but the critics never seem to give it intensive, analytic treatment. The blurb on his latest book, *Change of Weather* (Doubleday, $2.95), suggests that the time for re-evaluation has come: "This distinguished American poet leads the return of contemporary poetry from dissonance and obscurity to music and sense." If the newer poets are swinging toward clarity—and many of them are—Mr. Scott has been there all along. But what is the total impression of his latest book? First, that he has an easy and graceful command of technique, including that invaluable poetic workhorse, iambic pentameter. Second, that there is a pleasing quality to his work, a gentleness, a subdued but perceptive winnowing of common experience. But third, that he is not a Frost or a Robinson. He lacks the sudden dash of bitters, the unexpected turn of phrase, the catastrophic illumination. He rarely achieves the absolute shock of the poem or line that cannot be forgotten.

ANOTHER senior poet with a sure command of blank verse as well as of other forms is Mark Van Doren, whose latest book, *The Narrative Poems of Mark Van Doren* (Hill & Wang, $7), brings together the story-poems of more than thirty years, including one short piece not previously published. Mr. Van Doren has a dynamic drive and movement, a novelist's gift of characterization, a firm plot sense, and a peculiarly sensitive understanding of American history. If none of these poems has the amplitude of an American epic, they are far more than vignettes, and they demonstrate that the long poetic narrative, in the hands of a writer equal to it, offers possibilities that too few recent poets have explored.

Every war leaves its memories of what-might-have-been. The British poet Keith Douglas, as precocious as Keats, died in Normandy at the age of twenty-four. His *Selected Poems* (edited with an introduction by Ted Hughes, Chilmark, $3.50), reveals that he was something other than a typical "war poet." Douglas wrote about the war, because

he was at war, but he wrote with equal intensity of Oxford and the civilian sights along the path of war. It is easy to romanticize a gifted and handsome young poet whose career is cut short, but in the case of Douglas the loss was indeed grievous. At twenty-four he had already renewed the dialect of the tribe—had arrived at a deceptively plain diction so charged with the energy of poetry that after twenty years it still burns and leaps. There is something firmly final about such lines as these from "Cairo Jag":

> But by a day's traveling you reach a new world
> the vegetation is of iron
> dead tanks, gun barrels split like celery
> the metal brambles have no flowers or berries
> and there are all sorts of manure, you can imagine
> the dead themselves, their boots, clothes and possessions
> clinging to the ground, a man with no head
> has a packet of chocolate and a souvenir of Tripoli.

A poet who intrigues me, baffles me, and sometimes maddens me is William Hull. *The Other Side of Silence* (Swallowtree Press, paperback, $1.75) is a continuation of Mr. Hull's earlier *Dandy Brown*. Aided by Professor Wilbur F. Scott's excellent introduction, I achieve some glimmering of the poet's complex mixture of public and private mythology, but remain convinced that the poetry of William Hull, like the prose of James Joyce, demands a lifetime of dedicated study. Mr. Hull is stubbornly out of fashion: his poetry is obscure, replete with hidden allusions, more akin to Eliot and Pound than to the chastened clarity of the newer poetic generations. His language has a whirling splendor to it, flinging linguistic sparks into the dark air. He is never dull. Though I am not yet convinced that the Dandy Brown *mythos* is the vehicle of major poetry, someone who understands it better than I may one day demonstrate that it is. Meanwhile, there is no denying the intoxicating power, the incantation, of such lines as

> Drunkenly, eyed with smoke pouring from green oak,
> world dances, circling, recircling, between two fires,
> and the way of the door is this ring, bounded by bonfires,
> and dove that keeps oak and lightning that blasts it are one.

Kay Smallzried has produced an offbeat book in *Spilled Milk: Litanies for Living* (Oxford, $2.95), which contains fifty-seven litanies composed in a kind of free verse, designed for private meditation or public worship. Many are focused on personal problems: divorce, contemplated suicide, accidents, death, the seven deadly sins, etc. Others deal with the broader concerns of society. At times the litanies become preachy and wordy, as in the one on equality, which reads as though a sociological text had been converted into prayer:

> Omnipresent God,
> You, who know this earth, these hearts of ours,
> What is it that divides within itself
> A group all of one color, one faith, one culture?
> Is it the refusal to look within ourselves,
> And analyze our sins, flaws, and neuroses?

At other times the language is crisp and spare. The book will be a useful supplement for public worship, and many private readers will find it fresher than conventional collections of prayers.

An American poet who resembles the British "Movement" versifiers in his command of strict form is Philip Levine. However, his first volume, *On the Edge* (The Second Press, paperback, $1.90), offers more than tidy stanzas. Whether he is writing about an abandoned factory in Detroit or a sick child, Levine creates power through disciplined understatement. Sometimes his language rises into a forceful clarity of exact metaphor, as in "The Drunkard":

> He fears the tiger standing in his way.
> The tiger takes its time, it smiles and growls.
> Like moons, the two blank eyes tug at his bowels.
> "God help me now," is all that he can say.

It Takes Practice Not to Die, by Elizabeth Bartlett (Van Riper & Thompson, hardbound with illustrations, $5; paperback without illustrations, $2.95), presents the work of a poet who stands somewhat in the Emily Dickinson tradition of sudden, small-scale revelations, except that Miss Bartlett's language lacks the color and sensuous quality of

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the Amherst poet; it inclines toward the lean and intellectual, as in "Simple with Compass":

> Consider the circle.
> It is a miracle
> of completion,
> end and beginning one.
>
> Reduced to a point or
> expanded to a sphere,
> its ratio
> is unchanged by ego.

The last line produces a sudden shock and illumination, and quite expertly.

A full-bodied poet who is blessedly gifted with a sense of incongruity and humor—the latter rare equipment nowadays—is Donald Finkel. *Simeon* (Atheneum, hardbound, $3.95, paperback $1.95) celebrates "The Bush on Mount Venus" in a bittersweet fashion that might have delighted John Donne:

> In the American dream it is customarily
> deleted
> along with odors, tooth decay, and the
> clap,
> in a shy bid for the approval of
> *Parents' Magazine.*

Finkel also reveals an impressive sense of poetic architecture in his multipart poems, particularly "Simeon, or the Death of God," while an unsolemn but not frivolous vitality charges through much of his verse.

LEOPOLD SEDAR SENGHOR has long been a poet and a politician (he is now president of Senegal), and appears to have suffered no ill consequences from the combined careers. His work, deeply steeped in the French tradition, and showing in particular the influence of Paul Claudel and Saint-John Perse, now appears in *Selected Poems* (translated and introduced by John Reed and Clive Wake, Atheneum, $3.95). One meditates upon the strange economy of history. France gave the French tongue and a French literary education to Mr. Senghor, and now both serve him as the vehicle for expressing his sense of *négritude*. In verses that remind the reader of Whitman (but a less raucous Whitman) he captures a continent's growing self-awareness and its attempt to relate its own culture to the European consciousness that has been superimposed on it. On the whole, *négritude* emerges as something less exotic than one might expect. Aside from occasional local words and bits of anthropological lore, the poems might have been written on the Seine or the Hudson by a gifted, civilized man of good will celebrating the ordinary hopes and feelings of mankind. They are moving and often highly effective in their own right; the African flavor is a bonus.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Americana

MEN OF ANCIENT IOWA: As Revealed by Archeological Discoveries. By Marshall McKusick. Iowa State Univ. Press. $6.50.

NORTH AMERICAN CANOE COUNTRY. By Calvin Rutstrum. Macmillan. $6.95.

SONGS OF THE GOLD RUSH. Edited by Richard A. Dwyer and Richard E. Lingenfelter. Music edited by David Cohen. Univ. of California Press. $3.50.

UNDERGROUND WARFARE AT BUTTE. By Reno H. Sales. The World Museum of Mining, Butte, Montana. $1.95.

Archeology

HOUNDS AND HUNTING IN ANCIENT GREECE. By D. B. Hull. Univ. of Chicago Press. $15.

SCHECHEM: The Biography of a Biblical City. By C. Earnest Wright. McGraw-Hill. $7.95.

Current Affairs

LEGAL ALMANAC SERIES: Civil Liberty and Civil Rights, by Edwin S. Newman (No. 13); Police, the Law, and Personal Freedom, by Edwin S. Newman (No. 40); Schools and the Law, revised edition, by E. Edmund Reutter, Jr. (No. 17); Protection Through the Law, by Philip Francis (No. 55); Privacy—Its Legal Protection, by Hyman Gross (No. 54). Oceana. Each, $2.50.

VOICES FROM THE CROWD AGAINST THE H-BOMB. Edited by David Boulton. Dufour. $5.

YOUTH OF EUROPE. By Anthony Kerr. Dufour. $6.

Economics

ECONOMIC GROWTH AND EXTERNAL DEBT. By Dragoslav Avramovic and others. Johns Hopkins. $6.

Essays

MEXICO IN A NUTSHELL and Other Essays. By Alfonso Reyes. Univ. of California Press. $5.

History

AUSTRALIA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: A Political History. By Trevor R. Reese. Praeger. $6.

THE BLAZON OF HONOUR: Studies in Medieval and Renaissance Magnanimity. By Margaret Greaves. Barnes & Noble. $3.75.

COLONY AND MOTHER CITY IN ANCIENT GREECE. By A. J. Graham. Barnes & Noble. $6.75.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: 1399-1485. By B. Wilkinson. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

ENGLAND'S EARLIEST PROTESTANTS, 1520-1535. By William A. Clebsch. Yale Univ. Press. $7.50.

GERMANY 1918-1945. By Richard Grunberger. Dufour. $4.75.

THE OPIUM WARS IN CHINA. By Edgar Holt. Dufour. $6.50.

PUBLIC PAPERS OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES: 1949. Compiled by the Office of the Federal Register, General Services Administration. National Archives and Records Service, under the direction of Dr. Wayne C. Grover, Archivist of the United States. Government Printing Office. $6.75.

TOWN PLANNING IN LONDON: The Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. By Donald J. Olsen. Yale Univ. Press. $12.50.

Miscellany

A COURSE OF LECTURES ON ORATORY AND CRITICISM. By Joseph Priestley. Edited by Vincent Bevilacqua and Richard Murphy. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $7.

INTRODUCTORY BIBLIOGRAPHY TO THE STUDY OF HUNGARIAN LITERATURE. By Albert Tezla. Harvard Univ. Press. $10.

LIFE IN DESERTS. By J. L. Cloudsley-Thompson and M. J. Chadwick. Dufour. $8.95.

Personal History

ARTHUR MACHEN: A Biography. By Aidan Reynolds and William Charlton. Dufour. $6.

ARTHUR SYMONS: A Critical Biography. By Roger Lhombreaud. Dufour. $7.50.

BARONESS VON RIEDESEL AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: Journal and Correspondence of a Tour of Duty, 1776-1783. Translation revised and edited by Marvin L. Brown, Jr., with Marta Huth. Univ. of North Carolina Press. $6.

THE MEN WHO TRIED TO KILL HITLER. By Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

Poetry

POEMS. By Samuel Johnson. Edited by E. L. McAdam, Jr., with George Milne. Vol. 6 in The Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson. Yale Univ. Press. $10.

Political Science

THE POLITICAL THOUGHT OF PIERRE D'AILLY: The Voluntarist Tradition. By Francis Oakley. Yale Univ. Press. $8.50.

Religion, Philosophy

THE COMPOSITION AND ORDER OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL: Bultmann's Literary Theory. By Dwight Moody Smith, Jr. Yale Univ. Press. $12.50.

AN INTRODUCTION TO METAPHYSICS. By C. H. Whiteley. Barnes & Noble. $2.50.

MAN AND HIS BECOMING. By Philip H. Phenix. Rutgers Univ. Press. $3.50.

PLATO AND THE INDIVIDUAL. By H. D. Rankin. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

Theater

THE LONDON STAGE, 1660-1800. Part I: 1660-1700. Edited by William Van Lennep, Emmett L. Avery, and Arthur H. Scouten. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $25.

THREE PLAYS BY ERNST BARLACH. Translated by Alex Page. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $5.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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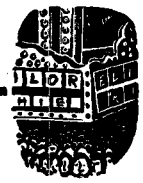

'Tis the Season to Be Jolly

BILLY WILDER, whose bright cynicism was responsible for such wry comedies as *Some Like It Hot* and *The Apartment*, has landed so wide of the mark in his latest effort, *Kiss Me, Stupid*, that the Legion of Decency's condemnation of the film as "morally objectionable" is almost the least of its faults. To be sure, the idea that an amateur songwriter might hire a prostitute as a stand-in—or sleep-in—for his wife to facilitate the sale of his music to a visiting celebrity is not altogether savory. Nor need one be a proper prude to look askance at the convolutions of plot that bring the celebrity and the real wife together in the same bed after all—topped by the revelation that the husband spent an equally refreshing evening with the prostitute. To underline the point that, while virtue is its own reward, the lack of virtue can produce more tangible results, the composer sells his songs, the prostitute drives out of town in a new car, and the wife has not only her memories but the full knowledge of her husband's infidelity, which she clearly intends to keep as a noose around his neck for the rest of their lives.

If the Legion's objections are obvious enough, Mr. Wilder's objectives are not. The script that he and I. A. L. Diamond concocted could serve either as the basis for a comedy of manners or for wild farce; unfortunately, although he makes stabs in both directions, the story is developed with an emphasis on realism that effectively checks the humor. Irony is suggested from time to time; but either Mr. Wilder is too subtle or his actors too heavy-handed to permit its implications to come through. There are, inevitably, some funny lines and some clever touches, such as they are—but hardly enough to sustain a façade of humor in situations that are not, in themselves, very funny. While much the same held true for *The Apartment*, at least in that film Wilder had the inestimable advantages of Jack Lemmon's skill and Shirley MacLaine's wide-eyed charm to conceal much that was distasteful and disturbing. Although the odds are against it, they might even have been able to save *Kiss Me, Stupid*, a chore far beyond the talents of Ray Walston and Kim Novak.

Probably the reason that Miss MacLaine was not cast in the Wilder film was the fact that she was already slated to do *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home*, another mistake. Nobody could save *John Goldfarb*. As written by William Peter Blatty, it is a no-holds-barred, anything-for-a-laugh attempt to revive the screwball comedy of the Thirties. As directed by J. Lee Thompson, it manages to telegraph the laughs so far ahead that the audience has already had its snicker and forgot it. Goldfarb (Richard Crenna) is a U-2 pilot forced to land in the oil-rich, Middle Eastern kingdom of Fawzia, ruled by Peter Ustinov, who prefers electric trains to his *Playboy*-inspired harem, and who dreams of a champion football team in his desert. For reasons that would be obscure even to Dean Rusk, the State Department obliges him by sending over the Notre Dame team, with career diplomat Fred Clark along as referee to see that Notre Dame loses. Somehow, as part of the story, Shirley MacLaine has smuggled herself into the harem to get photographs for a national magazine. All of this may have sounded perfectly delightful in the script conferences, with lots of broad winks and rib-pokings as the creative team admired its own daring in both sexual and political allusions. On the screen, however, the ruthless pursuit of rootless mirth produces a tedium that not even the scantily clad harem girls can dispel.

Father Goose, starring Cary Grant and Leslie Caron, at least has cleanliness to recommend it as holiday fare for the smaller fry. But though cleanliness may be next to godliness, it is far removed from great comedy, which needs a good pinch of vulgarity. In this one Cary Grant, unshaven and given to the bottle, becomes an unwilling plane watcher for the Australians on a South Seas island during World War II, and the even more unwilling custodian of a very prim Leslie Caron and her brood of seven orphans when they turn up on his island. The humor comes from his addiction to the easy life and her efforts to reform him. Cary Grant, gray now but graceful as ever, wrings whatever there is to be wrung from the role, but never quite enough to conceal the fact that *Father Goose* is a flagrant waste of his talent and the audience's time.

Walt Disney's Christmas contribution is a sickeningly sweetened remake of that children's classic, *Emil and the Detectives*, a howlingly funny yarn in which a flock of kids shadow an especially nasty crook along the streets of Berlin. Billy Wilder wrote it into a near-classic comedy in Germany in 1932, and Disney's people might have been well advised to study his script again before polishing up all those dear little boy faces.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

"I told you I don't make chicken soup! I'm a muse, not a mother!"

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The Performance Is the Thing

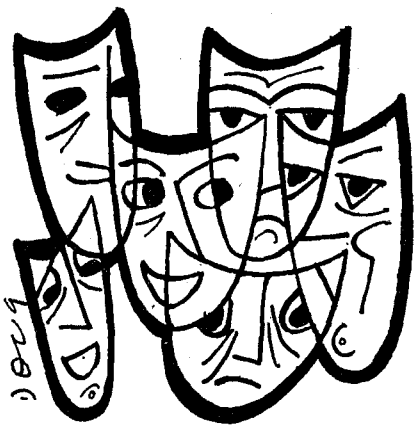
IT IS a perverse fact of our Broadway theater that Julie Harris appears to be headed for her first appreciably long run in several seasons in a patchwork comedy called *Ready When You Are, C.B.* Written by newcomer Susan Slade, the play offers a meandering plot that first satisfies those who want to see boy-get-girl and then makes a pretense of achieving a girl-loses-boy-but-grows ending. Not that the latter might not be true, and might not be the basis for a fine comedy. The trouble here is that these plot details appear arbitrary and gratuitous decisions that could just as easily have been their opposites.

Fortunately, however, the playwright has given Miss Harris a role that evokes from this splendid actress a vitality the play doesn't deserve. The role is that of Annie, a talented young actress who is so frightened by the real world of auditions and of emotional commitment to others that she has turned into a frugal landlord for transient guests, dressing in dungarees, old shirts, and a turned-down sailor cap. Miss Harris plays each artificial illustration with painstaking honesty and a reining in of her passionate impulses that makes them seem all the more intense. Furthermore, director Joshua Logan keeps the action from being consistently unamusing by neatly staged hilarious bits of business, the funniest of which features Lou Antonio, as a tenant too eager to help, having a bucket of paint splattered over him, and then resignedly dipping his brush in the excess that is running down his face, and continuing to paint.

The new musical *I Had a Ball* stars Buddy Hackett as an illiterate con man who sets up as a Coney Island "psychologist" with crystal-gazing thrown in for special customers. Although its undistinguished plot and songs and its not very imaginative use of Coney Island color are disappointing, Jerome Chodorov has at least written some good material for Mr. Hackett's comic personality. It is the personality of a dishevelled loser, a man bleating back at a society whose key to success keeps barely eluding him. When persecuted by the law he defiantly asks, "Did Louis Pasteur need a license when he discovered the cure for milk?" When a reformed gangster gives him $500, he looks at the money incredulously and shrieks, "Oh, my God! You've sold my body to a hospital!" And when this modern Puck must stand ignominiously collared by a policeman and see that his good intentions have united the wrong couples, Mr. Hackett's repeated "Oh, no!"—addressed desperately to each potential source of help—is excruciatingly funny. It is one of the season's most exceptional performances and one of its least exceptional shows.

While it is hard to wax enthusiastic about an evening that consists of nothing more than a comedian's mumbled comments about the various absurd predicaments that might attend the giving of a piano concert, the current edition of *Comedy in Music* is the most amusing Victor Borge show to date. Mr. Borge's technique of talking to us about nothing and whetting our appetite for the soon-to-come intermission is so assured that he is able to forego the contrived joke more than he used to. And the addition of pianist Leonid Hambro to his "troupe" not only gives Mr. Borge a splendid foil but permits an enrichment of the musical portion of the program.

Zizi Jeanmaire is an amazing talent. As a ballerina she is in the same class as



Fonteyn and Chauviré. As a singer she is comparable to Piaf. And her special style and saucy beauty are such as to have inspired Yves Saint-Laurent to design some unique and delightful creations. All of these treats are currently on display in the French revue *Zizi,* and to them have been added some chic and inventive choreography by Roland Petit. While its revue form and the lack of a really outstanding song make it less exciting than some of Mlle. Jeanmaire's previous visits, its humor and its visual splendor are impressive.

—HENRY HEWES.

Elegy for the Wild Plum

By Sister M. Therese

OUT my north-leaning window
where the black squirrel plays
a young plum tree swung in a circle
of seasons having borne nothing
but robins—yet it stood full graced
in being, branches upcurved lissomely
as the arms of Kirov dancers.

Then (in no time of pruning)
the engines came bent on dark
plunder but before I could cry out—
with knife-through-melon swiftness
the wild disk sliced it through and it
fell with the bird cries. For days I dared
not look at sky through the un-boughed

spaces—fearing the little
dying we taste at each
sharp loss, though the untethering be
but from a tree. Only with Him
who in *Hosea* came in the
early and late rains to quick the dead
dared I mourn openly for my

lost tree. Nor did he fault my tears.
But when he shook me like leaves
I knew that in some Sheol of trees
my wild plum still swings and in the
world's *pleroma* will come arms
lifted to harvest me a bough thick
with robins and the damson fruit.

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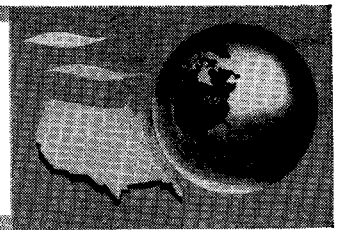
As Others See Us



PEKING:

Computers and Candidates

INSPIRED BY THE MARVELS of the electronics age, an American author has written a novel whose hero is a computer. This "character" helps an American Presidential candidate to adjust his attitudes, his every word and gesture, to the desires of the current voting majority. The candidate naturally wins the election and apparently the computer then takes over. Strange to say, this is not far-out science fiction. It is close to American reality. During the 1960 election campaign, when Kennedy defeated Nixon, the book recalls that a real company, the Simulmatics Corporation, taking a computer count, advised Kennedy to go to town on the Roman Catholic issue and not to evade it. Kennedy took this advice and . . . won the election. Reviewing the book, the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* commented: "Those of us who would prefer such a move to spring naturally from character, not from a computer, obviously are not in touch with political realities."

Who knows how many computers there were contesting the recent U.S. elections, quietly computing the contenders' issues? And of course there is a big advantage about computers as political aides: they have no urge for bribes, vicuña coats, outside earnings, and so on, and of course have no need for FBI clearance on moral rectitude. In future Presidential elections the toast on election eve may well be: "Let the best computer win!" —*Peking Review.*

BRUSSELS:

Germany and the MLF

THE GRATITUDE WE OWE the United States cannot prevent us from feeling that Americans show a faith in Germany that closes its eyes to certain realities of international politics. . . . Is it wise to bring the Germans into the manipulation of nuclear weapons? This plunge into the unknown would not add anything to the defense of the West. In this era of intercontinental missiles and Polaris-equipped submarines, access to a few international units would not add anything to our security.

True, Germany aspires to a realization of its destiny that would permit it, too, to have its finger on the trigger, as the now classic expression goes. But the countries that would support such an innovation would take on a frightening responsibility. Will the United States understand this?

Moreover, one should have no illusions about another point. The Soviet Union, which also has allies, would not remain inactive if this folly of a multilateral force became a reality. One doesn't have to be a prophet to assert that its creation would again throw us into an armaments race worse than that of the past.

Among the many dangers that tear at the world there is one that perhaps dominates all the others. That is the possibility of a shift in NATO; we would then run the risk of seeing the most perilous of alliances forming: that of the German Federal Republic and the United States. Supported by the latter, might not Germany embark on new tragic adventures? It would be foolhardiness to deny this possibility. —*Le Soir.*

BELGRADE:

For Bigger Trade Unions

IN THE UNITED STATES it is almost impossible to meet a man who will deny the importance of the trade unions in America's society today. There are differences of opinion, however, about how much existing American trade unions really correspond with the needs of the United States at its present political and economic development. According to an opinion that prevails primarily among people dealing with theories of politics and economics, the American trade union movement, after years of prosperity, has become stagnant, insufficiently dynamic, and bureaucratized, and the old methods of collective negotiations to which most of the unions still are sticking do not correspond to newly created conditions.

There is, however, another more positive opinion. Its representatives feel that this is a very successful stage in the activities of the trade unions, that the workers are benefiting greatly from the existing system of collective negotiations, which, on the whole, is developing without great or long strikes that seriously affect both the workers themselves and the national economy. It is the case here, as the supporters of this concept emphasize, of a "mature and reliable" trade union movement that represents an integral part of America's society and social system.

Both concepts are unanimous only in that they both recognize the need for expanding the organization by also including in it other, so far unorganized classes of the economically active population of the United States. And it is precisely this orientation of the movement as a whole toward workers employed in public services, toward officials and highly skilled technical personnel—all of whom are becoming increasingly numerous in the highly developed and automated American industry—that offers a possibility to the trade unions to become even more powerful and influential in the settlement of a large number of outstanding problems facing contemporary American society. —*Komunist.*

—*Renmin Ribao, Peking.*

"Back to His Trade"—a Communist Chinese post-election comment.

LONDON:

The Future of the G.O.P.

WHETHER DEAN BURCH goes or stays is not so much a matter of immediate substance—since the National Committee will not have a great deal to do until the Congressional elections of 1966 come in sight—as a portent of the direction that the Republican Party is going to take. Behind the skirmishing is the basic division between those who believe that the party took the wrong turn when it surrendered itself this year to doctrinal "conservatism" and those who hold that, whether or not Mr. Goldwater was personally the right candidate, Republicanism has found its soul and should still place its future hopes in ideological purity and not in compromise. Intellectual Republicans, like the young men of the Ripon Society who placed a memorandum before the Governors at Denver,

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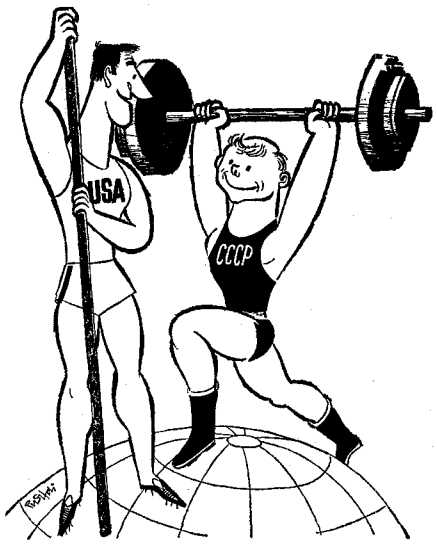

—*Ludas Matyi, Budapest.*

The Tokyo Olympics; a Hungarian plug for peaceful coexistence.

can contribute to this struggle by supplying the contestants with arguments and ideas. But the decision, in an opposition party, seems likely to rest with the organized groups of office-holders at the several levels of government.

—*The Economist.*

MANCHESTER:

Diplomatic Fiction

THE [CONGO] RESCUE, for all its humanitarian object, was a reminder that when they judge it necessary the ex-colonial powers can return quickly and in force. The best that can be hoped is that the Belgians will withdraw, their mission accomplished, as quickly as they came. The Belgians were careful and wise to obtain Mr. Tshombe's consent for the rescue. It cannot now be claimed that sovereignty was infringed. But presumably the rescue would have had to be mounted whether Mr. Tshombe approved or not. This indeed is what differentiates the Congo from any other state—its sovereignty is little more than a diplomatic fiction.

—*Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

BUDAPEST:

Shift in Method

FORMER PRESIDENT KENNEDY said in 1960, when he was still a Senator, "The U.S. has no intention of liberating East Europe and is not capable of doing so." Thus imperialism is compelled by its own best interest gradually to abandon the concept of "liberating" the "captive countries" with the help of military force, blockade, sabotage, or blackmail. Instead, it is applying more complex and less easily recognizable methods: it is trying to "relax" the internal social conditions, faith, and will power of the socialist countries. Accordingly, the strong expressions referring to an aggressive policy are accompanied by new formulations that are obliged, willy-nilly, to recognize peaceful coexistence: "We have to build bridges to the Communist countries, and the East European countries have to be brought closer to the West!" We hear these statements from Washington, where people have stuck to the policy of the cold war and of embargoes much longer than elsewhere.

—*Népszabadság.*

The American Personality

EDITOR'S NOTE: *D. W. Brogan is recognized as one of the most perceptive British observers of American life. The following is a preview of his most recent book, "American Aspects," to be published later this month by Harper & Row.**

WHAT IS THE PROBLEM of the "American personality"? On what grounds can one criticize the idea of a "new world" culture? Let us begin by assuming that Crèvecoeur was right, that the eighteenth-century American was a "new man," the product of new social forces and of a novel environment. What were the forms of that novelty, and is the American still a new man? The novelty lay surely in the fact that the American had already attained that freedom from artificial restraints, from the chains of an irrelevant and oppressive past, to which so many Europeans were aspiring.

Here, in the new and empty world (the emptiness is part of the picture), lay the possibility that man, or at any rate European man, could stretch his limbs, test his powers. The French Revolution was welcomed because it promised an end to the old iniquities; the American because it revealed a country in which they did not exist and a country resisting a wicked attempt to export to the new world the follies and crimes of the old.

Such was the novelty of the new man, the American, such his symbolic role. And the basic question is: Can we so describe, so believe in the United States today? Has the American national personality, seen from the outside and even from the inside, changed?

It is certainly a popular doctrine that it has. We are asked to notice and regret

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the disappearance of the "inner-directed man," to use David Riesman's useful phrase. We are asked to note—and to regret—the decline in democratic feeling, the pursuit of status, the increasingly visible class lines and class barriers. We are asked to note the decline of the "common school" system, as more and more of the prosperous members of society cease to use them. We are asked to consider the implications of the decline of the American farmer, diminishing in numbers yearly, becoming a capitalist entrepreneur—and a political dependent—instead of a representative of the new race that attracted the notice of Crèvecoeur and the political adoration of Jefferson. The Americans may be, to use Professor David Potter's admirable phrase, still "a people of plenty," but the plenty is not merely the abundance of good land or even of minerals and other raw materials that attracted the admiration and envy of Europe a century ago. The American affluent society is not the affluent society of the time of de Tocqueville and Bryce. Texas may be the new frontier but it is a very different kind of frontier from that whose passing Frederick Jackson Turner predicted more than, in his famous essay, he observed. I could add to the new views of American society that are continually being put on the market, a market that seems to have an insatiable appetite for self-examination and is, in its present temper, a glutton for punishment.

Must we abandon, therefore, the old picture of the American personality and look for a new American—and if we do—what kind of an American? It is easy enough to construct from the abundant literature on the subject what the new American is like. He is not only no longer the independent, nearly self-sufficient, upright, egalitarian farmer of the legend; he is almost the opposite. He does not seek independence in business, not to speak of farming. Entering on a job, he has, as a young man, an eye on his retiring pension. Instead of the adventure of being his own master, he wants a place on the corporate escalator. He does not resent, he tries to exploit, the increasingly undemocratic social structure. He seeks not the approval of his fellow citizens for his independence of character, but for his passion for adjustment. Far from being a zealous political democrat, he is a bad voter, devoting little time and next to no thought to affairs of state, permanently afraid of conspiracies to upset an American way of life that seems in far more danger than it was during the Revolution or the Civil War. "The embattled farmer" has become the nervous, conforming inhabitant of suburbia or exurbia. He is no longer confident that he has built the ideal political mousetrap and that the world will beat its way to his door. He wants security, not adventure.

I have read of the financial rewards of those who go through high school as compared with those who never got past grade school. I know the computed value of a college education. I know of the pursuit of security, the sense of danger in a strange new world. But I wonder if we are not facing a false dilemma. What has happened inside the United States in the new world has happened outside it in the old world of which the new is a child. If the American is bewildered in this world moving in unknown directions, at a speed unprecedented in history, so is the European. Both are better off than the members of the nascent nations of Asia and Africa (not all of which may survive their birth pangs) who, overnight, are having to adjust to our changes of the past and our changes of the present—from the world of, at latest, the Middle Ages, to the world of outer space. This may not be much comfort; indeed, in another context it might be an additional cause for alarm, since the Americans will have to lead as well as stumblingly try to find a path for themselves. The most they may be able to say is that in the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king.

"It is inevitable, even if regrettable, that the unique character of the American and of the American experiment is over." ***—D. W. Brogan.***

But it is something to be one-eyed. If the American cannot recover that innocent complacency, optimism, conviction of divine favor which he owned yesterday, it perhaps only shows he has rejoined the human race. And he has rejoined one particular section of it, as well as the whole race. He has rejoined the old world from which the new world came, or, to be more precise, both the worlds have been thrown together in a novel fashion, so that it will soon be risky, without adding many important qualifications, to talk of the American national character—or of the English or the French. It may even be dangerous to talk of the Soviet national character as the irresistible forces of modern technology assail and alter us all.

Perhaps I should modify the word "irresistible." The forces are not totally irresistible; their power can be used for good and evil, their impact modified in various ways. But however that may be, we are all in the same boat in the Western world, parts of a world we have, as societies, made but which one of us planned. It is inevitable, even if regrettable, that the unique character of the American and of the American experiment is over. The United States as a body politic, as a society, is no longer something to be studied in isolation.

But it is worth studying as a special case of a bigger society, and I am prepared to agree with Max Lerner that it is entitled to be studied as a "civilization," even if we do not see it as an isolated civilization. More than that, it is worth considering how far it is safe to assume that the old notes of American society have vanished. It is not only that we can see much of the present America in the America of Andrew Jackson, but we can see much of the America of Jackson in the United States of today. Speaking as an outsider who has been closely observing this society for most of his life, I think I can still see in the personality of the American body politic much of what was to be seen at the time of the Revolution, what was to be seen down to the beginning of this century.

This is a country which, in comparison with those European countries I know best, is egalitarian in temper; a country in which what I may call economic and political hope springs eternal; in which a possibly uncritical belief in national and political institutions is potent; a country in which envy (a point Bryce noted) is far less than in Europe a political force; a country in which past political and social resentments play a smaller part than they do in so egalitarian a society as Australia. A great deal of the traditional image of the traditional American is still usable. This is no doubt in part true because the belief in the image affects the conduct and produces a possibly false surface conformity with it.

But I believe it is deeper than that, that inside the general Western technological civilization this people of plenty had still a very different character from that of the peoples whom it leads, for whom it serves as an examplar. It is still a "new world," still marked off from the old world in important and, on the whole, helpful and hopeful ways. America—Americanism—is not a myth, nor a mere survival of a dead social and historical order like the Holy Roman Empire. And since this is so, America is worthy of the most intense, critical, scholarly study not only by outsiders but more particularly by Americans. The assessment of their inheritance is one of the most important items on the American agenda. —D. W. Brogan.

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Missing Pieces

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1925, easily stole the show on *The Nobel Prize Awards, 1964*, the sixty-minute documentary recently seen on ABC-TV. An old film clip showed him toasting Albert Einstein when the scientist won the Nobel Prize for Physics. Shaw compared Einstein to Napoleon, saying that while Napoleon was a maker of empires, Einstein was a maker of universes. Ptolemy's universe had lasted 1,400 years, Newton's 200 years, the Irish wit observed, evoking a burst of laughter when he added: "As for Einstein's universe, I can't tell how long that will last." It was a lively, attractive bit of film—great men of the mind caught in a moment of spontaneous truth and humor. Shaw was an audience captivator, but the bite of the sequence lay in more than its surface sparkle. At work was Shaw's critical spirit, evaluating the lives of Napoleon and Einstein and choosing one over the other. *The Nobel Prize Awards, 1964* could have been a more entertaining and useful show if Walter Schwimmer, the producer, and Alistair Cooke, who wrote and narrated the program, had taken their cue from Shaw's weighing of the scales.

I had looked forward to this program with more than usual interest. Mr. Schwimmer, an independent packager from Chicago, was the first man in television to win the cooperation of the Nobel Foundation, and his organization spent six months preparing the program. The actual presentation of the 1964 awards were promised, as well as interviews with recipients, in a documentary describing how the choices are made. The presentations and interviews were indeed delivered, along with a history of the awards, but there was no indication of *how* the choices are made. Members of the Royal Academy of Science in Stockholm posed briefly, and we witnessed the announcements of the 1964 winners. But there was no hint of other nominees considered by the judges, no debate leading to a decision.

The Nobel Foundation may have prohibited television eavesdropping at the non-public sessions where its most fascinating work goes on. In that case, however, the producers might have tried some other way to suggest the process of evaluation. The choice of Martin Luther King, Jr., for the Peace Prize was fitting and favorably received. But were no other names considered? And what other recent advances in physics might the judges have pondered before giving the awards to two Russians and an American for work in maser and laser beams? One may ask the same question with respect to the awards in chemistry, medicine, and literature.

The producers might reply at this point: "Criticize the show we put on, not the one we didn't or were not allowed to do." A fair rejoinder. But it is qualified by the fact that we were promised "deliberations of professors choosing the Nobel laureates," and qualified again by the fact that the deliberations are the heart of the matter. The intellectual essence of the Nobel Awards lies not in the formalities, however moving and resplendent they are, but in an attitude toward man's progress in politics, science, and art. The great fascination lies not in "to whom for what"—but why?

The first documentary we have had on the Nobel Awards failed, regrettably, to probe the restricted area. The program was formal and correct, and Mr. Cooke's writing and narration, as usual, had simplicity, style, and warm sentiment. Mr. Schwimmer, as an industry independent, is to be congratulated for breaking the Nobel barrier. In the past he has presented shows that featured champions in bowling, golf, bridge, and horse racing. "Everybody loves a winner, whether it's in sports, science, or world affairs," he has said, and that's why the Nobel Awards struck him as a likely program idea. The action in a sports contest is played out before the eyes of the spectators. In the Nobel Awards the deliberations are hidden. Without them you have Einstein—but no Napoleon.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

TRIPLE THREAT

The Greeks had a word for it; the Romans had a word for it; the Anglo-Saxons had a word for it. And that is why when, in English, we can either foretell, or predict, or prophesy, it's the Anglo-Saxon, the Latin, and the Greek of it. Morris Rosenblum and Maxwell Nurnberg of Brooklyn, New York, have assembled the group of "triplets" below and ask that you supply the missing word in each set (one blank represents one letter). Answers on page 88.

	Anglo-Saxon	*Latin*	*Greek*
1.	fellow-feeling	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	sympathy
2.	many-tongued	multilingual	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
3.	_ _ _ _ _ _	occult	cryptic
4.	beginner	_ _ _ _ _ _	neophyte
5.	old	antique	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
6.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _	frugal	economical
7.	forecast	_ _ _ _ _ _ _	prognosticate
8.	forsaker	defector	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
9.	_ _ _ _	conversation	dialogue
10.	angry	_ _ _ _ _	choleric
11.	teamwork	cooperation	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
12.	_ _ _	adversary	antagonist
13.	fleeting	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	ephemeral
14.	rift	division	_ _ _ _ _ _
15.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _	adore	idolize

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A corner of the Duke of Devonshire's garden. Britain's gardeners are happy to exchange tips.

Britain's stately homes invite you to catch Spring fever in a dance of daffodils

This is Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's home in Derbyshire. It is Springtime. Leggy daffodils nod in the sun. The Emperor Fountain soars 290 feet in a jubilant welcome.

Step indoors and at least one Spring blessing follows you: *there are no crowds.* You can roam at leisure through Chatsworth's state apartments. You may even have the libraries all to yourself. Some people say Chatsworth has the most valuable private library in the world.

Other mansions, other treasures. Titians and Rembrandts at Luton Hoo. Sèvres porcelain at Harewood House. El Grecos and Goyas at Barnard Castle. Gobelin tapestries at Weston Park.

In April, 416 of Britain's stately homes will throw open their lodge gates. Ask your travel agent to pinpoint them on a map. Or write for a free travel planning kit.

Start plotting your stately homes tour soon. Even now the Duke's twenty gardeners are trimming the lawns and coaxing up the daffodils at Chatsworth.

For free illustrated literature, see your travel agent or write, British Travel, Dept. 713 at 680 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10019; or 612 So. Flower St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90017; or 39 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 60603; or 151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.

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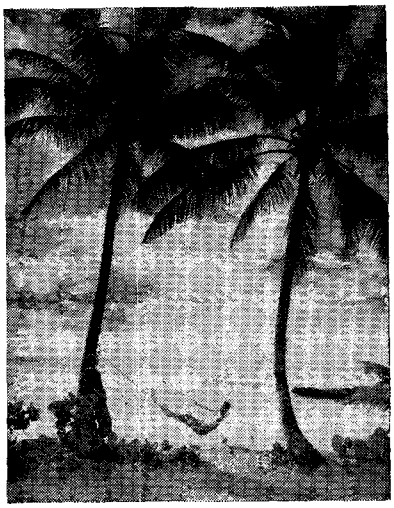
WORLD TRAVEL ISSUE 1965



About Tomorrow and Yesterday

A time to look ahead is also, somehow, a time to look back. In *SR*'s traditional World Travel Calendar issue, which looks ahead to Republic Day in India and the Feast of the Hungry Ghosts in Hong Kong—among some 300 other events of the year—we have chosen, as the mood has inspired us, to look back as well. With nostalgia we recall resorts, or perhaps places of happy assembly, that for reasons of political involvement or of fading vogue are no longer what they once were. In a moving memoir Mary Hemingway, remembers Havana and her years there with Ernest. She was, after all, a reporter for the Chicago *Daily News*, a correspondent for the *Daily Express*, and for *Time* in London. It was to marry Hemingway that she left *Time* for Cuba in the spring of 1945. San Juan, which has emerged as the new Havana, is revealed in its new cosmopolitan role by William Dorvillier, editor and publisher of the San Juan *Star*. The salad days of Shanghai are remembered by Peggy Durdin, who was born there, taught English in the Shanghai American School, and covered the Sino-Japanese War with her husband, a *New York Times* correspondent. Escaping from the Japanese in Southeast Asia, she worked in India and Burma for *Time* and *Life*, is now in Sydney where her husband has opened a new *Times* bureau. Richard Hughes, an Australian, has represented the London *Sunday Times* and *The Economist* in the Far East for nearly twenty years. He lives in Hong Kong, about which he writes, and is the author of *The Chinese Communes*. Joseph Wechsberg, who remembers Karlsbad, has been a writer for thirty years, first in German and Czech, later in French, and now in English. His pieces appear frequently in *The New Yorker* and in *Saturday Review*, for whom he keeps cultural watch on Mitteleuropa. His latest book is *The Best Things in Life*. Palm Springs, the new Karlsbad, Baden Baden and Bad Gastein, all in one wild Western wad, is surveyed by the permanent custodian of these pages. There follows, thereafter, in the special section that begins on the next pages, the look-ahead World Travel Calendar, a portfolio of the winning pictures in *SR*'s annual photography contest, a list of winners, and some words on why they won.

—H.S.

SR/TRAVEL

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THE LOST RESORTS:

1. HAVANA

By MARY HEMINGWAY

THERE WAS a *douceur* in the very air of La Habana, a gentleness that began to relax the muscles of our necks even before we were handed a frozen daiquiri at Rancho Boyeros or got through customs at the dock of the old *Florida* which had ferried us from Miami overnight. The *douceur* and the clear, long views in the crystal air reached us in Havana not only by grace of the *Brisa*, the sweet-smelling east wind that blows in that latitude (23.7 N.) across the wide fetch of the Atlantic Ocean to drive away pollution and soften the skin with moisture. Not that there was much pollution. The only tall stack that poured soot into Havana's sky, in the postwar years when so many North Americans went there for days or weeks of gaiety and when we lived on a farm east of the city, was that of the American-owned Havana Electric Company, near the docks at the back of the bay.

Plaza pre-Castro—"There was a *douceur* in the very air of La Habana that relaxed the muscles even before we were handed a frozen daiquiri . . ." —*H.S.*

As every man has his own war, every North American had his own Havana in the 1950s. I know a man who loved the whole town and still thinks its heart was the Bodeguita del Medio (Little Café in the Middle of the Block) in the old part of town, a noisy, cheerful place where left-wing artists and poets, journalists, intellectuals, and Bohemians hung out, the usual guitar and maracas combo making music around carved wooden tables crowded with dishes of rice and beans, with wine and beer, all jumbled happily together in a small garden and patio. He says, "I never saw the rumba done better than there late at night when the boys and girls began to feel the heat of the wine, blood, music, and tropic air."

Many North Americans who lived in the fashionable west end of Havana and amused themselves at the Yacht Club or the Country Club seldom came further into town for festive evenings than the Hotel Nacional, which was *the* hotel for gambling, the house take being 1 or 2 per cent less than at other gaming places. It also had plenty of bars, a staff that never changed and always remembered you, good music, first-class entertainment, and that great terrace upstairs looking out to the gardens with their palms, the Malecón, the sea, and the sky.

Less flossy but more stimulating and more Cuban were the sightseeing and the hotel, café, and nightclub life that began at the beautiful, colonnaded City Hall, the free Bacardí bar across the street, and moved on down to the bay with its little white ferries shuttling chattering crowds to and from Regla, the town of thieves and witchcraft (Ernest used to say they would steal the copper bottom off a ship at anchor overnight), and Casa Blanca with its small houses clustered beneath the round dome of the National Observatory. One passed the streets of the leather merchants with carved, curlicued saddles in their windows, a legacy of Spain, the street of the tobacco merchants with their elegant, high-ceilinged warehouses with great hand-carved mahogany doors twenty feet tall and bronze-studded, the pungent-smelling street of the coffee merchants and the narrow, crowded street of the cloth merchants. One did not need an educated eye to find a variety of charms in those streets with their flowering courtyards, and there, at the end of a ramble along them, was Manolo Asper, gentle host of the Hotel Ambos Mundos where Ernest slept and worked before he fished the Gulf Stream in the old days. Manolo's roof garden overlooking the bay was one of the prettiest in town, a cool, delightful place for lunching where, in season, Manolo might give you for dessert some of the grapes he grew there.

Down Manolo's street at the harbor was the public dock, where before dawn the Cuban commercial fishermen weighed and sold their night's catches. In daytime one could rent a private rowboat, canopied against the sun like a prairie schooner, and be rowed across the bay to explore the dungeons and ramparts with their yard-thick walls of the ancient fortress of Cabañas, and the Morro Castle with its light for mariners and its Spanish Garrote. Or, turning right at the bay, one found El Templete café, its tables set out on the street under a gay awning, and a long series of other cafés, nightclubs, bars, and

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dives where Cuban stevedores relaxed after work with big, black cigars in their mouths, and sailors from a dozen countries managed to communicate with the local girls. Dancers from Spain whirled and stamped their feet with great style along there at night, and any man who enjoyed a fight could find one in five minutes. The whiskey might be diluted or dangerous, but in that sophisticated city it would have been difficult to find any but excellent food, either Criollo, Spanish, French, Italian, Chinese, or Basque.

Still shining with the salt water of the Gulf Stream were red snapper, tuna, wahoo, marlin, kingfish, and most restaurants displayed, alive and wiggling, the wonderful hazelnut-flavored Morro crab, a treasure of Cuba and the Florida Keys. In winter the small green oysters that grow on mangrove roots appeared everywhere, and each café offered its individual specialties of the house. At La Floridita they were garlic soup and shellfish. Right behind La Floridita, La Zaragozana served a superlative turtle soup, fish prepared in twenty different ways, and a well-selected choice of Rhine wines. El Templete was a great place for *arroz con mariscos,* rice with shellfish and chicken, a transatlantic version of the famous *paella* of Valencia. At El Club Vasco, run by our old friends Julien and Carmen and patronized by jai-alai players and politicians alike, one entered through the fragrant kitchen, peeked into pots, and chose from a dozen bubbling *casuelas*—beans, chicken, rice, fish stews, beef stews, all tempting, all hearty enough to please a day laborer. If he were hungry enough, a knowing tourist would order *ajiaco.* It is the classic Cuban stew, a savory mélange of pork and jerked beef, a subtle combination of herbs and spices, and nearly all the native vegetables: *yuca, malanga,* corn on the cob, bananas, squash, yams, and both green and hot peppers.

Cubans were drinking fresh fruit juices long before they were discovered by any other country, and among the delights of exploring Havana were the small shops where for a dime a girl

(Continued on page 70)

SAN JUAN:

The New Havana

By WILLIAM J. DORVILLIER

THE SUN makes things grow in Puerto Rico, from exotic plants to sun blisters and assets. For those who sell the sun, from break of day to eventide, the winter months find many takers. This winter the buyers are coming in unprecedented numbers from the sunless deep-freeze belt of the mainland United States to pay seasonal homage to the central star of the solar system, to bask in its radiance, to be bronzed or burned, and to carry back the evidence of their affluence.

They arrive by day and by night, some without reservations, but confident that a folded C-note will get them a bed from an ambitious room clerk. They go away bewildered to find that money can't buy a place in the sun. It wasn't always so, however, A few years ago many of the major hotels overbooked, and some clerks "accommodated" stranded visitors without reservations. The Puerto Rico Hotel Association and the government cracked down, and overbooking, while there are exceptions, is scrupulously avoided.

This is a banner year for tourism in Puerto Rico. The dull season, from May to December, was brightened by many conventions and by summer visitors tak-

(Continued on page 77)

Street in San Juan—Also "a restored Carmelite convent that boasts its own nightclub show and a gambling casino that some thought would stir the ghosts."

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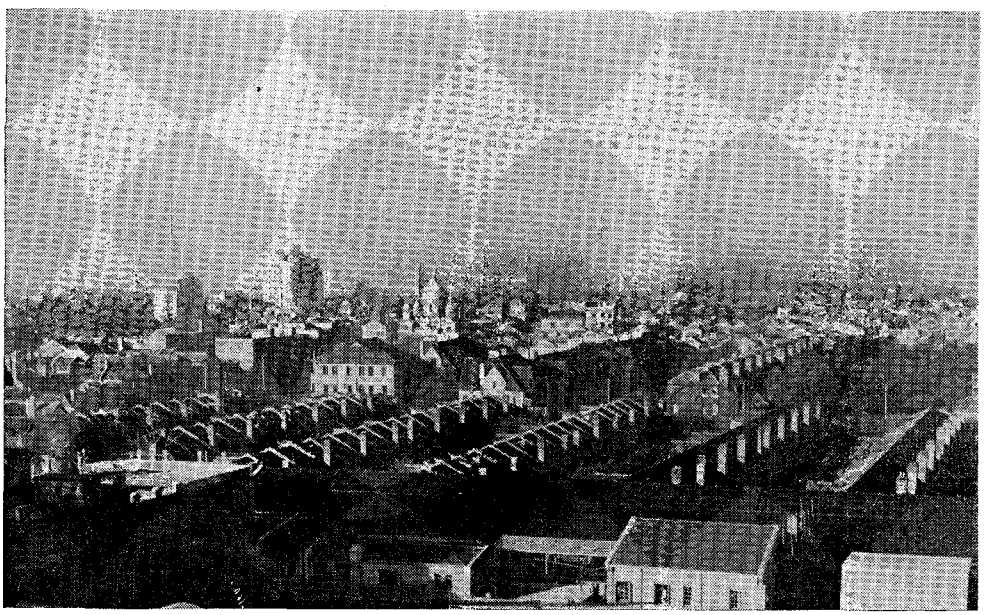
THE LOST RESORTS:

2. SHANGHAI

By PEGGY DURDIN



Pre-Chou Shanghai—"No place has ever been as exciting, varied, wicked, and fascinating before it was captured, sterilized, and half paralyzed."

NO PLACE in my world has ever been as contradictory, exciting, varied, wicked, and endlessly fascinating as Shanghai in the years before Mao Tse-tung captured, sterilized, and half paralyzed it. Of all the places I have known, no other has had the power to evoke so strong an ambivalence of love and hate.

Shanghai offered no serenity, no peace, no grace, and little beauty. It didn't really need them. Its own special style was overpowering. The city was most enormously alive. None of my other favorite places—from Hong Kong and Srinagar to Paris and New York—so incessantly and stridently challenged the mind, the imagination, the emotions, the nose, the ear, and eye. Embellished here and there with incense-filled temples, churches, and great mansions of the rich, it flaunted greed, poverty, degradation, and vice. Foreign warships by treaty right rode at anchor in its harbor, but even when the British, French, Japanese, and Americans dictated part of this great industrial and commercial pattern of life, its warp and woof were Chinese. It was one of the world's busiest ports, a mecca not just for great ships and foreign traders, but for hordes of tourists, rags-to-riches boys from everywhere, offbeat adventurers, do-gooders, international crooks, and Europe's refugees. Only the Chinese could have molded all these elements into a unity. It was the East's greatest international city and a semi-colony, but the several million "natives" milling purposefully through crowded streets and dirty alleys gave Shanghai its vigor and personality. And the city, in turn, created a distinctive kind of Chinese—facile, sophisticated in the ways of the world, individualistic, volatile, but at the same time tough, hard-working, and enduring.

"What do you want? We have it," Shanghai said to the resident or visitor. There was every variety of food: chicken Kiev, French snails, hotdogs, tempura, fish and chips, Madras curry, Peking duck, Shanghai eels, or autumn's succulent female crab. There was every kind of attraction: prostitutes of any price, sex, age, or color; opium dens; chic night clubs; tawdry cabarets; a top-quality municipal symphony orchestra; classical Chinese opera; jai-alai; golf; tennis; gambling resorts for roulette, baccarat and chemin de fer; polo; baseball; cricket; horse and dog racing, and hunting to hounds. All the world's goods were there to buy: embroideries from the robes of long-dead concubines of a Chinese emperor; chic art goods from France; pig bristles; 3,000-year-old Chinese bronzes; the latest in Western medicines side by side with snake gall in rice wine meant to enhance male virility; the newest-model Chevrolet and the latest find in clay figurines from a newly excavated Tang tomb near Sian. And people of all kinds and nationalities were there: Americans, Britons, Russian émigrés, Communist underground organizers, Japanese generals, missionaries, spies of all nations, local and international gangsters, U.S. Marines, and Jewish merchants from Baghdad.

Unlike pre-Mao Peking, for me the world's most cultivated and felicitous capital, Shanghai had no family tree. It was *nouveau riche,* on the wrong side of the tracks; it grew from mud flats to a huge metropolis in a century. But its short past had been full of drama that palpably enriched and enlivened it.

Opened and partly parceled out to the West by a reluctant incumbent of the Dragon Throne under the bitter logic of foreign guns, by choice and by force it devoured and sometimes digested hunks of the modern world. Into Shanghai came people, merchandise, and ideas from all the world. The diversity of inflow made Shanghai a great, fermenting international center and a funnel for transmitting modernizing influences throughout the rest of China.

Today trivial little details that reflect Shanghai's character flash into my mind. I remember a Japanese sentry, before Pearl Harbor, striking an old Chinese peasant woman to her knees because she had not bowed low enough as she tried to pass his post, I remember floating down Soochow creek on a houseboat, falling gently in love while the ageless Chinese countryside unrolled like a Sung dynasty scroll. I remember the big Irish chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Shanghai's International

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HONG KONG:

The New Shanghai

By RICHARD HUGHES

Eat at Kwangchow (Canton): the best food. Dress at Hangchow: the best silk. Marry at Soochow: the best girls. Die at Liuchow: the best wood for coffins.

SO RUNS the old Chinese code for life and death. It is a definition of Hong Kong, which provides the four essentials in combination. Hong Kong food is the best Chinese food in Asia. Hong Kong shops are the most glamorous and the cheapest. Hong Kong girls are the prettiest. Hong Kong coffins, which the traditionally minded keep under their beds for eventual transportation to a resting place in China, are made of Liuchow wood.

Hong Kong—"Instant Asia," as someone has called it—is a borrowed place living on borrowed time, an impudent capitalist survival on China's Communist *derrière*, a jumbled mixture of millionaires' mansions and horrible slums, a teeming mass of hard-working humans, a well-ordered autocracy, the last of the colonies, a gourmet's paradise, a shopper's dream world, one of the world's most beautiful harbors, and the most highly concentrated mosaic of accessible tourist delights, diversions, attractions, and extravagances in Asia.

There are, naturally, too many people. There are gross extremes of magnificence and squalor, of wealth and poverty, reminiscent of the old, unliberated Shanghai of the Thirties. It is best, indeed, to arrive by air after sunset when the island and Kowloon are a blaze of jeweled lights and the rash of squatters' huts corroding the steep hills is decently blacked out.

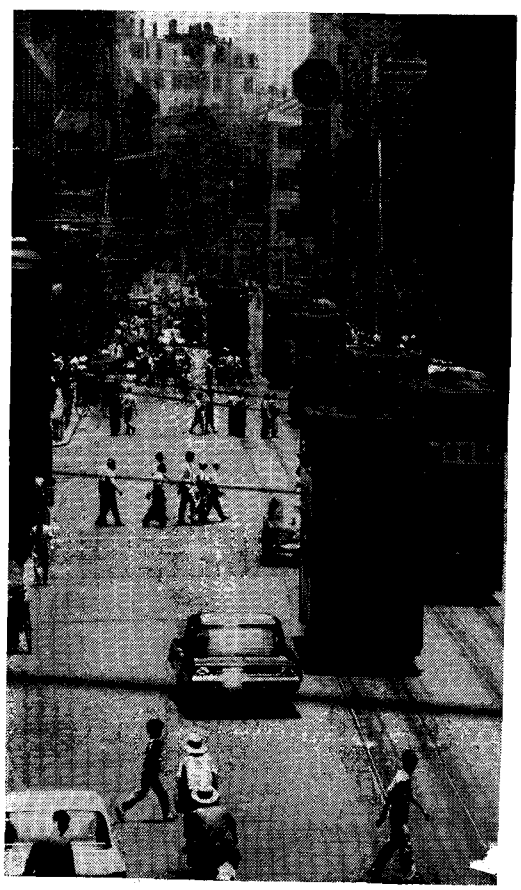
The vibrant, throbbing, bursting city-port slices down mountains and fills in waterfront shallows to make more elbow room for its 3,700,000 jostling residents, expanding factories, and ever-rising skyscrapers. More than 100,000 live in floating slums aboard junks and sampans; another 80,000 exist illegally on the rooftops of the huddled tenements—with thirty sleepers to a room—which succumb so often to typhoon or fire, or collapse from old age.

About half the population is under fifteen; there are 100,000 births a year; the resettlement blocks for 400,000, which is the best the government can do for rehousing in the next four years, represents only half the effort required to beat the slum problem.

The anachronistic mixture of British colonialism and the Chinese way of life have been further diversified by Communist influence and operations. Party commissars live in bourgeois comfort; mainland-made goods are on sale in a Communist bargain store (which law-abiding Americans must shun); and Communist investment in property, hotels, and even Suzie Wong bars draws

(*Continued on page* 80)

Hong Kong—The new Instant Asia, "a borrowed place, living on borrowed time, an impudent capitalist survival on China's Communist derrière."



Settlement explaining he was late to take me to dinner because he had just arrested the most famous Comintern agent in all Asia. I remember the beautiful, sensitive hands of the Chinese engineer who taught me to play mahjong by touch and not by sight. I remember the stimulation from Shanghai's many, many different levels of time and culture—peasants in dark blue tilling their fields and worshipping their ancestors in the manner of ten centuries earlier, children working in factories under conditions like those described by Dickens, young Chinese students studying from textbooks full of the latest knowledge of the twentieth century.

I remember the Chinese resentment and occasional outbursts against foreign power that dominated Shanghai. Its symbols were everywhere—the great stone lions, for instance, crouched at the entrance to Britain's powerful Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation, their paws shiny and smooth from the touch of millions of superstitious Chinese who thought that stroking them brought strength and good fortune. The most explicit signs of foreign power and Chinese weakness, of course, were the two sections of Shanghai completely governed by foreigners. They sliced right through the Chinese-ruled sections of the city with their incredibly close-packed little shops, grimy factories, narrow alleys, cheerful teahouses, opium dens, shabby bars, occasional Buddhist-Taoist-Confucian temples, and the mad, noisy mixture of pedestrians, cars, carts, and rickshas.

One of the foreign sections, the International Settlement, was run by the Japanese, Americans, and, above all, the British. Its traffic arteries bore names like Yates Road, Avenue Edward the Seventh, and Medhurst Lane. Its appearance was a combination of the solid, entrepreneurial West and China, old and new. Its downtown area accommodated banks and business houses, tall luxury hotels, huge department stores. From these spread out the typical maze of a Chinese community with shop fronts flaunting signs splashed with bold Chinese characters, traced at night by

(*Continued on page* 104)

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THE LOST RESORTS:

3. KARLSBAD

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

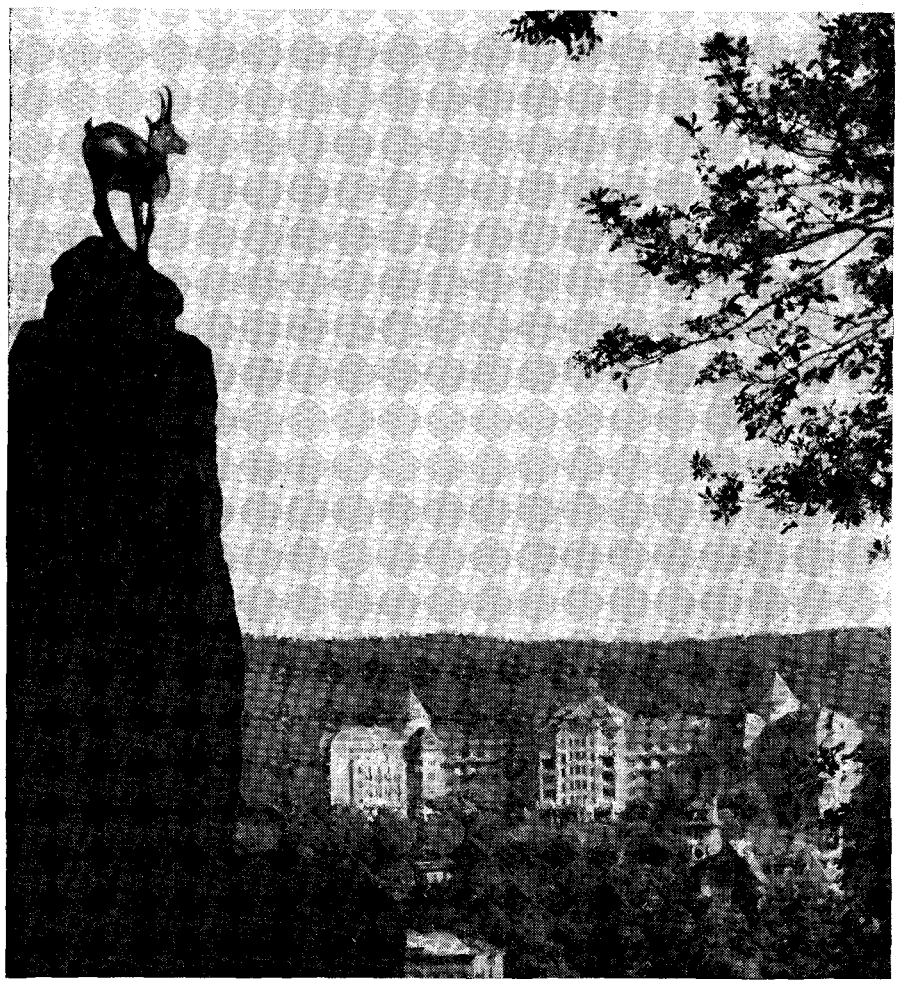
IN the early 1920s Uncle Leo invited me to come with him to Karlsbad, the famous Bohemian spa now officially known as Karlovy Vary—then and now the mecca of those who have lived well but not too wisely. I was a healthy, hungry teen-ager and had no idea what was meant by "afflictions of the liver and gall bladder, diabetes, inflammation of the kidneys, etc.," all of which were said to be miraculously cured in Karlsbad. I know more about them today.

Uncle Leo was my Zionist uncle, not to be confused with the other uncles in my hometown in Moravia—the viola-playing uncle, the millionaire-banker uncle who got bankrupt, the uncle who was *always* bankrupt, the uncle from the cavalry, the uncle with the high blood pressure, and so on. It was a big family.

Uncle Leo said he was going to Karlsbad to attend the Zionist World Congress; he took me along as a reward for my activities on behalf of the Zionist youth movement in our town. I was very excited and prepared myself for the journey, in the fashion of Goethe (an old Karlsbad hand), by reading all the available literature, including Baedeker's *Austria-Hungary*. It had been published in 1913. Only a little over ten years ago, but in our part of the world guidebooks matured faster than wines. Our Baedeker informed me that Karlsbad, in 1913, had 17,500 "German" inhabitants (probably they meant "German-speaking") and over 71,000 patients taking the cure.

I could well believe it when we arrived there and I saw nothing but *Kurgaste*, "cure guests." Uncle Leo had reserved rooms at the Grand Hotel Pupp, the memory of which will bring tears to the eyes of former Russian grand-dukes, later employed as doormen in Montmartre, and of English lords, now showing their ancestral manor houses to tourists for two-and-six. Things have changed, and not only in Karlsbad.

Baedeker had listed the Pupp as the leading Karlsbad hotel, and they were right, as always. The Pupp was a real



Pre-Communist Karlsbad—"You get up at half past five and walk to the Sprudel pavilion and line up for your pint of these damned Glauber's salt waters."

palace with spacious corridors and wonderful waiters who guessed your wishes before you uttered them. Admittedly I was also attracted by the Imperial that stood on a hill overlooking the spa, and had not one but *two* private cable railways, imagine! But all comparisons became meaningless after my first *Wiener Schnitzel* in Pupp's restaurant. It was enormous. Its well-breaded sides hung down over the large, gold-rimmed plate like a silk eiderdown over a luxurious bed. I'm no longer permitted to touch a *Schnitzel* but the memory of Pupp's, and even its taste, is unforgotten after all these intervening years.

The food was wonderful at Pupp's. That seemed very strange because most guests were forbidden to eat very much of it. Uncle Leo explained to me that the ritual of the Karlsbad cure was not to be taken lightly.

"You get up at half past five in the morning and walk down to the Sprudel pavilion, and you line up for your pint of these damned Glauber's salt waters," he said, with feeling. "Then you walk through the woods to one of the cafés. What for, I don't know. Breakfast is a cup of unsweetened tea and two biscuits. You walk back all the way. Lunch is a strict diet. These people here are

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experts in making appetizing dishes containing no fat, no albumen, no starch, no nothing. In the late afternoon you go to the Mühlbrunnen and drink more waters. Then you walk again. The doctor tells you to dance at the Sanssouci, but who wants to dance on an empty stomach? A very light dinner and early to bed." He sighed. "I'll start tomorrow morning."

"Aren't you going to the Zionist Congress?" I asked.

"Of course, we're going. But I'm also taking the waters."

I began to understand why the leaders of world Zionism had chosen the spa for their congress. After enjoying too many portions of Polish carp and paprika chicken, gefüllte fish and another fateful piece of goose liver, they came here to do something for their soul (Zionism) and body (the waters). The next morning I accompanied Uncle Leo to the Sprudel, as the hot geyser was called. It was very impressive, shooting up over 2,000 liters of water a minute (according to Baedeker), and the temperature was 73 Centigrade. Baedeker had also informed me that the Sprudel had been discovered by Charles IV, Holy Roman emperor and King of Moravia—our Moravia!—one day in 1347 when he was deer hunting, but the Karlsbaders took a dim view of this legend. Personally I like Charles IV, who founded Prague University, my *alma mater*, one year after the alleged deer hunt, and that's no legend.

Uncle Leo bought me one of the special cups, with a painted sign "Souvenir from Karlsbad" and a handle made of porcelain straw, and I queued up with him in the Sprudel pavilion for our ration of waters: a salty, noxious-tasting liquid. People walked around, sipping it as if it were vintage claret. Most looked as if they had eaten too many rich sauces too often for the past eleven months, and were now trying to get in shape during the twelfth month for another eleven months of good eating. Uncle Leo pointed out several great Zionist leaders to me. I understood. Con-

(*Continued on page* 84)

PALM SPRINGS:

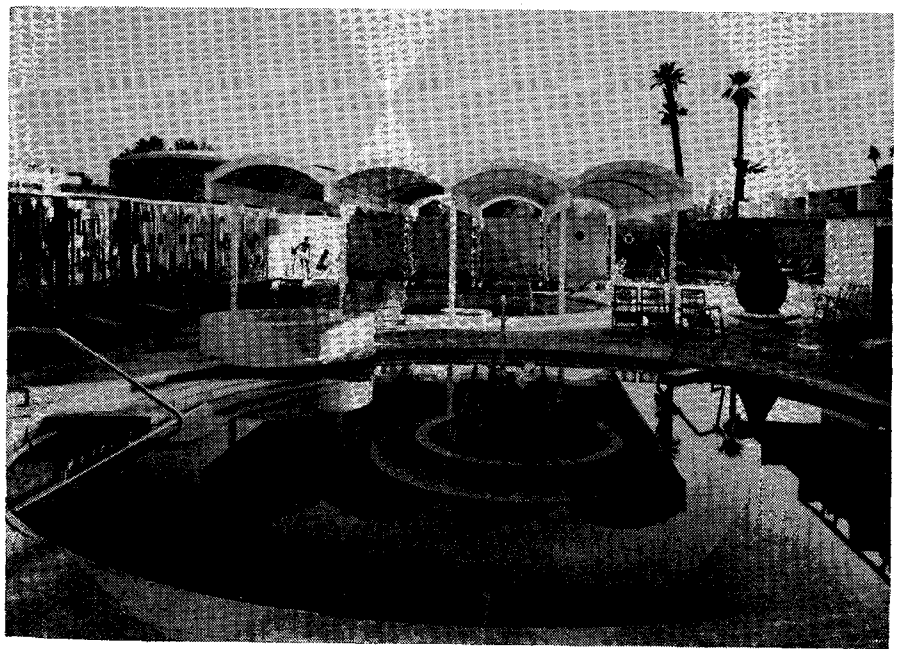
The New Karlsbad

By HORACE SUTTON

ASIDE FROM the few cane-carrying convalescents who lingered in a corner of the lobby, there was little of the *Kurhaus* look about the Palm Springs Spa the night I checked in there recently. With its bright, methodically decorated, almost flashy, super-motel (motel is a word that is totally *non grata* in Palm Springs) air, it looked about as much like the old spas of Baden-Baden, Badgastein, Karlsbad, or even Saratoga as the Avenue Foch resembles the Strip in Las Vegas. The piano that tinkled out of the pitch-black bar sent the tune of the moment faintly through the corridors like a glass broken in a room down a distant hall. "Hello, Dolly, well, hello, Dolly, it's so nice to have you back where you belong. . . ." Palm Springs' well-stocked selection of divorcees drifted through the corridors seeking conversation and a friend. In the dining salon, inevitably called the Agua Room, the diners were working on chicken in the pot with matzoh balls, roast prime ribs of beef with Yorkshire pudding, and a rolling cart of splendid pastries. Pounds gained in the evening could be steamed off the next day.

The good spa life is only one of the many ways one can mend or recreate in Palm Springs, which, to the residents of California and to many from the rest of the country, does for the body and the soul what the old watering spots were so well acknowledged to do for the wealthy who sought them in their salad days of the nineteenth century. One can, of course, ride in the desert, play tennis at the social Tennis Club or the Hollywoodsy Racquet Club, play golf at one of the eighteen courses sprinkled over the dry valley floor like green oases in the Sahara, swish in the heated waters of one of the 3,350 swimming pools that puddle a town with a population of 18,200, or watch the stars at work or play. Besides those who come to lounge at their weekend homes or at the hotels, there are also Gene Autry, who operates two hotels, Jack Benny, George Burns, Burt Lancaster, Groucho Marx, and Fred Waring, all of whom grow citrus, Lind-

(*Continued on page* 82)



Palm Springs Spa—One can also "ride in the desert, play tennis at the Racquet Club, play golf at eighteen courses, swish in one of the 3,350 pools."

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Imagine...a week's vacation to Europe for only $10 extra!

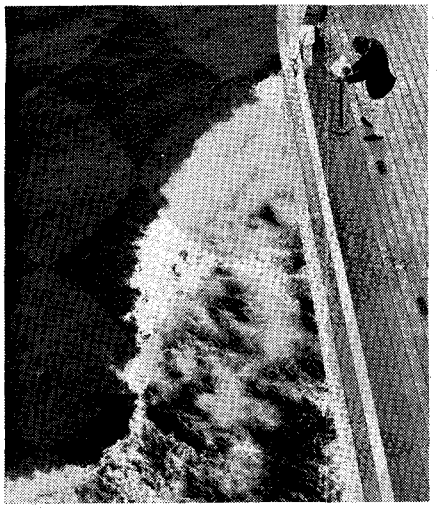
The wonderful vacation "buy" that a little planning...and the Holland-America Line...can get you.

by LLOYD ROBERTS *Photos by Bob Swenson*

I have noticed, in my travels, two varieties of vacationers—those determined, at any price, to exploit as fully as possible every minute allotted them; and those who see a vacation not only as a time for recreation but for *re*-creation as well—and I mean re-creation of the corpus as well as of the spirit.

Frankly these latter, I think, wind up getting much more out of every minute than the folks who run themselves ragged making every minute "count."

As a matter of fact, if you look upon a vacation to Europe as *I* happen to look upon it—as an opportunity to rest and relax and enjoy yourself as well as to come home with 400 color slides



Peter Sager, Vancouver, B.C.—sculptor, sketching the waves . . . "I must travel back and forth across the Atlantic quite often on business. Holland-America ships seem to have a certain atmosphere that you never quite find any place else. It makes me feel very content."

to show your friends—I can tell you how to get a fabulous week's vacation *en route* for a mere $10 more than the cost of basic transportation.

I'm talking about going at least one way by *ship*. Between going by ship and coming home by ship, I frankly prefer the former—although I must admit that the latter has much to recommend it. Nevertheless, it seems to me that being able to rest up from the daily grind and pressures of just getting ready to go, which going by ship makes possible, is the best of all ways to be ready for the wonderful adventure that is Europe. At the same time, returning by ship certainly lets you recuperate from all the running around you do while there.

You decide which school to join. (Or decide to go *both* ways by ship.) Let me make clear the remarkable economics.

During Holland-America Line's thrift season—the months from August to May—jet economy class to London costs $210—one way. For that you get about seven hours aloft and two meals. For just $10 more, you can travel tourist class on the Holland-America Line's *Nieuw Amsterdam* or *Statendam* to Southampton—it's another $10 more on the flagship *Rotterdam*—and get six wonderful days at sea, a comfortable stateroom for two, gracious service, three excellent meals a day (plus morning bouillon, afternoon tea and a midnight buffet supper—all included), the chance to see first-run movies in a theater, to play miniature golf, or deck tennis, or to go swimming; entertainment and night life in a variety of cafes aboard ship, and the opportunity to shop for all kinds of fascinating merchandise (and jewelry) at duty-free mid-Atlantic prices.

Incidentally, even in the busy summer season, this $10 difference holds true; and if you win the horse races, bingo, or ship's pool for the day's run it might not even cost you *that*—you might actually save money!

On a Holland-America Line ship you get something else, too—a thing the Dutch call *gezelligheid*. This is definitely not an *hors d'oeuvre* or what you're expected to say when someone sneezes. It's a word describing a particular "feeling"—the kind of feeling you encounter specifically aboard a Dutch ship. A friendliness, an informality that adds to your enjoyment. There's no charge for this, either. As the song has it, *The best things in life are free.*

In fact, just $10 extra for all this is

Miss Dawn Gaignat, Lubbock, Texas—receiving a golf tip from the social director—"I never dreamed there was so much to do aboard the ship. We've been having a ball from morning to night. And part of that fun has been the friendliness of the people."

about as close to "free" as you can come! You can spend more if you wish for more luxurious accommodations—$20 extra, $30 extra, no matter: it buys for you an experience you'll never forget and never regret. (And if you'd like to save money, consider Holland-America's thriftliners: the *Maasdam*, or *Ryndam*. You get even *lower* rates on these.)

If you're interested, you can get literature on the subject from an authorized travel agent near you or from the Holland-America Line, Pier 40—North River, New York.

Mrs. Hanne Ventillius, North Miami Beach, Florida—in the main dining room . . . "It was enjoyable and relaxing to sail the Atlantic with Holland-America. My son, too, has found so many things to do. I've especially enjoyed the continental menu and the attentive service."

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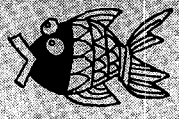
BY ROBERT MEYER, JR.

JANUARY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
					1 Football Bowl Games: Dallas, Miami, New Orleans, Pasadena.	2 Field Trials, Pinehurst, N.C. Jan. 2-6; 25-29.
3 Ramadan, traditional Moslem festival, throughout Egypt.	4 Seasonal fishing tournament, Bermuda. Jan. 1-Apr. 30.	5 Third Winter Pro-Am Golf Tournament, Dorado Beach, P.R. Jan. 5-8.	6 Greek Cross Day, Tarpon Springs, Fla. Install Indian governors, New Mexico.	7 Battle of New Orleans Sesquicentennial, N.O., La. Jan. 1-8.	8 Dance of Voladores, feathered fliers, Ahila, Pueblo, Mex.	9 Community fiesta, Manila, Philippines, Procession, dances.
10 Pro Bowl Football Championship, Los Angeles, Calif.	11 Los Angeles Open Golf Tournament, L.A., Calif. Jan. 7-11.	12 Annual Bermuda at Home Program, Hamilton, Bermuda. Jan. 1-Feb. 27.	13 Narcissus Festival, Honolulu, Hawaii. Parade, exhibits. Jan. 8-Feb. 6.	14 Annual Philharmonic Ball, Vienna, Austria.	15 Harvest Festivals, in South India. Jan. 14-15.	16 Carnival, Cape Town, S.A. Skeet Championship, Pinehurst, N.C. Jan. 15-17.
17 Bobsled Championship, St. Moritz, Switzerland. Jan. 16-17, 23-24, 30-31.	18 Hindu Festival, Feast of Atonement, Singapore. Arbor Day, throughout Israel.	19 Industrial Exhibition, Colombo, Ceylon. Jan. 15-Feb. 15.	20 Feast of San Sebastian, Patron of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.	21 400th Anniversary of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Jan. 1-Dec. 31.	22 German Figure Skating Championship, Cologne, Germany. Jan. 21-24.	23 Hahnenkamm Ski Races, Kitzbuehel, Austria. Jan. 22-24.
24 Winter Carnival, St. Paul, Minn. Parades, sports contests. Jan. 22-31.	25 Australian Tennis Championships, Melbourne, Australia. Jan. 22-Feb. 1.	26 Republic Day in India. Major observance in New Delhi. Jan. 26-29.	27 Annual Antiques Forums, Williamsburg, Va. Jan. 24-29; Jan. 31-Feb. 5.	28 Wanamaker-Milrose Indoor Track Meet, Madison Sq. Garden, New York City.	29 International Boat Show, Malmo, Sweden. Jan. 23-31.	30 Southwestern Exposition, Fort Worth, Tex. Jan. 29-Feb. 7.
31 International Trade Fair, Bangkok, Thailand. Jan. 28-Feb. 14.						

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
	1 Feast of Our Lady of the Candles, Evora, Portugal. Jan. 31-Feb. 2.	2 Chinese New Year, the Year of the Dragon. New York, S.F., Hong Kong.	3 Texas Citrus Fiesta, Mission, Tex. Citrus fruit fashion show. Feb. 3-7.	4 Masters Golf Tournament, Durban, South Africa, Feb. 4-6.	5 $100,000 Golf Match, Palm Springs, Calif. Feb. 3-7.	6 Gornergat Ski Derby, Zermatt, Switzerland. Feb. 6-7.
7 Mid-Winter Trap Shoot, Las Vegas, Nev. Feb. 2-7; 24-28.	8 Gasparilla Pirate Invasion, Tampa, Fla. Feb. 8-13.	9 Edison Pageant of Light, Fort Myers, Fla. Feb. 6-13.	10 Calypso Tents, song competitions, Port of Spain, Trinidad. Feb. 7-28.	11 Winter Carnival, Quebec City, Canada. Parade, dances. Feb. 11-Mar. 2.	12 Date Festival, Indio, Calif. Camel races, pageant. Feb. 12-22.	13 World Speed Skating Championships, Oslo, Norway. Feb. 13-14.
14 Religious Pilgrimage, Lourdes, France. Feb. 11-18.	15 Bahamas Regatta Weeks, Nassau, Bahamas. Feb. 12-20.	16 Livestock Show, Rodeo, San Antonio, Tex. Feb. 12-21.	17 International Film Festival, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Feb. 13-25.	18 International Trade Fair, Valencia, Spain. Feb. 14-23.	19 Baseball Players' Golf Tournament, Miami, Fla. Feb. 18-21.	20 National AAU Indoor Track Championship, New York City.
21 Soaring Championships, Torrey Pines near San Diego, Calif. Feb. 20-21	22 Short Film Days, Oberhausen, Germany. Feb. 22-27.	23 Dancing Competition, Cultural Festival, Limerick, Ireland. Feb. 23-28.	24 Carnivals: New Orleans, Mobile, Rio de Janeiro, Trinidad, Nice. Feb. 23-Mar. 2.	25 Opera Ball, Vienna, Austria. Fair, Frankfurt, Germany. Feb. 21-25.	26 All-England Folk Song Festival, London, England. Feb. 26-27.	27 $100,000 Santa Anita Handicap, Arcadia, Calif. Heptagonal Games, Ithaca, N.Y.
28 Fasching Parades, Frankfurt and Munich, Germany.						

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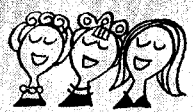
MARCH

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
	**1** Rose Monday Parades, Bonn, Cologne, Germany.	**2** Mardi Gras: Binche, Estoril, Munich, and Viareggio. Masking.	**3** Indian Fair, Phoenix, Ariz. Mar. 3-4.	**4** Moomba, fun festival, Melbourne, Australia. Feb. 26-Mar. 8.	**5** Red Cross Fair, Nassau, Bahamas. Annual social highlight.	**6** Orchid Society Show, San Juan, P.R. Mar. 5-7.
7 Swiss Ski Championship, Wengen, Switzerland. Mar. 5-7.	**8** Miami - Nassau Yacht Race, Nassau, Bahamas.	**9** Latin American Fiesta, Ybor City, Fla. Mar. 6-13.	**10** Old Homes Pilgrimage, Natchez, Miss. Mar. 6-Apr. 4.	**11** $50,000 Open Golf Match, Miami Beach, Fla. Mar. 11-14.	**12** Nassau Cup Yacht Race, Nassau, Bahamas.	**13** Holmenkoll Ski Week, Oslo, Norway. Mar. 11-14.
14 Puerto Rico Open Golf Match, Dorado, P.R. Mar. 11-14.	**15** National Junior Miss Pageant, Mobile, Ala. Mar. 13-20.	**16** Gastronomy Fair, Hamburg, Germany. Mar. 11-17.	**17** "Holi" Festival, in North India. Mar. 17-18.	**18** Fallas of San Jose, Valencia, Spain. Mar. 12-19.	**19** West Texas Relays, Odessa, Texas. Mar. 19-20.	**20** International Spring Fair, Vienna, Austria. Mar. 14-21.
21 Cherry Blossom Season, throughout Japan. Mar. 20-May 5.	**22** Israeli Golf Tournament, Caesarea, Israel. Mar. 21-27.	**23** Sunshine Festival of States, St. Petersburg, Fla. Mar. 22-Apr. 4.	**24** 22nd Harriman Cup Ski Race, Sun Valley, Idaho. Mar. 23-25.	**25** International College Weeks, Hamilton, Bermuda. Mar. 21-Apr. 21.	**26** College Swim Championship, Ames, Iowa. College Ski Champ., Crystal Mt., Wash.	**27** Grand National Steeplechase, Aintree, England.
28 Mid-Lenten Carnivals, Fosse and Stavelot, Belgium.	**29** Fashion Festival, Las Vegas, Nev. Mar. 29-Apr. 1.	**30** International Toy Fair, Copenhagen, Denmark. Mar. 26-Apr. 4.	**31** Barcos Fair, Aveiro, Portugal. Mar. 25-Apr. 25.			

APRIL

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
				1 Wesak Day, honor memory of Buddha, Honolulu, Hawaii.	**2** House, Garden Tour, Savannah, Georgia. Apr. 2-3.	**3** North Carolina Azalea Festival, Wilmington, N.C. Apr. 1-4.
4 20th anniversary of Liberation of Hungary, Budapest, Hungary.	**5** International Trade Fair, Marseille, France. Apr. 1-12.	**6** Spring Flower Show, Rotterdam, Netherlands. Apr. 2-10.	**7** Rand Easter Show, Johannesburg, South Africa. Apr. 6-19.	**8** Arkansas State Choral Festival, Hot Springs, Ark. Apr. 8-9.	**9** Masters Golf Tournament, Augusta, Ga. Apr. 8-11.	**10** Plantation Tours, Georgetown, South Carolina. Apr. 8-10.
11 International Spring Fair, Zagreb, Yugoslavia. Apr. 10-19.	**12** Holy Week. Religious processions in Granada, Seville, Spain. Apr. 11-18.	**13** National sports contests, Colombo, Ceylon. Apr. 13-14.	**14** Easter Weddings, Karasjok, Norway. Apr. 11-19.	**15** International Samples Fair, Milan, Italy. Apr. 12-25.	**16** Kite Flying Contest, Hamilton, Bermuda. Good Friday tradition.	**17** Flag Day, Pago Pago, Samoa.
18 Easter Sunrise Services: Winston-Salem, Hollywood, Grand Canyon, Yosemite.	**19** Irish Grand National, Fairyhouse, Dublin, Ireland.	**20** Irish Open Golf Match, Rosses Point, Co. Sligo, Ireland. Apr. 17-20.	**21** International Trade Fair, Tokyo, Japan. Apr. 16-May 6.	**22** Tucson Festival, Tucson, Ariz. Apr. 22-26. San Xavier Fiesta there, Apr. 23.	**23** San Antonio Fiesta, San Antonio, Texas. Apr. 19-25.	**24** Dogwood Festival, Knoxville, Tenn. Apr. 19-May 2.
25 Annual Swiss Fair, Basel, Switzerland. Apr. 24-May 4.	**26** Spring Fiesta, New Orleans, La. Apr. 23-May 8.	**27** Historic Garden Week, Richmond, Va. Apr. 24-May 1.	**28** Floral Pageant Week, Hamilton, Bermuda. Apr. 24-May 1.	**29** Cultural Festival, Osaka, Japan. Apr. 20-May 10.	**30** Washington Apple Blossom Festival, Wenatchee, Wash. Apr. 29-May 1.	

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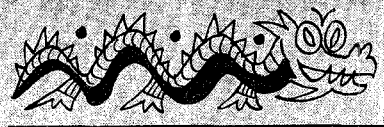
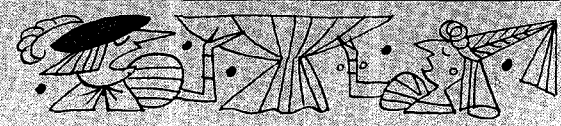
MAY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
						1 Blossom Festival, Penticton, B.C., Canada. May 1-3.
2 Industry Fairs: Brussels, Belg., Apr. 30-May 11; Valencia, Spain, May 1-15.	**3** Boat Race, Oxford vs. Cambridge, Putney-Mortlake, England.	**4** Book Festival, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Apr. 29-May 16.	**5** Cinco de Mayo, Mexican victory day, Pueblo, Mexico.	**6** Film Festival, Cannes, France, May 1-15. May Festival, Wiesbaden, Germany.	**7** Capt. Cook Festival, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii. May 6-9.	**8** Swedish Trade Fair, Gothenburg, Sweden. May 7-16.
9 Lilac Festival, Spokane, Wash. May 8-16.	**10** College Golf Championship, Hanover, N.H. May 8-10.	**11** Cotton Carnival, Memphis, Tenn. May 11-15.	**12** "Moharram," Moslem Festival, Delhi and Lucknow, India.	**13** Our Lady of Fatima, Fatima, Portugal, and Macao. Processions.	**14** Silla Festival, Seoul, Korea. May 14-20.	**15** Buddha's Birthday, throughout Vietnam.
16 Royal Danish Ballet, Music Festival, Copenhagen, Denmark. May 15-31.	**17** Pirogue Races, Lafitte, La. Major event in the Bayou Country.	**18** "500" Festival, Indianapolis, Indiana. May 1-30. Climax: 500-mile auto race.	**19** Grieg Music Festival, Bergen, Norway. May 19-June 5.	**20** Sibelius's 100th Birthday Festival, Helsinki, Finland. May 15-June 4.	**21** Glyndebourne Festival Opera, Glyndebourne, England. May 20-Aug. 15.	**22** 14th International Film Festival, Melbourne, Australia. May 20-31.
23 International Fair, Budapest, Hungary. May 21-31.	**24** Waikato Winter Show, Hamilton, N.Z. May 22-June 1.	**25** Vienna Music Festival, Vienna, Austria. May 22-June 20.	**26** International Festival, Vancouver, B.C., Canada. May 26-June 20.	**27** Apple Blossom Festival, Kentville, Nova Scotia. May 27-30.	**28** IC-4A Track Championship, New Brunswick, N.J. May 28-29.	**29** International Horse Show, San Juan, P.R. May 29-30.
30 Festival of the Arts, Auckland, N.Z. May 13-June 6.	**31** Aeronautics Exhibition, Turin, Italy. May 31-June 7.					

JUNE

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
		**1** 33rd International Trade Fair, Barcelona, Spain. June 1-20.	**2** Folklore Festival, Trabzon, Italy. June 1-15.	**3** 20th Mediterranean Sample Fair, Palermo, Sicily. May 22-June 6.	**4** Dragon Boat Festival, Hong Kong.	**5** International Music Festival, Harstad, Norway. June 5-13.
6 Fiesta of Five Flags, Pensacola, Fla. June 6-13.	**7** College Golf Championship, Springfield, Mo. June 7-11.	**8** College Baseball Championship, Omaha, Neb. June 7-11.	**9** College Tennis Championship, Los Angeles, Calif. June 8-12.	**10** Shakespeare Festival, Central Park, N.Y. June 9-Aug. 28.	**11** Kamehameha Day, Honolulu, Hawaii. Salute memory of royalty.	**12** 106th running of Queen's Plate, horse race, Toronto, Ont., Canada.
13 Full Moon Festival, Buddhist anniversary, Anuradhapura, Ceylon.	**14** American Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Conn. June 11-Sept. 12.	**15** Holland Festival, Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam, June 15-July 15.	**16** Canadian Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Ont., Canada. June 15-Sept. 25.	**17** USGA Open Golf Championship, St. Louis, Mo. June 17-19.	**18** International Film, TV Weeks, Berlin, Germany. June 18-July 6.	**19** Championship Rowing Regatta, Onondaga Lake, Syracuse, N.Y.
20 Festival of Two Worlds, Spoleto, Italy. June 17-July 18.	**21** Viking Festival, Frederikssund, Denmark. June 19-July 4.	**22** Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, London, England. June 21-July 3.	**23** San Juan Bautista Carnival, San Juan, P.R. June 22-24.	**24** Barnum Festival, Bridgeport, Conn. June 24-July 5. Parade.	**25** Trout Festival, Flin Flon, Man., Canada. June 25-28.	**26** Irish Sweeps Derby, Curragh, Co. Kildare, Ireland.
27 Vineyard Concerts, Saratoga, Calif. June 26-27; July 31-Aug. 1; Aug. 28-29.	**28** 14th Music, Dance Festival, Granada, Spain. June 22-July 2.	**29** Aspen Music Festival, Aspen, Colo. June 28-Aug. 29.	**30** Jagannath Festival, two-mile procession, Puri, India.			

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JULY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
				1 USGA Women's Open Golf Championship, Northfield, N.J. July 1-3.	2 The Palio, horse race, Siena, Italy. July 2 and Aug. 16.	3 South Pacific Lawn Bowling Championship, Suva, Fiji. July 3-10.
4 American Independence Day, Wash., D.C.; Philadelphia Pa.; Aalborg, Den.	5 A Day in Old Milwaukee, Milwaukee, Wis. Circus parade. July 5.	6 Stampede, Exhibition, Calgary, Alta. Canada. July 5-10.	7 Mohammed's Birthday, throughout Jordan.	8 Run of the Bulls, Pamplona, Spain. July 6-14.	9 Folklore Celebration, Iznik, Turkey. July 7-12.	10 Berkshire Festival, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. July 2-Aug. 22.
11 Edinburgh International Festival, Edinburgh, Scotland. July 7-Sept. 30.	12 USGA Amateur Public Links Championship, Pittsburgh, Pa. July 12-17.	13 Bon Festival, feast of lanterns, Nikko Island, Japan. July 13-15.	14 Bastille Day, Paris, Noumea, Papeete, Tahiti.	15 Open Air Festival, Szeged, Hungary. July 15-Aug. 20.	16 Aquatennial, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Parade, sports. July 16-25.	17 Constitution Day, Seoul, Korea. Parade, ceremonies.
18 Sultan's birthday, Kelantan, Malaysia. July 17-18.	19 Festival of Wild Horses, Soma, near Sendai, Japan. July 16-19.	20 Gion Festival of Yasaka Shrine, Kyoto, Japan. July 17-24.	21 Liberation Day, coronation ball, sports, Guam.	22 Bula Festival, Nadi, Fiji. Welcome celebration. July 18-25.	23 Anniversary of the Revolution, Cairo, Egypt. July 23-26.	24 Tenjin Festival, Temmangu Shrine, Osaka, Japan. July 24-25.
25 Wagner Opera Festival, Bayreuth, Germany. July 25-Aug. 30.	26 Oregon Shakespeare Festival, Ashland, Ore. July 26-Sept. 11.	27 Bregenz Music Festival, Bregenz, Austria. July 23-Aug. 22.	28 Feast of the Hungry Ghosts, Hong Kong. Tribute to ancestors.	29 5th International Jazz Festival, Molde, Norway, July 29-Aug. 1.	30 Seafair, Seattle, Wash. July 30-Aug. 8. Gold Cup Race, Aug. 8.	31 Feast of Lanterns, Lake Hakone, Japan.

AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1 Basque Festival, Bayonne, France; Gaelic Mod, St. Ann's, N.S. Both Aug. 1-7.	2 Chamber Music Weeks, Middelfart, Denmark. Aug. 1-8; 8-15.	3 Dublin Horse Show, Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 3-7.	4 Ancient Regatta, St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada.	5 USGA Junior Amateur Golf Championship, Wilmington, Del. Aug. 3-7.	6 Peace Festival, 20th anniversary of atomic bomb, Hiroshima, Japan.	7 Americas Golf Cup, Winnipeg, Man., Canada. Aug. 6-7.
8 Adelaide, S. Australia: Grand Nat. Hurdles, Aug. 8; Steeplechase, Aug. 15.	9 Aqua Festival, Austin, Texas. Water sports contests. Aug. 6-15.	10 "Teej" Festival, Jaipur, India.	11 Royal National Show, Brisbane, Australia. Aug. 6-15.	12 Lobster Festival, Shediac, New Brunswick. Aug. 11-14.	13 Inter-Tribal Ceremonies, Gallup, N.M. Aug. 12-15.	14 "The Mystery of Elche," Elche, Spain. Aug. 13-15.
15 20th Anniversary of Liberation, Seoul, Korea.	16 International Music Festival, Lucerne, Switzerland. Aug. 14-Sept. 7.	17 Sea Fishing Festival, Stavanger, Norway. Aug. 16-21.	18 USGA Girls' Junior Golf Championship, Evergreen, Colo. Aug. 16-21.	19 Stockholm Festival, Stockholm, Sweden. Aug. 15-Sept. 5.	20 Iowa State Fair, Des Moines, Iowa. Aug. 20-29.	21 Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Aug. 20-Sept. 6.
22 Harvest Fair, Homer, Alaska. Aug. 22-24.	23 Seventh Maccabiah Games, Israel. Aug. 23-31.	24 USGA Women's Amateur Golf Championship, Denver, Colo. Aug. 23-28.	25 International Arts Festival, Interlochen, Mich. Aug. 25-29.	26 St. Rochus Festival, Bingen, Germany. Aug. 22-29.	27 Library Festival, Newport, N.H.	28 Wine Festival, Worms, Germany. Aug. 28-Sept. 5.
29 3rd International Music Festival, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Aug. 28-Sept. 26.	30 "Ganesh Festival," salute elephant-headed god, Bombay, India.	31 Malaysia Day, mark birth of Malaysia, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.				

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SEPTEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			1 St. Erik's Trade Fair, Stockholm, Sweden. Sept. 1-12.	**2** Scandinavian Design Cavalcade, Oslo, Norway. Sept. 1-30.	**3** Walker Cup Golf Match, Baltimore, Md. Sept. 3-4.	**4** Look Around Day, Copenhagen, Denmark. Agricultural Show, Adelaide, Australia.
5 Joust of the Saracen, Arezzo, Italy.	**6** William Tell Festival, New Glarus, Wis. Sept. 5-6.	**7** Provincial Exhibition, Quebec, Que., Canada. Sept. 2-12.	**8** Exhibition, Livestock Show, Fredericton, N.B. Sept. 6-11.	**9** Moon Festival, harvest celebration, Seoul, Korea; Hong Kong.	**10** 28th Vintage Festival, Jerez de la Frontera, Spain. Sept. 10-14.	**11** 45th Comptoir Suisse, Lausanne Switzerland. Sept. 11-26.
12 Kentucky State Fair, Louisville, Ky. Sept. 10-18.	**13** USGA Amateur Golf Championship, Tulsa, Okla. Sept. 13-18.	**14** Gastronomical, Wine Festival. Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Sept. 4-Oct. 17.	**15** Independence Day, Mexico City, Mex. Sept. 15-16.	**16** International Sheep Dog Trials, Cardiff, Wales. Sept. 16-18.	**17** Royal Melbourne Show, Victoria, Australia. Sept. 17-26.	**18** Hibiscus Festival, Suva, Fiji. Sept. 18-25. Parades, contests.
19 October Festival, Munich, Germany. Sept. 18-Oct. 3.	**20** Carnival of Flowers, Toowoomba, Queensland, Australia. Sept. 19-26.	**21** 20th Umbrian Music Festival, Perugia, Italy. Sept. 19-Oct. 4.	**22** Berlin Festive Weeks, Berlin, Germany. Sept. 19-Oct. 10.	**23** Commonwealth Arts Festival, London, Cardiff, Glasgow. Sept. 16-Oct. 2.	**24** Anniversary of French in New Caledonia, Moumea, N.C.	**25** Sugar Cane Festival, New Iberia, La. Sept. 24-26.
26 Cranberry Festival, Bandon, Ore. Sept. 24-26.	**27** International Marathon Race, Seoul, Korea.	**28** Confucius's Birthday, throughout Vietnam.	**29** Religious Pilgrimage, Mont-St-Michel, France.	**30** 25th Beethoven Festival, Bonn, Germany. Sept. 19-Oct. 10.		

OCTOBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
					1 Fair, Danbury, Conn. Oct. 1-10.	**2** National Tobacco Festival, Richmond, Va. Oct. 2-9.
3 Wine growers' Procession, Lugano, Neuchatel, Switzerland.	**4** USGA Senior Amateur Golf Championship, Pittsburgh, Pa. Oct. 4-9.	**5** Fair, Vila Franca de Xira, Portugal. Oct. 5-13.	**6** Feast of Our Lady of the Pilar, Zaragoza, Spain. Oct. 6-14.	**7** 66th International Auto Show, Paris, France. Oct. 7-17.	**8** 200th Anniversary, Philharmonic Orchestra, Bergen, Norway.	**9** Suva-Levuka Yacht Race, Suva, Fiji.
10 Heritage Open House Tour, Annapolis, Md.	**11** Antiques Forum, Dearborn, Mich. Oct. 11-15.	**12** Miss Columbus Contest, Columbus, Kansas.	**13** Yambilee, sweet potato festival, Opelousas, La. Oct. 12-14.	**14** USGA Senior Women's Amateur Golf Championship, Highland Park, Ill. Oct. 13-15.	**15** North Carolina State Fair, Raleigh, N.C. Oct. 11-16.	**16** Fiesta de la Luna, Chula Vista, Calif. Oct. 13-17.
17 Caulfield Cup, horse race, Caulfield, Vic., Australia.	**18** Alaska Day, Sitka, Alaska Ceremonies, celebration.	**19** American Royal Livestock Show, Kansas City, Mo. Oct. 15-23.	**20** National Coursing Races, Abilene, Kansas. Oct. 17-24.	**21** Aloha Week, Oahu Island, Hawaii. Oct. 18-24.	**22** Royal Hobart Show, Hobart, Tasmania. Oct. 17-24.	**23** Festival of Lights, Hindu festival, India. Oct. 23-24.
24 United Nations Day, parades, ceremonies, Seoul, Korea; other countries.	**25** Ozark Folk Festival, Eureka Springs, Ark. Oct. 21-25.	**26** Nevada Amateur Golf Championships, Las Vegas, Nev. Oct. 21-26.	**27** Ryder Golf Cup, Britain vs. USA, Southport, Lancashire, England. Oct. 20-30.	**28** National Livestock Exposition, San Francisco, Calif. Oct. 22-31.	**29** Republic Day, Ankara, Turkey. Parades, ceremonies.	**30** Okunchi Festival, Suwa Shrine, Nagasaki, Japan. Oct. 29-30.
31 47th International Auto Show, Turin, Italy. Oct. 30-Nov. 10.						

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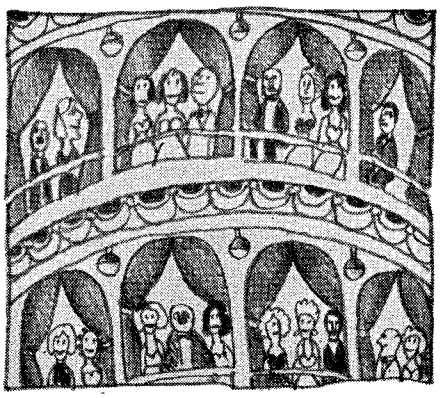

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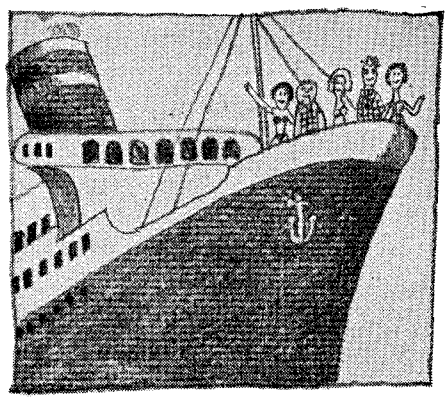

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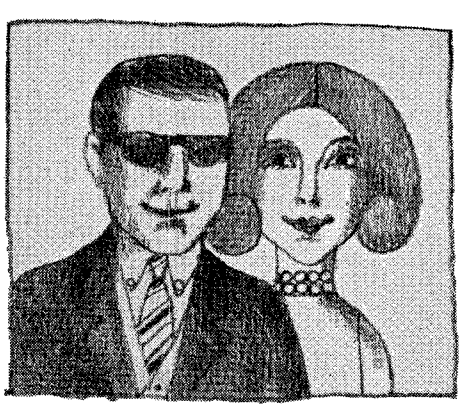

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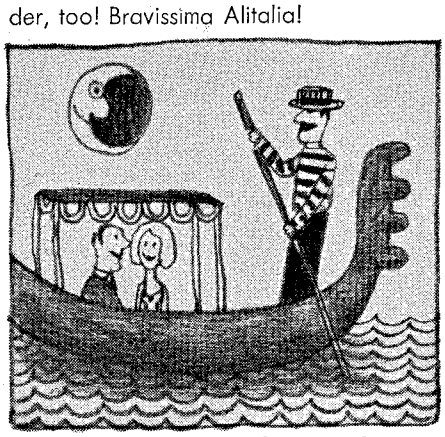

Sneak away on a moonlit gondola ride.

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NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
	1 Scientific Film Review, Padova, Italy. Nov. 1-4.	**2** 105th running, Melbourne Cup, Melbourne, Australia.	**3** Festival of Lights, Hindu festival, Singapore.	**4** Gastronomic Fair, Dijon, France. Nov. 1-11.	**5** Chrysanthemum Show, Taipeh, Taiwan.	**6** Drag Hunts, Leusden and Udenhout, Netherlands, Nov. 6; 21.
7 Book Fairs: Berlin, Germany, Nov. 4-20; Belgrade, Yugoslavia, Nov. 6-11.	**8** Flying Treasure Hunt, Nassau, Bahamas, Nov. 8-13.	**9** Fair, Cattle Show, Pushkar, India.	**10** Wrestling Tournament, Fukuoka, Kyushu, Japan. Nov. 8-23.	**11** Salute to Independence, Cartagena, Colombia.	**12** Isora-Tahiti Festival, Arue, Tahiti. Nov. 12-14.	**13** Lord Mayor's Procession, London, England.
14 Three Glorious Days, Nuits-St.-Georges, *Beaune, Meursault,* France. Nov. 13-15.	**15** Music Week, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Nov. 14-22.	**16** Gastronomic Weekends, Ostend, Belgium. Nov. 13-26.	**17** Royal Agricultural Show, Toronto, Ont., *Canada.* Nov. 13-21.	**18** Cattle Fair, Golega, Portugal. Nov. 13-30.	**19** Columbus Discovery Day, San Juan, Puerto Rico.	**20** Holiday Folk Fair, Milwaukee, Wis. Nov. 19-21.
21 Yacht Race, Los Angeles-Mazatlan, Mex. Nov. 14-26.	**22** Honor St. Cecilia, musicians' patroness, Zapotitlan, Mex.	**23** Book Show, Zurich, Switzerland. Nov. 21-29.	**24** Hollywood Santa Claus Parade, Hollywood, Calif.	**25** Pro-Amateur Golf Tournament, Hamilton, Bermuda.	**26** Art Exhibition, N.Z. Fine Arts Academy, Wellington, N.Z. Nov. 13-Dec. 5.	**27** Army-Navy Football, Philadelphia, Pa. Grey Cup Parade, Vancouver, B.C.
28 Bahamas Speed Weeks, Nassau, Bahamas. Nov. 28-Dec. 6.	**29** Music Composers' Competition, Brussels, Belgium, Nov. 29-30.	**30** Veteran Car Run, London-Brighton, England.				

DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			1 International Livestock Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Nov. 26-Dec. 4.	**2** Chichibu Festival, near Tokyo, Japan. Dec. 2-3.	**3** Textiles Exhibition, Barcelona, Spain. Dec. 1-10.	**4** Victoria Tennis Championships, Melbourne, Australia. Dec. 2-11.
5 Birthday, King of Thailand, Bangkok. Christmas Fair, Skensen, Sweden.	**6** Grand Premio Horse Race, Sao Paulo, Brazil.	**7** Whirling Dervishe Festival, Mevlevis, Turkey. Dec. 6-16.	**8** Immaculate Conception Processions: Seville, Spain; Guam.	**9** Transvaal Open Golf Championship, Johannesburg, S.A. Dec. 9 and 11.	**10** Nobel Prize Festivities, Oslo, Norway, and Stockholm, Sweden.	**11** Santon Fair, Marseille, France. Dec. 10-31.
12 Our Lady of Guadalupe, Mexico City, Mexico. *Ceremonies,* fiesta.	**13** St. Lucia Fair, Beek, Netherlands. Feast of Light, *Stockholm,* Sweden.	**14** Fire Festival of Ebisu Shrine, Sakai, *Osaka, Japan.*	**15** Candlelight Service, Hot Springs, Ark. Dec. 15-16.	**16** Christmas Concerts, Williamsburg, Va. Dec. 16-17.	**17** Posadas, Oaxaca and San Miguel Allende, Mexico. Dec. 16-24.	**18** Christmas Festival, Manila, Philippines.
19 Norwegian Artists' Exhibition, Oslo, Norway. Dec. 5-23.	**20** Christkindle's Mart, Nurnberg, Germany. Dec. 4-24.	**21** Christmas Goblin's Week, Toftlund, Denmark. Dec. 16-24.	**22** Surfing Championship, Makaha Beach, Oahu Island, Hawaii. Dec. 18-26.	**23** Radish Festival, Oaxaca, Mexico. Giant radishes sculptured, displayed.	**24** Christmas Eve Pageants, Hot Springs, Ark. and Taos Pueblo, N.M.	**25** Holiday Sports Carnival, Nelson, N.Z. Dec. 24-Jan. 12.
26 Junkanoo Parades, Nassau, Bahamas, Dec. 26 and Jan. 1.	**27** Pittwater Regatta, Sydney, Australia. One of world's foremost boat races.	**28** Dad-Son Golf Match, Pinehurst, North Carolina.	**29** Mid-Winter Sports Meet, New Orleans, La. Dec. 27-Jan. 1.	**30** Festival of the Sounds, Marlborough, N.Z. Dec. 26-Jan. 9.	**31** New Year's Eve Song Service, Papeete, Tahiti.	1965

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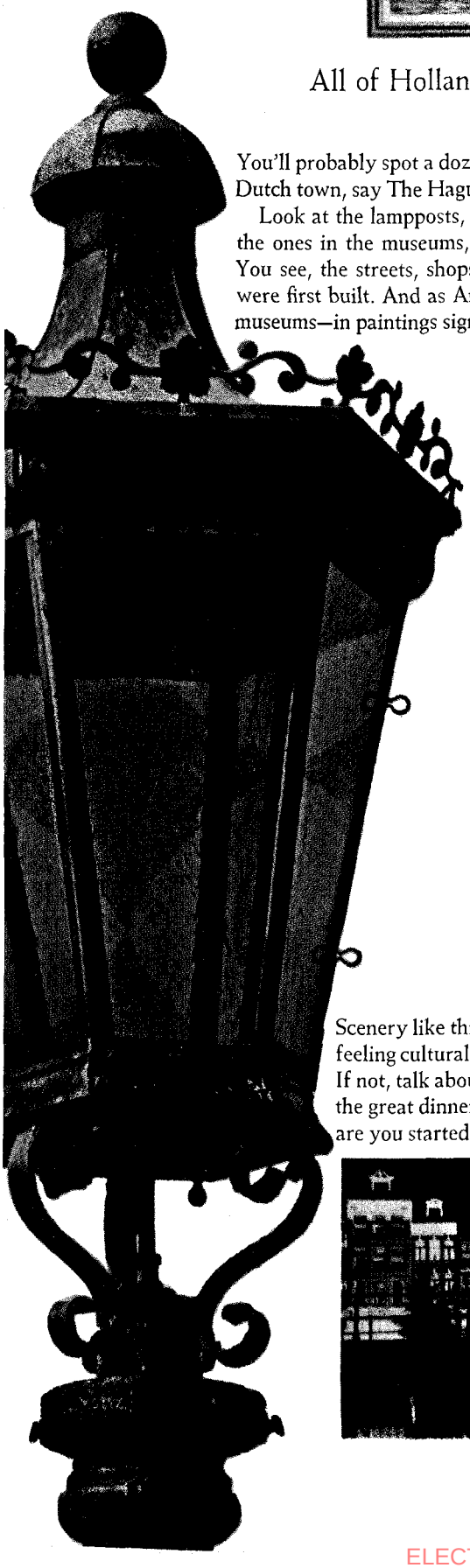
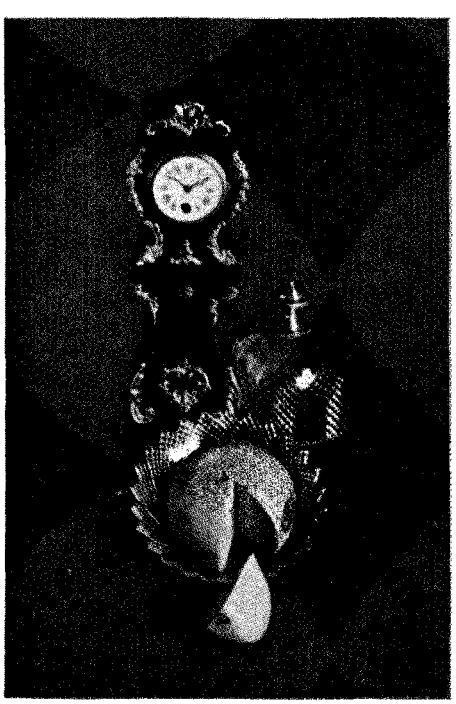
All of Holland's art treasures aren't confined in museums.



You'll probably spot a dozen just standing on a street corner in the center of Amsterdam. Or any other Dutch town, say The Hague or Delft, for that matter. But for the moment let's stay in Amsterdam.

Look at the lampposts, the signs, the doors. Many people think they're even more exciting works of art than the ones in the museums, and a lot of experts agree they should be in museums. But in a way they are. You see, the streets, shops, and houses of central Amsterdam are maintained now just as they were when they were first built. And as Amsterdam's "Old Quarter" dates from the 16th century, you'll find a lot of it in museums—in paintings signed Rembrandt, Vermeer, van Ruysdael. You can even take some of it home with you.



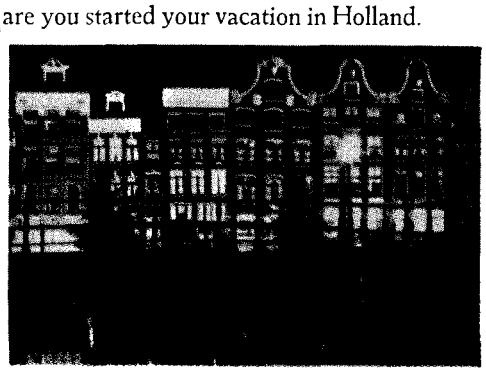
It's also Amsterdam's antique district.

Little shops are all over the place. The dealer—he's odds-on to speak English; three out of four Dutchmen do—will be pleased to tell you the history of an 18th century clock or a piece of Delft. Prices? About one-half to one-third what you'd pay in the States. (Remember, antiques aren't dutied.)

Amsterdam has a lot of museum-type museums, too. The Rijksmuseum houses the world's largest collection of Rembrandt paintings. The Stedelijk boasts more than 500 Van Goghs. You can browse through Rembrandt's etchings in the house in which he lived.

And when the museums close for the night, things to do are just beginning. Amsterdam has one of the world's most acclaimed orchestras —the Concertgebouw—and lots of really in jazz and way-out nightclubs.

Scenery like this is absolutely free. If you're feeling cultural you can discuss the architecture. If not, talk about the stars in the canals or the great dinner you just had or how glad you are you started your vacation in Holland.



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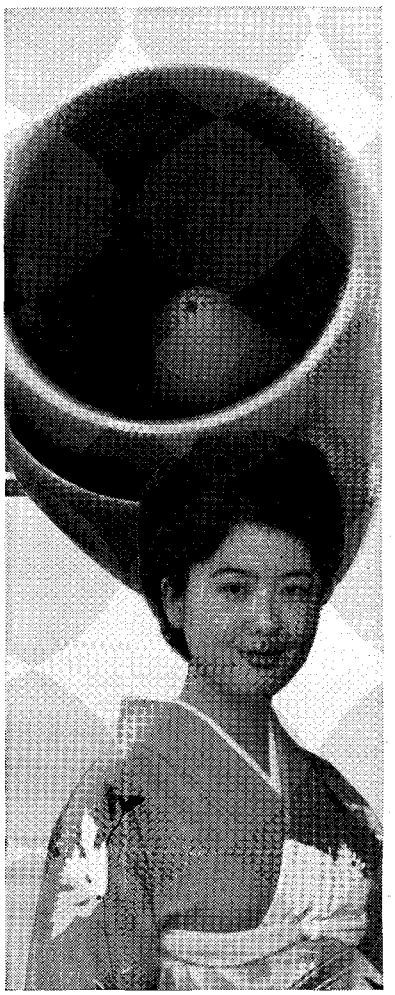

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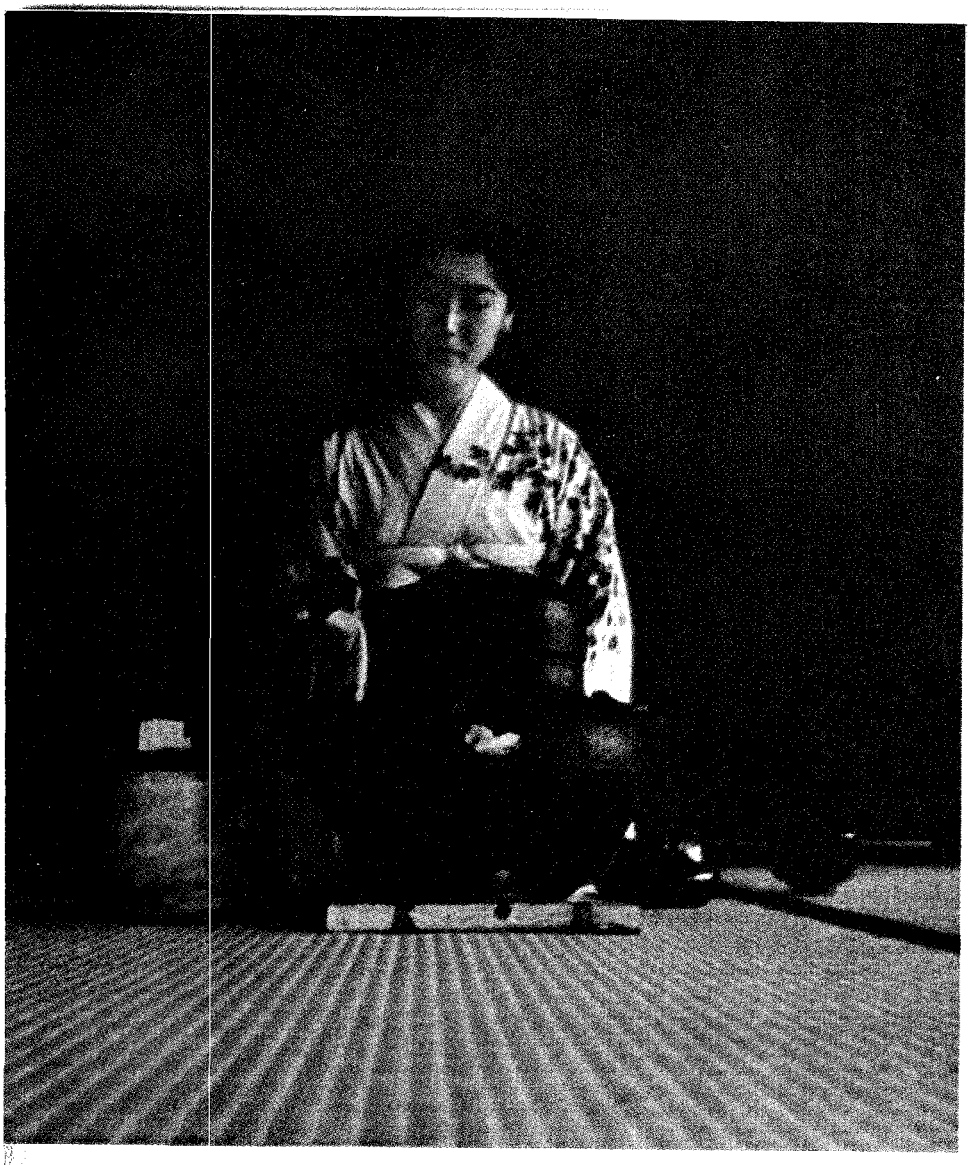
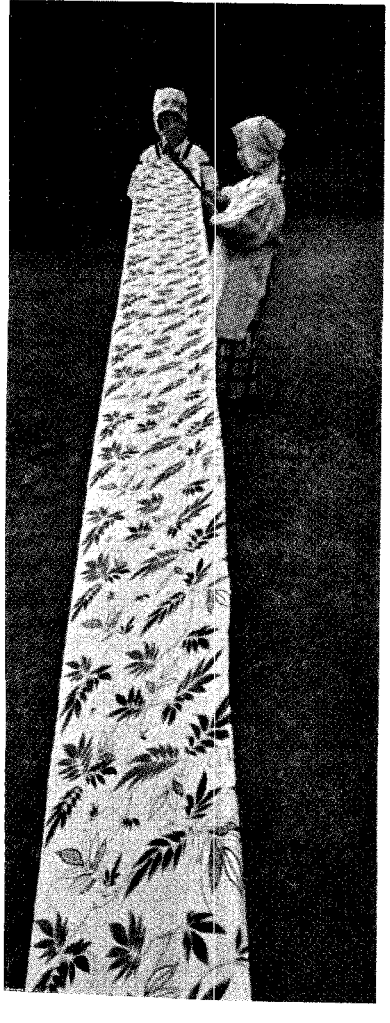


JAL hostess Tamae Nagashima practices the tea ceremony (left). This classic discipline reveals the pleasure and serenity derived from an act of hospitality performed perfectly... Lessons in manners begin early (below). By her fourth birthday every Japanese young lady is gracefully adept with hashi *chopsticks. Your JAL hostess can teach you how to use* hashi *as she serves you Japanese delicacies.*



To clean a kimono, Tamae unstitches it completely (left). She launders and dries the silken fabric, then sews it together into the original garment (above). This painstaking performance of an ordinary task—and the tableau of beauty it always creates—are characteristic of the Japanese way of life. They are also yours to experience on your Jet Courier flight, and throughout the cordial "household" of Japan Air Lines.

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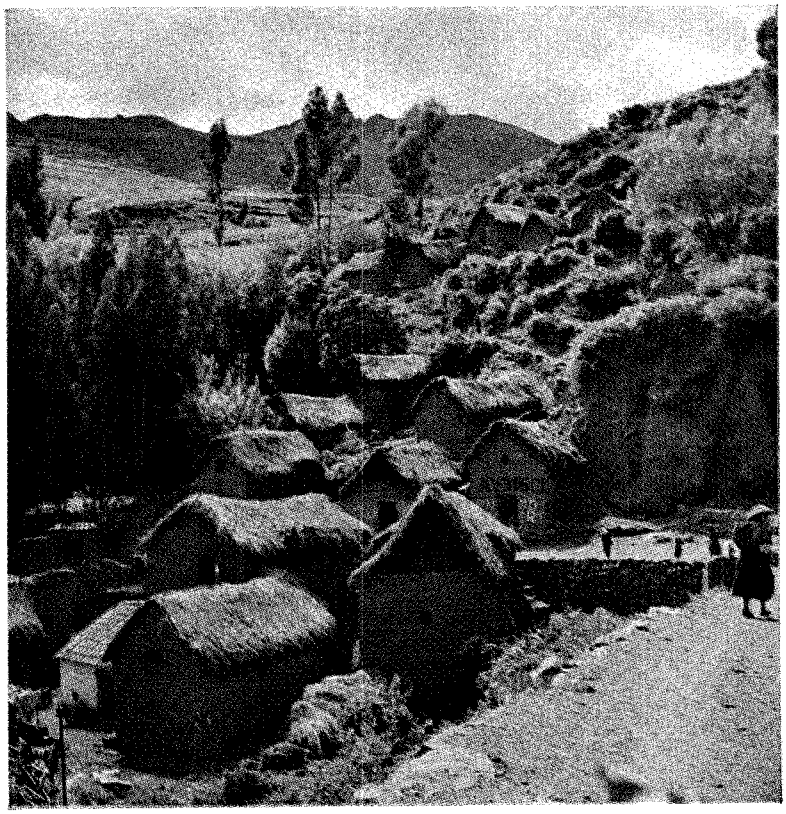
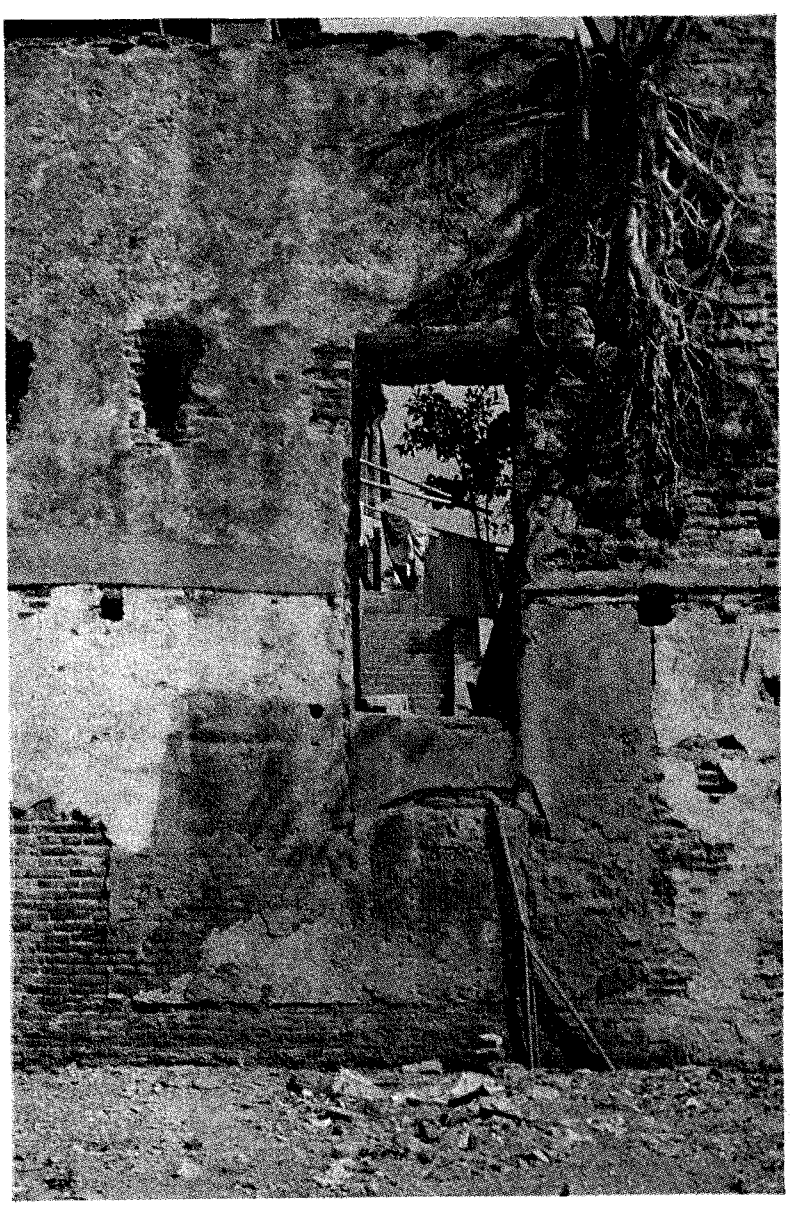


No. 2 Color—Dr. Robert H. Alexander, White Plains, N.Y. Cuzco, Peru. Rolleiflex; Agfachrome.

No. 3 Color—Dorothy Tredennick, Berea, Ky. Taiwan. Minolta; Kodachrome II.



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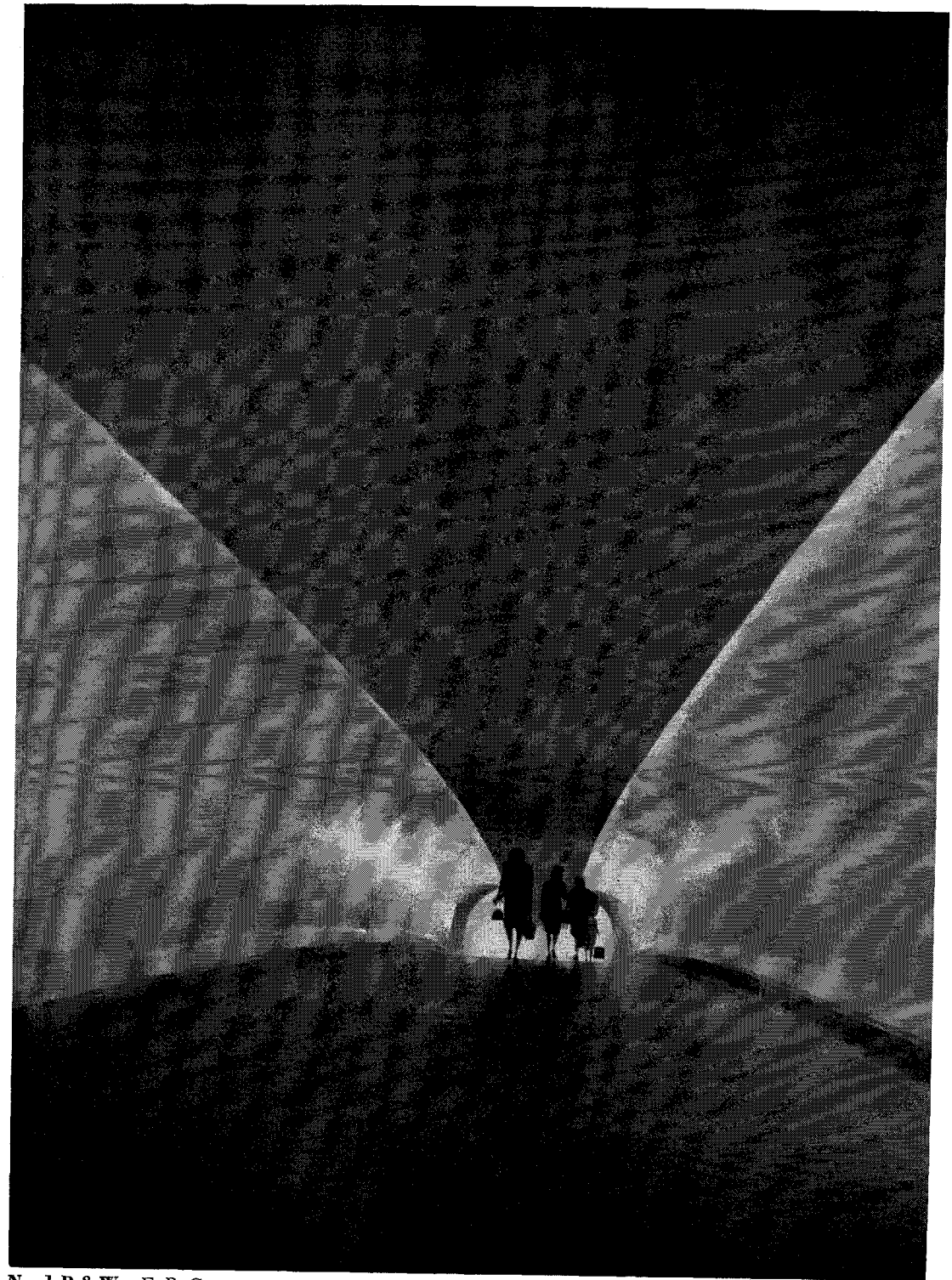
1964 PHOTO PRIZE WINNERS

A Gallery



No. 1 B & W—F. B. Grunzweig, New York, N.Y. Kennedy Airport, N.Y. Rolleiflex; Plus X.

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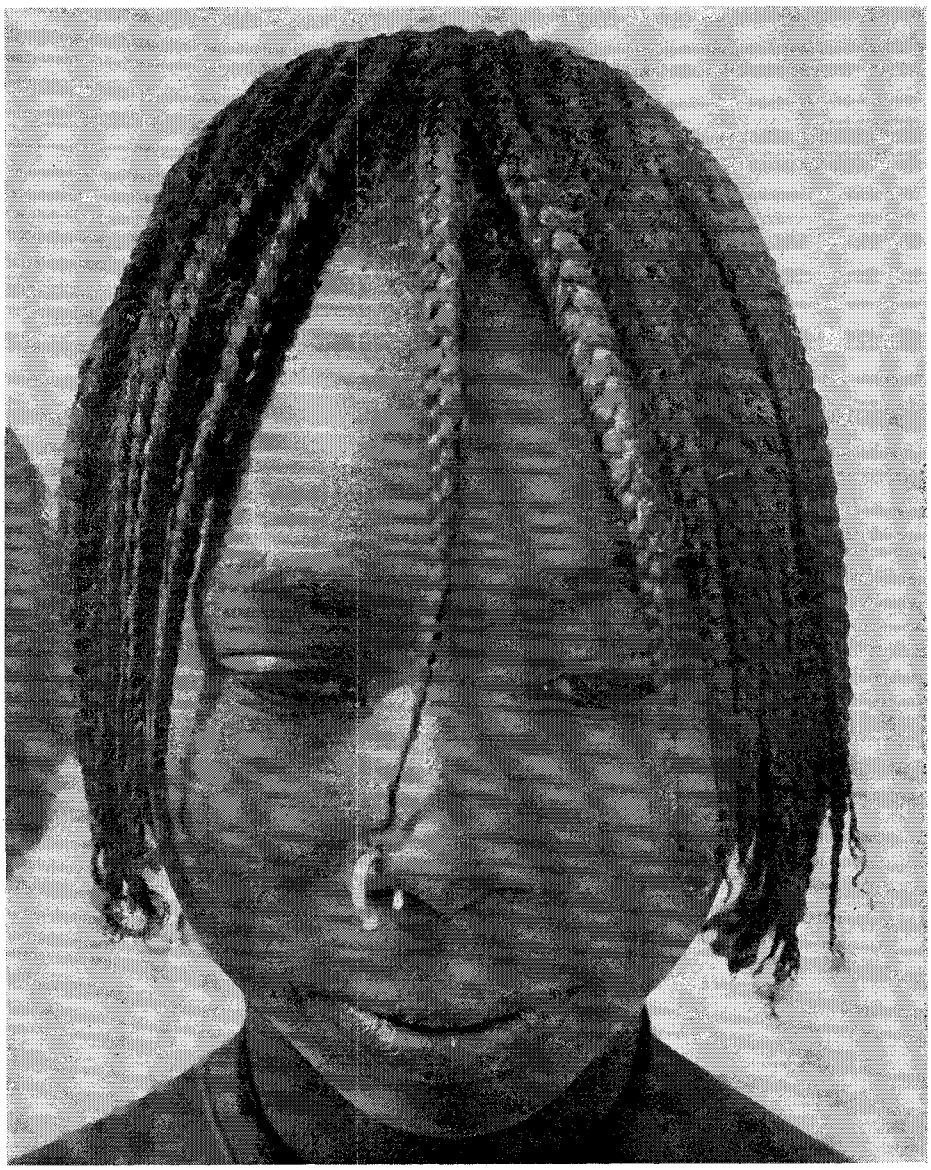
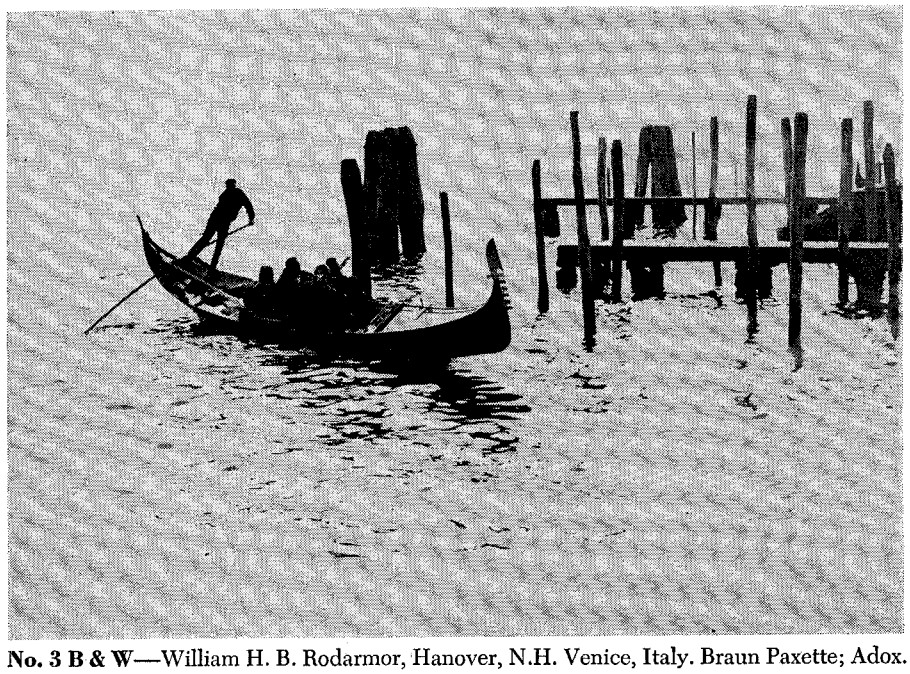


No. 2 B & W—Carl Frank, Brooklyn, N.Y. Ati, Republic of Chad. Pentax; Plus X.



No. 3 B & W—William H. B. Rodarmor, Hanover, N.H. Venice, Italy. Braun Paxette; Adox.

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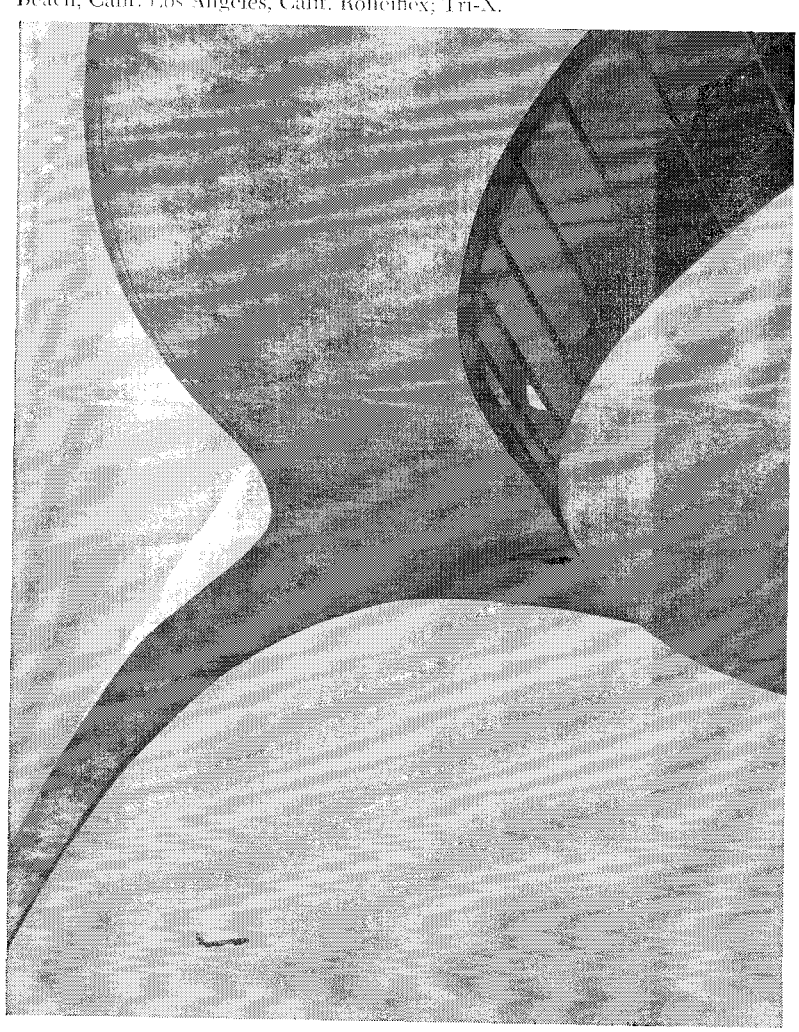
No. 4 B & W—Dr. John W. McGee, Albion, Mich. Jackson, Mich. Kodak Retina; Tri-X.

No. 5 B & W—James Schumacher, Hermosa Beach, Calif. Los Angeles, Calif. Rolleiflex; Tri-X.



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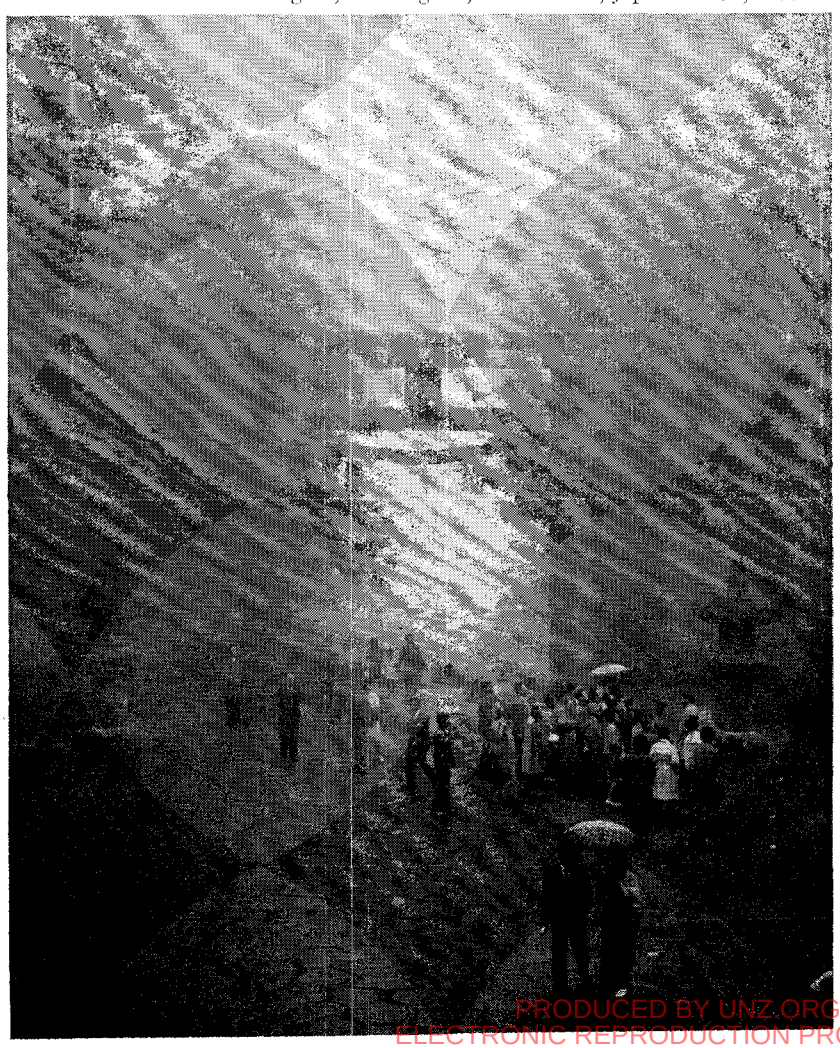
No. 6 B & W—David McIntosh, Santa Fe, N.M. Baja California, Mexico. Petri; Tri-X.

No. 7 B & W—H. L. Wellington, Los Angeles, Calif. Nikko, Japan. Nikon; Plus X.



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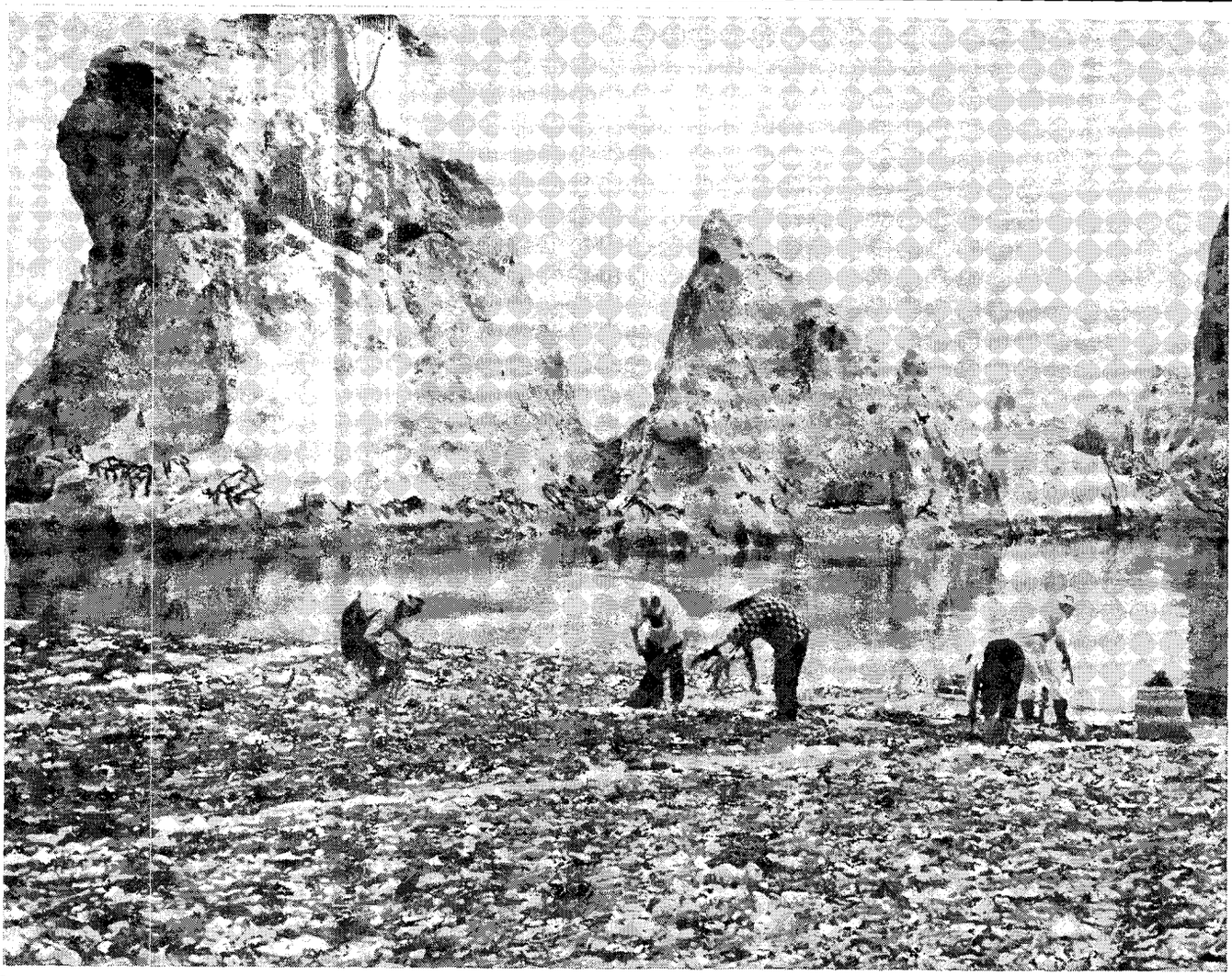

No. 8 B & W—F. K. Berrien, Bound Brook, N.J. Miyako, Japan. Minolta; Kodachrome II.

No. 9 B & W—Victoria Stewart, Mayfield Heights, O. Vienna, Austria. Rolleiflex; Panatomic X.

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CLICK TRANSIT

THERE is more than a measure of appropriateness in having the year's first issue carry the prize-winning pictures of *SR*'s annual World Travel Photo Contest. The *tabula rasa* of a new year shares kinship with the traveler's eye; both hold promissory notes for images and fresh insights yet to come.

In their deliberations over the 2,100 camera images submitted as contest entries, judges Ivan Dmitri, Leopold Godowsky, and Norris Harkness—world travelers all—invariably looked longest at those pictures that communicated some novel, unexpected insight in purely graphic terms. Inexpert technique or poor print quality having eliminated all but several hundred entries in the first screening, the final determinant was "picture quality"—how the individual metaphors of mood, light, contrast, color, and form were used to create an eye-arresting view.

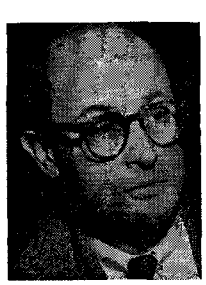
Some of the jury's observations about what makes a photo a *travel* photo are revealing: "It's essentially in the approach—a fresh approach to what may be the most familiar scene or situation"; "it ought to project a new experience or impression to a person who *wasn't* there"; "it should charm and delight the eye with a sudden moment of insight or truth about even the least-known of locales."

For these judges, travel is something that begins the moment a note in the milk bottle puts news of intended absence in the public domain. It doesn't matter whether the shutter clicks at time of departure, at place of destination, or at any point in transit within the there-and-back cycle. The trip may span the hours of a single afternoon or the twelve months of a sabbatical year, as long as "its picture record is one made of a visual experience away from home."

"Placing it like a picture in a frame" is the way the itinerant writer Freya Stark has defined what travel does to the life of every day. The photographs reproduced in the preceding portfolio and on the cover are tangible proof.

—MARGARET R. WEISS.

Helen G. Russell, grand-prize winner in color, is a first-time entrant in any photo contest. A professor of mathematics at Wellesley College, she teaches calculus and a course entitled "Functions of a Complex Variable." She adds quickly, however, this in no way prepares her for the complex variables of *f*-stops and exposures. "In fact, just about the time I had news of winning the prize, I was thinking about getting a new camera—so I won't have to throw away as many 'duds'!" It was during a five-week trip to the Far East last spring that she shot the top-award picture. Accompanied by her mother (aged ninety-five), she was on a sampan headed for a Hong Kong fishing village and dinner at a floating restaurant. "It was near sunset, and the rosy light made an appealing subject of the small child whose mother was poling the sampan." Photography is not Miss Russell's only hobby. "I collect bears, do *SR*'s Literary Crypts, and bake Maine Apple pie." (For the information of the cooks among our readers, she uses nothing but Northern Spies.)



F. B. Grunzweig edged out all other black-and-white entries to take first-prize for a print he characterizes as "the on-the-go atmosphere of an airport, stark simplicity in composition humanized by background figures." No newcomer to *SR*'s World Travel Photo Contest, this public information officer of the U.N. Secretariat has twice been a $50 finalist. Taking about 800 pictures a year and doing all his own darkroom work qualifies him as a one-hobby man. "But I don't yet qualify as a *world* traveler. I was born in Czechoslovakia, came to the U.S. in 1939, spent a year in Africa and the Congo, roamed Canada and the Caribbean—but I haven't covered South America or the Far East." Given time—and camera—he probably will do at least that.

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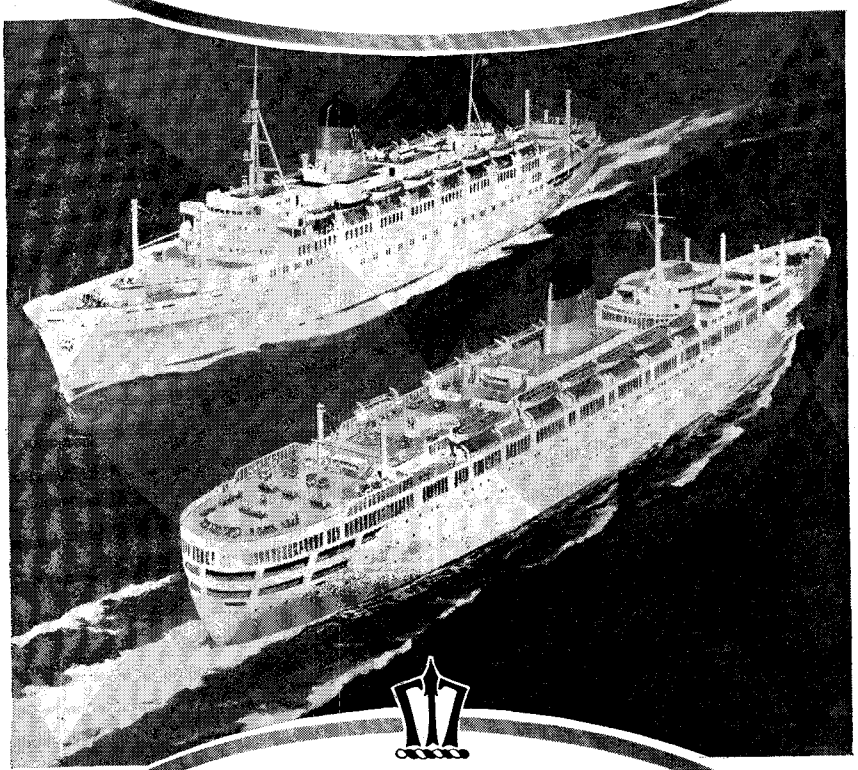

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HELEN G. RUSSELL, Gorham, Me. Hong Kong. Kodak Pony; Kodachrome II.

GRAND PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Round-trip flight to Paris)

F. B. GRUNZWEIG, NEW YORK, N.Y. Kennedy Airport, N.Y. Rolleiflex; Plus X.

SECOND PRIZE IN COLOR
(Cash Prize—$200)

DR. ROBERT H. ALEXANDER, White Plains, N.Y. Cuzco, Peru. Rolleiflex; Agfachrome.

SECOND PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Cash Prize—$200)

CARL FRANK, Brooklyn, N.Y. Ati, Rep. of Chad. Pentax; Plus X.

THIRD PRIZE IN COLOR
(Cash Prize—$100)

DOROTHY TREDENNICK, Berea, Ky. Taiwan. Minolta; Kodachrome II.

THIRD PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Cash Prize—$100)

WILLIAM H. B. RODARMOR, Hanover, N.H. Venice, Italy. Braun Paxette; Adox.

FINALISTS IN COLOR
(Cash Prizes—$50)

MILES J. MARTIN, Scotia, N.Y. Chioggia, Italy. Leica; Kodachrome II.
LINSLEY WYANT, Soquel, Calif. Big Sur, Calif. Kodak Retina; Kodachrome II.
CHARLES FRASCH, Haverford, Pa. Colorado. Konica; Kodachrome.
GERALDINE L. CHILDRESS, New York, N.Y. Mykonos, Greece. Bolsey; Kodachrome II.
L. MICHAEL LOVELL, West Chesterfield, N.H. Egypt. Praktika; Kodachrome.
CAROLINE MCMULLAN, Cambridge, Mass. Tokyo, Japan. Zeiss Contaflex; Kodacolor.
HAROLD DOLETZKE, Detroit, Mich. Monument Valley, Ariz. Kodak Retina; Kodachrome.

FINALISTS IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Cash Prizes—$50)

DR. JOHN W. MCGEE, Albion, Mich. Jackson, Mich. Kodak Retina; Tri-X.
JAMES SCHUMACHER, Hermosa Beach, Calif. Los Angeles, Calif. Rolleiflex; Tri-X.
DAVID MCINTOSH, Santa Fe, N. Mex. Baja California, Mexico. Petri; Tri-X.
H. L. WELLINGTON, Los Angeles, Calif. Nikko, Japan. Nikon; Plus X.
F. K. BERRIEN, Bound Brook, N.J. Miyako, Japan. Minolta; Kodachrome II.
VICTORIA STEWART, Mayfield Heights, O. Vienna, Austria. Rolleiflex; Panatomic X.
T. KASI NATH, New Delhi. India. Jaipur, Rajasthan. Rolleiflex; Agfa.

HONORABLE MENTION

ROSE BERLANT, Brooklyn, N.Y. Lake Atitlan, Guatemala. Rolleiflex; Kodacolor.
ARLENE BERNSTEIN, San Francisco, Calif. Yucatan, Mexico. Leotax; Plus X.
GEORGE BRUGGEMAN, JR., Santa Monica, Calif. Kranjska Gora, Yugoslavia. Pentax; Kodachrome II.
WILLIAM H. CLARK, Geneva, Switzerland. Amritsar, India. Kodak; Kodachrome II.
STANLEY R. COHEN, Fresh Meadows, N.Y. Charleston, S.C. Miranda; Kodachrome II.
JOHN COLOMBARIS, New York, N.Y. Cuenca, Spain. Minolta; Plus X.
NEALE E. CREAMER, Beverly Hills, Calif. Pt. Lobos, Calif. Rolleiflex; Ektachrome.
RICHARD C. CRISLER, JR., Guatemala City, Guatemala. Comalapa, Guatemala. Nikon; Panatomic X.

(Continued on page 68)

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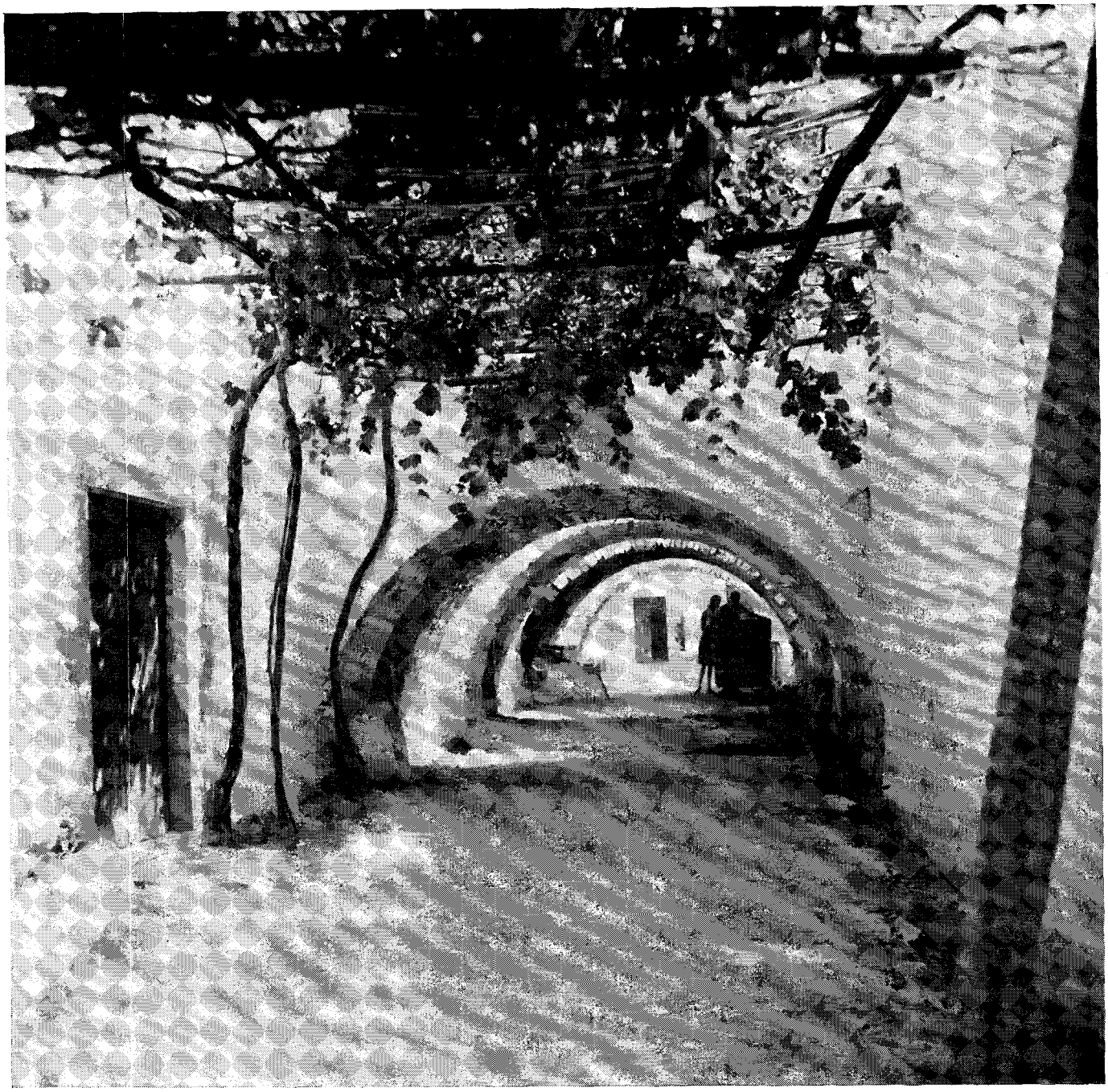

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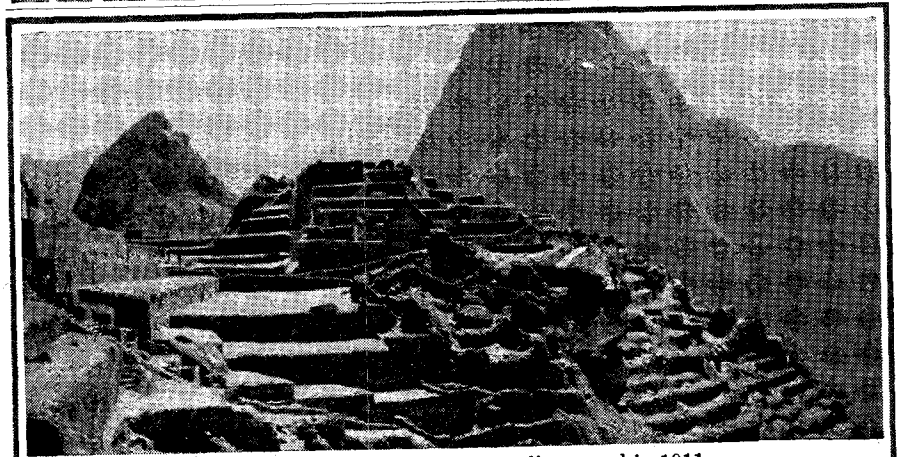

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Continued from page 66

EDWARD EISMAN, Los Angeles, Calif. Verona, Italy. Yashika; Kodachrome II.
SHIRLEY EISMAN, Los Angeles, Calif. Lucerne, Switzerland. Argus; Kodachrome II.
CARL FRANK, Brooklyn, N.Y. Marrakech, Morocco. Rolleiflex; Ektachrome.
ROBERT W. GASH, Berkeley, Calif. Lake Mascardi, Argentina. Nikon; Kodachrome.
JAMES GIANELOS, So. Euclid, O. Hydra, Greece. Pentax; Panatomic X.
KENTON M. HUTCHISON, Cedar Rapids, Ia. Agra, India. Argus; Sear's Tower.
DR. HERBERT S. KAUFMAN, San Francisco, Calif. Mexico. Nikon; Tri-X.
DR. S. A. KLEIN, New York, N.Y. Quebec, Canada. Miranda; Ektachrome.
ROBERT W. LAFORE, JR., Moylan, Pa. Bangkok, Thailand. Pentax; Kodachrome II.
DOROTHEA C. LOEWEL, New Rochelle, N.Y. Cairo, Egypt. Pentax; Kodachrome II.
HENRY L. MELCZER, Los Angeles, Calif. Chichen Itza; Mexico. Kodak; Kodachrome II.
MRS. BARBARA MORGAN, Stamford, Conn. Joplin, Mo. Nikon; Kodachrome II.
MRS. IRENE WENDELL OLSEN, Phoenix, Ariz. Rothenburg, West Germany. Pentax; Ektachrome.
HELEN OTT, Troy, N.Y. Banaras, India. Pentax; Kodachrome.
ALBERT POUNIAN, Lake Forest, Ill. Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Zeiss Contaflex; Kodachrome II.
PAUL W. RASMUSSEN, Williamsburg, Va. Lavenham, England. Olympus; Ektachrome.
LORETTE RYAN, Pelham, N.Y. Cork, Ireland. Zeiss Contaflex; Agfachrome.
ALFRED SCHMALZ, Darien, Conn. Mount Athos, Greece. Kodak Retina; Kodachrome.
GEORGE W. SEAMAN, New York, N.Y. Bangkok, Thailand. Pentax; Isopan.
EIVOR SHEPARD, New York, N.Y. Bangkok, Thailand. Canonet; Ektachrome.
SIDNEY X. SHORE, Roslyn Heights, N.Y. Nairobi Nat'l. Park, Kenya, Africa. Topcon; Ektachrome.
SHERI STERN, Iowa City, Ia. Fez, Morocco. Minolta; Plus X.
GERALDINE M. SULLIVAN, Larchmont, N.Y. Holland. Agfa Solina; Kodacolor.

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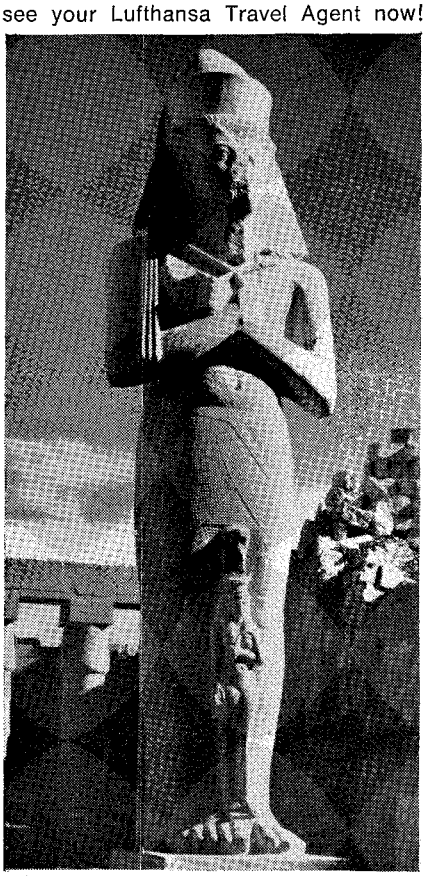

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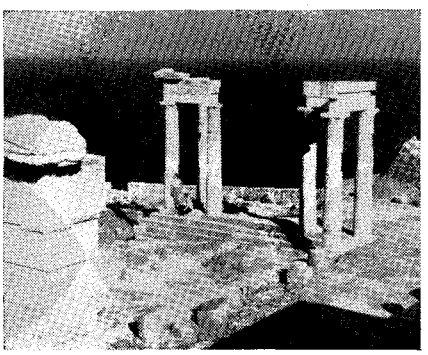

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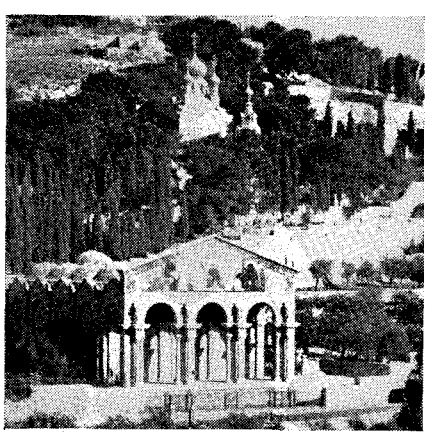

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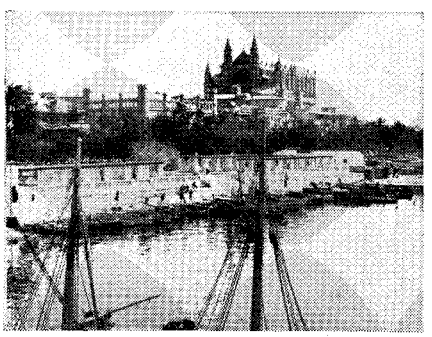

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Havana

Continued from page 41

would squeeze sun-ripened grapefruit, pineapple, *guanábana,* oranges, mangos, or papaya, and serve it—just the pure juice—over crushed ice. Nowhere else have I found orange juice so rich and sweet. If a dime seemed exorbitant you could get the same drinks for a nickel from a man with a pushcart, and both he and the best restaurants would crack open green coconuts to strain out the delicate-flavored water, approving it as being good for the kidneys.

EVEN before the hurricane season ended, usually in late October, the spindled swinging doors of Sloppy Joe's, the big, airy bar that served honest drinks, turned busy with the tourist trade and down the street North Americans in ebullient sports shirts snapped photos of the Presidential Palace and of Alvaro Gonzalez Gordon's fairy-tale white castle nearby. The tourist season continued on through the winter, with the biggest crowds probably coming over for Las Comparsas, Cuba's spring festival, which, unlike those of Nice and New Orleans, went on for five successive Saturday nights before Lent, the gayest nights of the year. By dusk the bleachers in front of the Capitolio and the Parque Central were filled with spectators who had bought tickets, and the crowds packed thicker and thicker under the laurel trees of the Prado. Nobody minded waiting in the soft evening air until nine o'clock when from far down the Prado drifted the first conga rhythms of African drums, guitars, and trumpets. Each Comparsa—a club of people, mostly colored, of the same vocation or neighborhood, such as the Cane Cutters, the Gardeners, the Laundresses, the Marquéses, the Sultanas—was beautifully or wittily costumed (they had spent months making their costumes) and they danced beneath their tall, whirling lanterns with every corpuscle beating time. The parades used to continue until long past midnight and afterward in the bars, and on the streets Havana danced until dawn.

Our house on a hilltop overlooked the sea and the profile of Havana with the dome of the Capitolio its most prominent feature, and sometimes when the golden twinkle of the city beckoned through the lavender haze of an evening we changed out of our shorts and drove in to the Floridita, always our first stop, no matter where we went later. It was a rushed and roistering, open-faced bar and café in those days, streetcars clattering by outside, the shouting of the lottery-ticket vendors and of Mister Hapeanuh, the wizened, grinning

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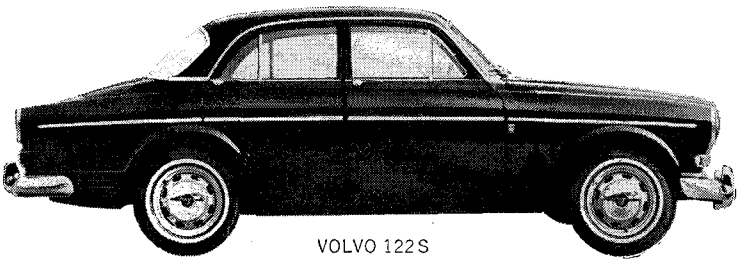

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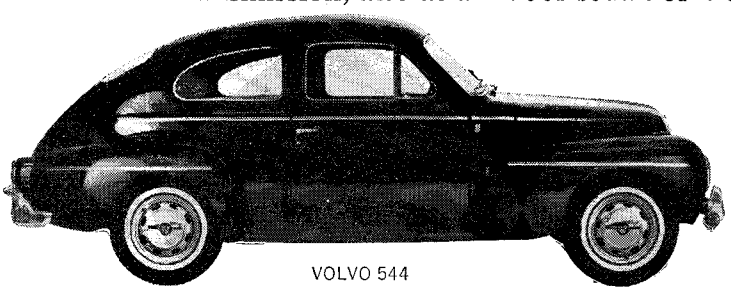

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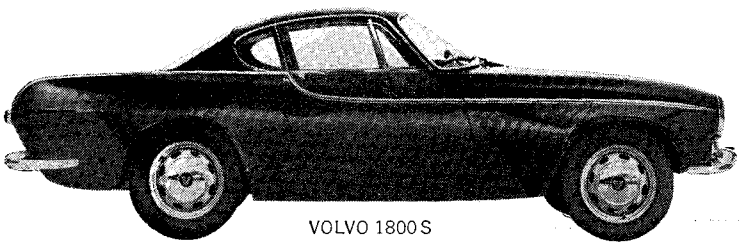

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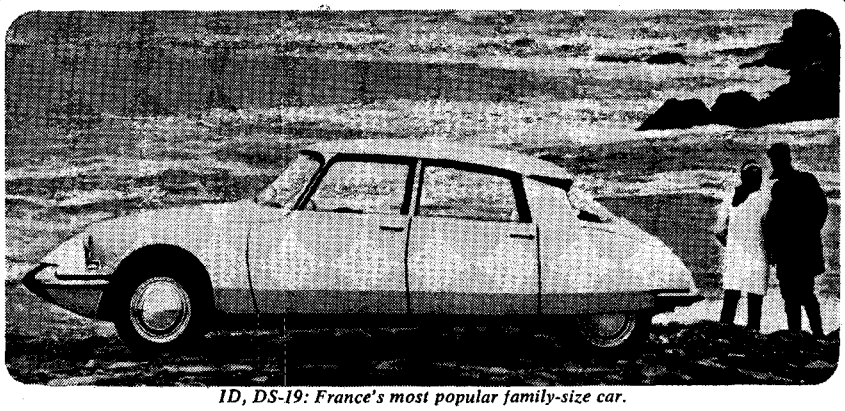

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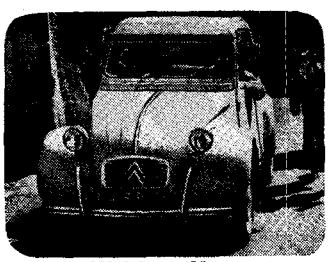

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SR 1-2

old Chinese who sold peanuts in brown paper cornucopias, contributing to the din of customers' voices and the constant whirring of electric mixers making frozen daiquiris.

Constánte, a quiet man, economical of movement, and with the gentle mouth of a leaf-eating animal, had come from Spain years before, had established La Florida (Floridita is a pet name) and had prospered. He perfected the daiquiri, called the Floridita its cradle, and no matter how crowded his forty-foot-long mahogany bar or how importunate his customers, neither Constánte nor his bartenders concocted any drink less than as perfectly as possible. The bartenders and the older waiters in the restaurant end of the café were cheerful, obliging people and obedient employees, for Constánte had given them generous shares in the stock of his company years before.

OUR favorite stools were at the Obispo Street end of the bar (Leopoldina, said to have been the mistress of a descendant of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, and other local girls were steady occupants of the bar's other end). If other Floridita habitués were occupying our place when we arrived, they courteously moved. If strangers were there, Langostino (Little Lobster), the paper-thin waiter, lured them to a nearby table. Meanwhile one of the bartenders, in white shirt and tie, white apron, and with heavy rubbers over his shoes, had begun the daiquiri ceremony. They had christened our variation of the drink a "Papa Doble" since it was double the normal size and contained, as sweetening, only five or six drops of maraschino, the liqueur, no sugar syrup. Into a Papa Doble went the juice of half a freshly cut sun-ripened Cuban grapefruit, the juice of one large or two small limes, also just cut open, two and a half big jiggers of Bacardí White Label rum, and shaved ice. After a whirl in the mixer the drinks came to us in thinnest French cut-glass goblets, mist rising off them in the warmth as from a pond in autumn, lightly packed, bright white snowballs. Impatient drinkers who took too big a first sip of Constánte's daiquiris felt their sinuses writhe at the impact of the cold in their throats.

For us and many other customers the Floridita was Havana's Rialto and club. We picked up the unpublishable gossip of the town there, saw friends, received messages, harvested rumors, and inevitably sang with our friends, the *Conjunto,* the trio of Cottán, the big, smiling black guitarist, a second guitarist, and the gaunt, dark singer and maracas man. They would sing the swinging popular songs of Cuba and Mexico one heard on the radio, "Un poquito, nada más, Un poquito de amor," or the densely *dou-*

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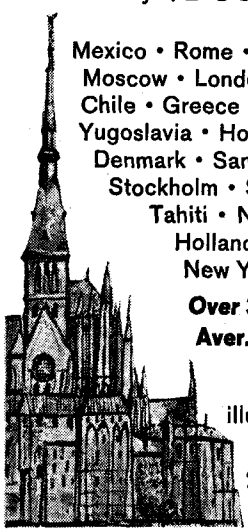

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ble-entendre "La múcura está en el suelo, Mamá no puédo con ella."

Besides olives, almonds, and tidbits of juicy fried pork, the snacks Constante gave away at the bar were as good as those at Harry's Bar in Venice. Our favorite was a miniature triangle of chicken and ham between thinnest bread, the whole dipped in egg batter and sautéed. If we stayed late, we sometimes dined at the bar on Cuban sandwiches, those foot-long, crusty delights of Cuban bread sliced horizontally and packed with chicken, ham, pork, pickles, cheese, and sausage. Other times we moved back into the restaurant to eat Morro crab or their rich Chicken *reina*. Or we went to one of the few other restaurants Ernest enjoyed in Havana, El Pacifico, at the top of a narrow building in the Chinese quarter, off Zanja (ditch) Street.

At ten o'clock at night we would climb the steep stairs from the sidewalk entrance to the elevator into which four medium-sized or five thin people could squeeze, and ascend slowly past the floor that was rented to girls, past the floor that held a club and from which issued sounds of billiards or pool being played, and the floor that was, we guessed, a music club since it gave out atonal sounds from stringed instruments. In those days almost no one but us and our Chinese friends patronized the restaurant and there was none of the tourist-luring decor that appeared later and was accompanied by a decline in the cuisine. We had wide-open shutters that looked onto the city's rooftops, plain white cotton-covered tables, chopsticks, a dip-dish of top quality soy sauce, and three other dip-bowls, one of mustard hot enough to blow the top of your head off, a sweet-orange dip, and a sweet, thick brown sauce.

One year our friend Philip Chai, of San Francisco and Pan-American, and one of the renowned Wong daughters from Hong Kong, gave a formal dinner for us and some others at El Pacífico, ordering the thirty-some courses a couple of days in advance. We had pigeons in paper sacks, winter-melon soup, and others—shrimp, crab, and fish done a dozen different ways, bird's nests, hundred-year-old eggs, rice of twenty different flavors, and wine and tea. When we finished dining at midnight we agreed with Philip and Miss Wong that El Pacífico was the best Chinese restaurant outside the Orient, bar none.

Our customary menu in Havana's Chinatown was much more modest. After shark's fin soup, we had five or six dishes including sweet-and-sour shrimp, pink and plump in their pungent sauce, something with chicken, snow peas, and other vegetables. Ernest ate with gusto a greenish-gray, gelatinous thing which he called the "bicho" (worm or grub). It was a slippery sea slug of some kind that tasted like seaweed and I felt I could live forever without it.

Sometimes we went on from Chinatown to gamble at the Hotel Nacional, and perhaps once a year Juan, our chauffeur, drove us out to the Tropicana Club with its comparatively honest croupiers, its poetic open-air dance floor, and its red velvet, white walls, and gilt furniture. It was the pleasantest place of its breed anywhere, I thought. The platform on which the orchestra played hung above the dance floor, the musicians arranging themselves around holes in it through which the trunks of living royal palms surged upward. The music was good and the sight of all those tightly encased Cuban girls' posteriors moving rhythmically in time was delightful. One floor show, dedicated to native Cuban music, was memorable. For it the Tropicana imported *guajiros* (peasants) from various country villages who played their guitars and drums, looking anxious, with a lucid sincerity that was endearing. The star was a small blond dancer and singer. As we drove off, we carried with us her best song, "Sun-sún-sun—sun-sún Baba-hie" (Hummingbird, in the bamboo).

If, leaving the Tropicana, it was so late that we cared no more about work that day, we could not pass without stopping in the urine-scented, small, dim night club of Chori, in the strip which ran along the sea behind the amusement park with its merry-go-round, small Ferris wheel, and other diversions. Chori, with his big gold pendant hanging from a thick chain around his neck, was unambitious, unpunctual, black, fond of marijuana and whiskey, separately or together, and probably the best drummer outside the Kamba and Somali tribes of East Africa. We used to invite Chori to come and have a few drinks of our good whiskey, which we brought with us, and chat and make jokes with him, and eventually he would climb onto his orchestra stand, where his musicians were dozing, ruffle his drums to wake them up, and go into such a session of rhythms—steady, broken, mixed, sensuous, nostalgic, hair-raising, hypnotic.

Driving home through the fresh, sweet air, with the car top down, we would watch the sun tint the silent, sleeping city pink, then yellow, then gold, and go to sleep cradled in a crescendo of bird song that poured through our open windows. "Sun-sún-sun—sun-sún, Baba-hie."

Only a myopic visitor to Havana in those days could fail to observe evidences of neglectful government and of the greed of the haves. But that is another story.

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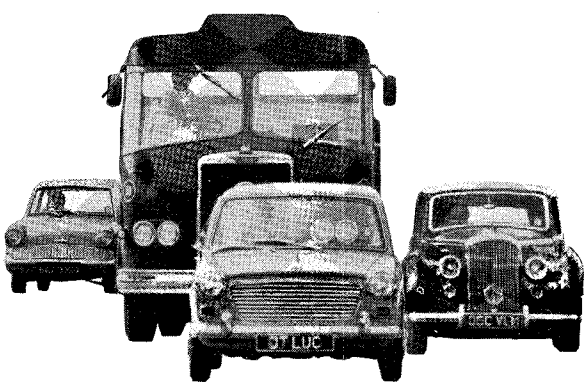

It was a very *small* car. Un-American. With strange shift gears and right-hand drive. And the English roads didn't help much, either! Narrow things, most of them . . . all meandering and quaint. His progress was solemn.

Still, he eventually made it to Stratford-upon-Avon. And back. A modest 220 miles all told. And his $30 was up!

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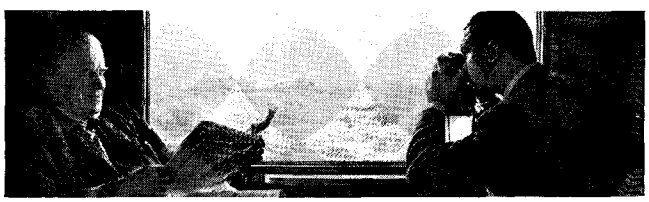

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San Juan

Continued from page 41

ing advantage of summer rates. There were more than enough rooms to handle the traffic in the summer, a fact the hotel people stress in urging that the building of more hotels be discouraged.

It's a different story during the "season," from December through March. The hotels are booked solid through January, February, and many through March, and some will be filled in April.

What brings the cosmopolitan traveler to Puerto Rico in such numbers in the wintertime, many of them undaunted by warnings of bedless nights? The closing of Havana as a convenient playground, with its cabarets and casinos and free-wheeling tourism atmosphere, coincided with the "discovery" of Puerto Rico as a warm and friendly fun place. But even that lost resort in the Caribbean area cannot account for the mounting influx, for a demand that so far exceeds the supply of rooms in the winter season.

The cosmopolitan traveler has found the island easily accessible in the jet age, little more than three hours from New York, and has learned that in the sunny island fulfilment can come from many things. Foremost is the conviction that the sun does shine, but it can also come from ten passes at a crap table in a plush casino, or the satisfaction of feeling that the baking body next to your own beach mat is "somebody" at these prices, or that you "made it" while thousands of your fellow citizens couldn't get a reservation.

The Condado-strip hotels offer the visitor a nightly fare of entertainment within easy reach of his hotel and a chance to change his luck at any one of several nearby casinos. He can have, in his hotel or by walking a short distance or taking a brief taxi ride, his choice this winter of Jimmy Durante, Maurice Chevalier, Eartha Kitt, Ella Fitzgerald, Milton Berle, Xavier Cugat, Leslie Uggams, Myron Cohen, Tony Martin, the Antonio Gades Spanish Ballet, Los Chavalles de España, and many more. For the statesider who likes entertainment, he never left home.

The variety of entertainment doesn't end with the luxury hotels. A visit to Old San Juan after dark may begin with the splendid El Convento Hotel, a restored ancient Carmelite convent that boasts its own nightclub show and a gambling casino that some thought would stir the ghosts of the convent's former occupants. Apparently what a former archbishop of San Juan said about the attitude of the ghosts toward lovers applies to gamblers, too. "It's a fine hotel for newlyweds," he said, "because the Carmelite ghosts are known never to intrude on honeymooners."

A tour of the old city at night can be rewarding for those looking for something different in entertainment. The many bistros and cabarets that lurk behind dimly lighted signs in the old blue cobblestoned streets laid by the Spanish founders all have their own entertainers. In daylight the buildings restored under the close supervision of the Institute of Culture present an Old World charm in shops and art galleries that serves as an antidote for the excesses of the night before.

The Condado strip, starting with the Caribe Hilton, which is close to but not actually part of the "strip," includes the most sedately luxurious group of hotels than can be found anywhere in such a short stretch of beachfront. There's the San Jeronimo Hilton, formerly the Ponce de León, which was forced to close when the government canceled its casino license because of the part ownership of an associate of the Teamsters' Jimmy Hoffa. It was sold to local businessmen and reopened last November under an operating contract with Hilton International. Across the street is the new Hotel Flamboyan, opening this month, then the venerable Condado Beach Hotel, which added a new large wing a year ago, La Rada, La Concha, the Puerto Rico Sheraton, which is the island's first "skyscraper" hotel, the Atlantic Beach, Condado Lagoon, the Lee Hotel, and the recently opened Da Vinci that is operated by the owners of the famous Swiss Chalet restaurant and the Hotel Pierre, the latter, like the Miramar Charterhouse, off-strip hotels within a short distance of the Condado beach area.

A FEW miles to the east, on the beach at Isla Verde, are the large and plush Americana and El San Juan hotels, with the Holiday Inn a few hundred yards beyond. The Condado strip and Isla Verde hotels provide a total of about 3,600 first-class rooms. At this time of the year it is probable that more than double that number could be filled, but they would be scratching for business the rest of the year.

The cosmopolitan traveler for the most part misses the best of Puerto Rico, however, by refusing to venture more than a few blocks from his sunning mat at the luxury hotels. If he does take a daylight stroll through Old San Juan he will at least get a glimpse of, and a feeling for, the Old World heritage that is Puerto Rico's, but for the real Puerto Rico and its people he must travel into the interior of the island. There he will see mountains aflame with the color of exotic plants and look upon blue seas and gaze at an island vista that is one luxuriant botanical garden whose beauty is rivaled only by that of the women of Puerto Rico, whom he can ogle, of

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If he is "typical," the traveler will miss most of this. He will want to remain close to the center of activity, the beach and the pool, the night clubs, the bars, and the casinos. He will take time out perhaps to try his luck at the beautiful El Comandante racetrack or to see a Winter League baseball game in the modern Hiram Bithorn stadium in San Juan, where major league ballplayers and Puerto Rican stars and future major leaguers play on the same teams. If he likes fishing, he'll find the deep sea experience gratifying, or he may want to fight the wily bass in an inland lake, but mostly he'll stay near the casinos and the music and the drinking and the dancing and, naturally, the inevitable tanning facilities.

If the traveler to Puerto Rico can tear himself away from the metropolitan area he will find the experience rewarding. Moving east toward Fajardo, overlooking the dream-world fishing village of Las Croabas, is the exquisite architectural blending of nature with modern convenience that is El Conquistador Hotel, perched atop a cliff above the fishing harbor dotted by the white sails of fishermen's boats and islets spread in the azure sea and sunlight inviting a sail, snorkeling, shell hunting, and surcease from noise and exhaust fumes. Or he will take a trip to La Parguera on the southwestern side of the island, get into a boat, and move smoothly into the blackness of a moonless night to experience the startling sight of phosphorescent waters come suddenly alive with the flash of leaping fish and the flaming wake of the boat churning the waters.

The golfer, whose own course may be under several feet of snow back home, will find in Puerto Rico one of the most famous golf courses in the world, the twenty-seven-hole Dorado Beach Hotel spread created by Laurance S. Rockefeller out of 1,500 acres of coconut grove along the seacoast, about forty minutes from San Juan. Its rooms are mostly two-story beach houses with sliding doors opening on green lawns and the Atlantic Ocean. As a concession to competition, the Dorado Beach also has a casino. Nearby is the Dorado Hilton with its own eighteen-hole course on rolling terrain, with beach, casino, and pool, and attractive landscaping.

Frequent daily plane service by Caribair will take the serious visitor, who wants to see the true Puerto Rico, to the western side of the island, where the new Mayaguez Hilton opened in 1964, and to Ponce for a stay at the Ponce Intercontinental set atop a high hill overlooking the city of Ponce, the island's second largest and the prideful claimant to having preserved the cultural and physical charm of the Old World. In Ponce the art lover will visit the Ponce Art Museum, which has the island's largest collection of European, American, and Puerto Rican art.

But by and large the stateside visitor to Puerto Rico will stick close to "home," the familiar, the large dining rooms, night clubs, gambling casinos, horse racing, baseball, the cabarets, and the sunning a few feet outside his hotel room. The latter is what actually brought him to Puerto Rico in the winter season. The green on the crap table will hold his attention far longer than the exciting greenery of the fantastically large tropical ferns and the other exciting flora of El Yunque, the 3,404-foot mountain peak with its inspiring rain forest, or the beach he has been looking for all his life, at Luquillo.

THE attraction of the gambling casinos is strong, and for good reason. At home, if he doesn't go to Nevada, his gambling urge is thwarted by local laws. He bets with the corner bookmaker, makes personal bets, plays poker, or tries the racetracks if they're within reach. In Puerto Rico he and his lady become players in the kind of romance depicted by Hollywood, the hush around a table at Monte Carlo, the envious glances of others when he or she rakes in a big take at roulette or craps. The only difference is that the bets are limited by law. But the atmosphere is just as lush, with the dim lighting, the croupiers in tuxedos, the thick, soft carpeting, the air of sophistication, the subdued talk broken now and then by a chorus of gleeful but restrained shouts at a crap table as the roller makes his number with most of the players riding on his roll. It is, for the cosmopolitan traveler, an escape close to home from laws that curb his freedom and it's also a chance, he thinks, to make that killing that dreams are made of, even for the moneyed ones who want something they feel safe about forgetting to enter on the next income tax return.

Puerto Rico's casinos are dignified versions of the Nevada and former Havana casinos. They operate under strict

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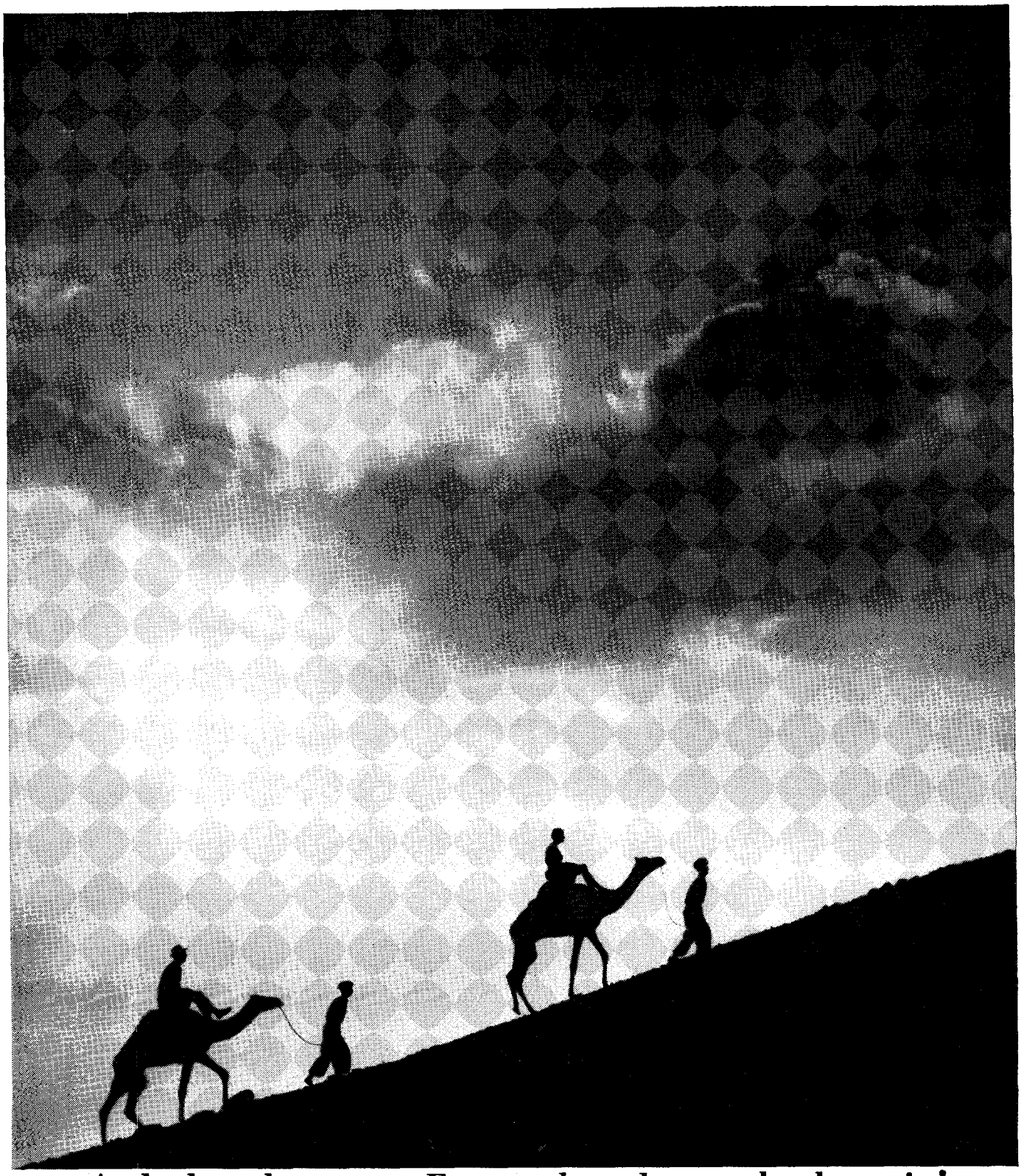

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government supervision, and the profits, from which the government takes a healthy percentage, are relied on to counter operating losses from low occupancy in the summer months. They are all tucked away out of sight, not in the lobby as in some Nevada hotels. The big gamblers feel uneasy in island casinos and for that reason keep away. Known professionals are told politely that they will not like Puerto Rico. But the betting limits alone serve to keep the "high rollers" away, even though the limits have not prevented some tourists from picking up their vacation expenses with something to spare, or the less fortunate from seeing their vacation budget disappear the night of arrival.

To the government, the casinos are a necessary evil. To many hotel operators, the government's ban on publicizing legalized casino gambling in their tourist and hotel promotion is hypocritical. Last year, the Commonwealth government spent about $2,400,000 on direct promotion of tourism and other related publicity activities. Not one word was mentioned about the existence of gambling casinos in Puerto Rico. If the hotels mentioned the word "casino" in their advertising, it is probable that they would lose their gambling licenses. The hotels spent more than $800,000 in promotion last year, with nary a mention of the casinos. Meanwhile, the government

attracts hotel investment partly on the fact of legalized casino gambling, operates a weekly lottery with a tax-exempt first prize of $100,000 and twice a year with a first prize of nearly $500,000, tax-exempt for the winner, and authorizes off-track horse race betting, deriving a hefty take from all these necessary evils.

Not many years ago the visitor found food a problem—that is, good food. The luxury hotels have changed all that, as have the many good restaurants opened in the last few years. For the visitor who never left home, there's an abundance of food to meet his accustomed tastes. And if he wants typically Puerto Rican dishes there are several good places to choose from in the metropolitan area and out in the island. But some visitors are confused on occasion about what is typically Puerto Rican. The mainland type of kosher corned beef and pastrami restaurant arrived in the Condado strip area a few years ago when the first of a chain of those restaurants was opened there. One item featured was called "Bagelito and Lox." It was actually an ordinary East Side New York bagel and smoked salmon that politicians of all creeds munch on in election campaigns. But the operators of the restaurant added an imaginative touch, the Spanish diminutive *ito* ending. One tourist, obviously not a resident of one of the U.S. metropolitan areas, reported back home enthusiastically about the "delicious Puerto Rican food" he had tasted in San Juan. "It's called bagelito and lox," he said.

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Hong Kong

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in steady capitalist income. Peking's Bank of China, with its Chinese socialist lions, towers beside the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, with its imperialist lions, and in the afternoon casts a symbolic shadow over the western end of the bright green oval of the Hong Kong Cricket Club.

Some Hong Kong unions are affiliated with Communist interests; others with the Chinese Nationalists. The Peking *People's Daily* and the Nationalists' *Sing Tao News*, along with copies of Chairman Mao's poems and the *Reader's Digest*, are all sold at the same bookstalls.

On October 1, Peking's "liberation" day, streets and buildings are alive with Communist flags and decorations and great pictures of Chairman Mao; on the Nationalists' "Double Ten," nine days later, streets and buildings are alive with Kuomintang flags and decorations and great pictures of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. There are seldom or never clashes between the rival supporters of the two ideologies. Most of the celebrating is expedient and essentially Chinese: a rumor persists that Hong Kong printers produce a convenient reversible rotogravure for exhibition in shop windows with a picture of Mao on one side and a picture of Chiang on the other.

The colony buys water regularly from the mainland. Convoys of junks from Canton, flying the Communist star-and-sickle flag, tie up in harbor with cargoes of vegetables, pigs, poultry, and fruit. Above their patched and painted sails a British gun fires a signal precisely at noon each day.

In a year, Peking earns $260 million in visible foreign trade with Hong Kong, plus at least $200 million in remittances passing through Hong Kong from overseas Chinese to families inside China. The days of the great rush of refugees from China are over; but currently at least 100 or so manage to enter the colony illegally each month, in addition to an approved and screened quota of fifty a day.

Peking finds Hong Kong convenient and useful. Hong Kong, politically neuter, evades offense to anyone, seeks help from no one, welcomes the tourist, asks only to be allowed to work and live. The government is British, but Hong Kong remains Chinese.

Hong Kong—or (correctly) Victoria—island is only about thirty square miles in area, dominated by the 1,800-foot Peak, with its funicular railway. The colony also includes the island of Lan Tao, larger but sparsely settled and looking, in fact, like Hong Kong itself a century ago; Kowloon, the crowded mainland toehold (ten minutes by ferry

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from the island), which is a sort of Asian Brooklyn to Hong Kong's Manhattan; and the New Territories (365 square miles), which were leased to Hong Kong colony in 1898 and which must revert to China in 1997—a date which thus becomes literally deadline for Hong Kong, but which is still three enigmatic decades distant. There are also scores of other small islands that belong to the colony, some of which, such as Lan Tau and Cheung Chau, are worth a ferry visit.

The building boom which has convulsed the colony over the past five years—and which has been gloomily and erroneously predicted to be on the verge of catastrophic collapse each year—has transformed both the island and Kowloon. Hong Kong island has traditionally been the swank residential-and-tourist half of the colony, with its hanging gardens and green-and-scarlet villas on the Peak, its administrative center and government head offices, its shopping arcades, its Wanchai and North Point "little Shanghai" sin-and-amusement districts, its fashionable Repulse Bay, Shek-O, and Big Wave beaches, its magnificent blue-and-gold vistas of the colony and the distant hills of China. But now new hotels, apartments, and stores have given Kowloon a facelift, and wide Nathan Road, which, lined by twisted banyan trees, bisects the district and leads to the gentle green hills, fishing villages, and farmlands of the New Territories, has become one of the colony's leading shopping thoroughfares.

The old, lofty, colonial-style Peninsula Hotel, with its great pillared foyer, is the Hong Kong equivalent of Singapore's Raffles. It maintains its prestige and retains its "regulars." On a recent visit, President Sukarno, heading one of his curious circuses of bodyguards, soothsayers, and panderers, was politely but firmly rejected by the Peninsula because he demanded that two floors be cleared for his party; the management refused to move guests already in residence.

Glittering new hotels include the President (in Kowloon) and the Mandarin and Hong Kong Hilton (on the island). The Repulse Bay Hotel, on the southern Riviera-like side of the island, boasts a long open veranda and beautiful gardens overlooking the South China Sea; it is most convenient for holiday-making tourists if less convenient for shopping tourists. Here on Sundays, arriving for buffet lunch and the tea dance, wealthy Chinese beauties, wives, and concubines may be seen in their gleaming *cheongsams*—the alluring, high-collared, sheathlike gown with the slit sides.

The best time to visit Hong Kong is between mid-October and January, when the sun is mild, the sky is blue, and the nights are crisp. By May the rainy season is ushering in the torrid summer. Typhoons may be expected from June through to September, and although, like severe earthquakes in Japan, they make interesting conversation pieces on returning home, they are more entertaining in retrospect than in experience.

For color and excitement, but also discomfort and inconvenience, the Chinese New Year, which is a "moveable feast" and may occur any time between late January and late February, is the Chinese highlight of the year. It is probably a good time for the tourist to stay away. The lacquered veneer of modern British administration cracks open and the old traditional China takes command of the colony with a bedlam of firecrackers and crowded restaurants, a frustration of closed shops and taxi famine, and a non-stop Saturnalia of explosions, processions, gongs, whistles, bands, the incessant crash and clatter of mahjong tiles, and the clanging bells of overworked fire engines—not for ten minutes at midnight, but day and night for four days and four nights. Noise, the Chinese love it!

THE Western barbarians cower in their servantless, foodless houses, pay an extra month's wages to everyone, and distribute cash gifts in red envelopes; some write naïve letters to the *South China Morning Post,* pointing out that firecrackers blind children and set fire to houses; the few wise expatriates throw aside their inhibitions and try to join in the deafening revelry.

All Chinese must pay their debts before New Year's Eve. Prices soar. Barbers charge double. Street stalls bourgeon with cherry blossom, chrysanthemums, dahlias, camellias, and six-foot-high peach trees. Every door, even those of the squatters' huts, is emblazoned with red paper scrolls wishing long life and happiness. Every house is filled with flowers. Families and friends exchange visits in new clothes, carrying gifts of ginger, fruit, goldfish, candlelit paper lanterns, lotus and watermelon seeds, and sticky New Year cakes and dumplings. *"Kung Hay Fat Choy!"* ("Happy New Year!") is the four-day war cry of 3,000,000 people.

Hong Kong's modern showrooms, arcades, and endless rows of small shops in the narrow, colonnaded streets sell everything from jade and silks to tinned seaweed at prices that are among the lowest in the world. Prices are rising but, in general, cameras, typewriters, watches, binoculars, fountain pens, cultured pearls, transistor radios, all kinds of cloth and clothing, toys, embroidery, leather goods, and furniture from all over the world are available in quantity and quality at bargain rates in this free port—cheaper, for the most part, than in their countries of origin. The visitor does not bargain in the big stores, where the prices are fixed and can be compared with those in rival stores. But at street stalls and in the steep, winding back alleys like Cat Street (correctly Upper and Lower Lascar Rows), where occasional sniffs of opium mingle with the less agreeable Asian aromas, hard haggling is essential and expected.

Americans, alas, must obtain a "comprehensive certificate of origin" for any Chinese-made goods, to prove that they are products of Hong Kong and not of mainland China. The unhappy management of the Hong Kong Hilton Hotel had to strip suites and corridors of many noble scrolls, screens, carvings, and paintings on the eve of opening because the U.S. Consulate-General issued a formal warning that they lacked "certificates of origin" and might therefore be dangerous products of subversive Communist Chinese craftsmen. (These valuable objects are reputedly mouldering in a larger waterfront godown.)

With the possible exception of Taipeh, where the master chefs of wealthy Chinese who fled from the Communists have set up kitchens, the best Chinese food in the world is in varied and calorific abundance in Hong Kong. It would be possible for a restless gourmet to dine superbly and at moderate cost for a couple of months at a different restaurant each night—northern or Peking style, Szechuanese (hot and peppery), Shanghai, Cantonese, or Hankow.

The visitor should enjoy, but not restrict himself to, the more orthodox shark's-fin soup, chicken and walnut, sweet-and-sour pork, spring rolls, bean curd, and Peking duck. He should also sample luscious beggar's chicken (chicken stuffed with chestnuts, herbs, and shredded cabbage, wrapped in lotus leaves, and baked for eight hours in a special clay that lines Chinese wine jars), spiced Szechuan duck, steamed bread (instead of rice), ducks' tongues, bear's paw, and bird's-nest soup. In autumn there is stewed snake—which, as all good snake-eaters know, should be ordered in combinations of three or five different varieties and washed down with a tot or two of snake's blood (the latter helpful, they say, in bringing a brighter gleam into an elderly man's eye.) *Shao hsing,* Chinese rice-wine served hot, reminds some Western wine connoisseurs at first taste of condemned sweet sherry. But Chinese-made Shantung beer is excellent by any standard.

Hong Kong cabarets and night life tend to be dull and sleazy after Tokyo. The most attractive hostesses are at the Tonnochy and Metropole ballrooms on the island. The drab Suzie Wong bars along the Wanchai and "little Shanghai" waterfront and in the Kowloon side-

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streets, with their ululating jukeboxes and beer-puddled cubicles, are largely for the young in heart and the sailor in a hurry. (The original Suzie Wong, who was Japanese, is said to have been released recently from a drug addicts' sanitarium and to be threatening to sue Richard Mason.)

Tourists should explore the New Territories, where there are typical Chinese farms, old temples, and walled villages. There are also glimpses of the long barbed-wire fence that separates the colony from Communist China. The railway line from Kowloon is the main link with China. Passengers must change trains at Lo Wu on the frontier. In the old days, there was, of course, a regular through service between Kowloon and Canton, and railway authorities on both sides have completed timetables and rolling stock arrangements on paper for resumption of the service if ever London and Peking reach accord.

The energetic can tramp the mountain trails in the New Territories or around the slopes of the Peak. There are comfortable launch trips around the island at midday or at sunset, including lunch or dinner at one of the celebrated floating restaurants at Aberdeen.

A SIDE attraction, if the visitor is staying a week or so, is the ferry or hydrofoil trip to Macao, the ancient, somnolent Portuguese counterpart of Hong Kong at the mouth of the Pearl River (three hours distant by ferry; one and a half hours by hydrofoil). This 400-year-old colonial survival is a Mediterranean museum piece of convents, fishing boats, cobbled streets, ruins, and gambling casinos. It is also the center of the Far Eastern gold-smuggling trade. The gold arrives legally as bullion, is melted down in Macao, and then distributed illegally in the form of gold bars, chiefly to India.

Hong Kong authorities are supposed to seize the smuggled gold as it passes through the colony; there is an apocryphal jest that you can determine the value of Macao's smuggled gold by simply multiplying by four the proportion seized in Hong Kong—that proportion being reckoned a fair and reasonable fine to inflict on the vital trading transaction of a sister colony.

Macao is the gateway for refugees from China into Hong Kong. "Escape routes" from the mainland end in Macao junks, which try to run the gauntlet of Hong Kong patrol launches and dump their contraband passengers on the colony's remote shores. If the refugees can make it to the registration offices in the colony, they are not turned back.

Life in Hong Kong, as the tourist will see, can be hard for the refugee from China. But once he has escaped, he does not wish to go back.

Palm Springs

Continued from page 45

say Crosby, who operates a delicatessen, Charles Farrell, who has run the Racquet Club for decades, Cary Grant, who owns a piece of a country club, Bob Hope, who is active in real estate, Bonita Granville, Brian Foy, Charles Boyer, and Desi Arnaz, who are hotelkeepers, not to mention the consortium of Jack Benny, Claudette Colbert, Phil Harris, and Danny Kaye, who are among the principal stockholders in a jazzy trailer park (trailer is a *mot non grata*, too) called Blue Skies Village, a place where the mobile home operators have grassy lawns, pianos, maids, and adult-sized three-wheelers for getting around.

Unlike the formal gardens of the old spas of Europe and even the United States, Palm Springs, the new spa incarnate, is prized for its informality. Enough women affect slacks as a regular habit to support a store called Pants Galore. Men favor that Southern California specialty, the sweater of loose-woven alpaca with balloon sleeves pushed up so they look like a pair of 1930s knickerbockers worn on the arm. Frank Bogert, the mayor, a horsy type who comes to his office in windbreaker, cowboy hat, cowboy shirt, and half-hitch tie, is a fast-talking, articulate real estate operator who likes to banter with his secretary and lets her call him by his first name. Frank Bogert says that Palm Springs as a watering place is really in its early days. The true renaissance of the resort as a spa is just beginning. "Back Easters find the acreage cheap," says he with his feet on the desk, cigar in mouth. "We had twenty-two million in new buildings go up in '64—hotels, houses, and apartments. We are building condominium apartments, rental apartments, and some family residences. We specialize in non-resident, part-time citizens. Take Ray Ryan. He owns ten million in land here—the El Mirador Hotel, Bermuda Dunes Country Club, a five-million-dollar shopping center, the whole town of Indian Wells, twenty-five hundred acres at Desert Hot Springs, and he's not even on the voting rolls. He votes in Indiana.

"People who live in Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco come here and stay six months. We only have eighteen thousand population; we have more homes than population. We can put up seven thousand people in hotels. The newish Riviera and the elderly El Mirador, which opened to care for individual guests, are now convention hotels. Next year we will have four new hotels. For the first time we will allow high-rise buildings, a few ten stories high, but we will spread them so they don't bunch up." The Spa, which opened its watering station in 1960 and added a hotel in 1963, will tack on two more stories of guest rooms.

Taking the waters has become fashionable again, not only in Palm Springs but across the whole country. The Spa at Palm Springs is using the same hot bubbling mineral water that first attracted the Cahuilla Indians 600 years ago. The redmen's fondness for the warm waters gave the tribe the name of Agua Caliente, the hot water Indians. They maintained their own spa at the same site until the lands were leased in 1959. The first Palm Springs Spa, which called itself the world's most beautiful bathhouse, was an immediate success and probably marked a major American step in the renaissance of spas, a word that derived from the original Belgian watering place called Spa, which first blossomed in the fourteenth century.

THE old spas—Hot Springs and Saratoga—faded out because they allowed themselves to become dowdy and old-fashioned. Where once only women watched their weight, men have grown acutely conscious of their appearance and their health. The national physical fitness campaigns spurred additional interest. In Florida the 105-room Harbor Island Spa charges as high as $48 to $60 a day in winter and up to $49 a day in summer for a double occupancy plan that includes spartan meals and crackers made of artichoke flour. The Lido Spa, now in its fifth year, will add courses in beauty, grooming, and make-up for women, in addition to its regular weight-losing regimen.

Although there were no curative waters within a day's ride of Miami Beach, the so-called spas did so well that big beachside hotels, the Doral and the Fontainebleau to name two, were to install slimming paraphernalia and gymnasiums of their own. In Palm Springs, feeling the press of the Spa, many hotels have added whirlpool baths alongside their swimming pools and installed resident masseurs. But none can truly match the Roman opulence of the women's side at the Spa, which is coated with pastel orchid walls, paved with orchid carpets, and hung with beaded curtains for privacy. Before a television appearance Alice Faye turns up at the Spa for a week of treatments. So does Nancy Chaffee Kiner, the tennis pro at the social Tennis Club. Debbie Reynolds is also a devotee. When he is in town Jack Warner reports daily at the men's side of the spa. Bill Holden checks into the hotel for a week at a time. Steve McQueen works out in the Spa's gym. Ex-tank battalion commander Eddie Davidson, who runs the water hole, having made a tour of European spas last summer, will add a new dining room where a

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calorie diet will be strictly enforced. "There will be no gimmickry," he says, "no wheat germ and blackstrap molasses, but we will serve low-calorie salad dressing. They'll get tournedos of beef, but they won't get the Bordelaise sauce. We'll reach out for the tired executives, give them melba toast instead of hot rolls, low-calorie custards, and sherbets."

For anyone who doesn't want the regimen, the Agua Room will continue to put out chicken in the pot with cannonballs of matzoh meal. Although passers-by can get a free swig of the tonic waters from a fountain on the sidewalk in front of the Spa, they can also cross the street to the Roma Italian Grocery, a delicatessen that offers take-out torpedoes, de luxe torpedoes (*mortadella*, cooked salami, gallo salami, provolone, sweet peppers, lettuce, and olive oil on a fourteen-inch bun), or homemade dinners of *capocollo*, a spicy ham with chili peppers. Around the corner from the Roma in an old adobe arcade stands one of the nation's few ice cream smorgasbord palaces where you make a do-it-yourself sundae from a fourteen-jar selection of marshmallow topping, hot fudge, butterscotch, strawberries, cherries, caramel, and multicolored sprinkles.

IN the often bizarre world of Palm Springs the Plaza Barber Shop lists the barbers' names in the window, also gives their credits: "J. Victor Honig, formerly of Paramount Studios" and "Chick Gleason, formerly of the Beverly Hills Hotel." Bennett's shoeshine parlor also offers foot massages. The Pom Pom Poodle Parlor sells canvas doghouses with red-and-white striped canvas walls hung with ball fringe, and canine picnic cases complete with dog bowl and dog doily. One dines at Ruby's Dunes, which has not a grain of sand in sight, or at Aloha Jhoe's, the local Cantonese cookery, or at a blue den called That John's, or at a new taco parlor with outdoor tables called El Finko's. It is fashionable to lunch at the Racquet Club, where the occasional female lobber shows up waving a pink tennis racquet. One nibbles a Sloppy Moe, which is a pile of razor-thin slices of imported Swiss cheese and Danish ham on rye bread with cole slaw and pickles, or else Farrell's Delight, chopped lettuce with diced avocado and bacon, tomatoes and blue cheese with pear dressing. The passing show could include Fritz Lowe loping by with a leonine mane, and a dolly on the arm, Dinah Shore ambling among the petunia-bordered courts, and the presence of Charles Farrell, evoking ancient memories of *Seventh Heaven*, a film still screened in Palm Springs.

All the recent Presidents have come to roost for a night or more. Eisenhower still owns a house on the links of the El Dorado Country Club, a nest of high industrialists whose fourteen-foot-high doors seem like the entrance to some Incaic fortress never before transgressed by white man. President Kennedy stayed at Bing Crosby's, and the Johnsons put up recently at the huge estate of Louis Taubman at the dead-end corner of Rose Drive and Coronado Avenue.

THERE seems no end to the new houses that sprout in the desert floor or even on the barren hills, nor any limit on their design. Among the most famous is Robert McCulloch's golf course home, which has sunken tennis courts to protect the high lobs from the wind, a bar at which bottles of Scotch and others of bourbon appear from a pop-up reservoir that holds a full case. Guests at the McCullochs suntan on an electrically motivated Lazy Susan, and the McCullochs themselves rise to an electrically set signal that automatically draws the draperies and turns on the water in the tub. With its theatrical affinity, home builders in Palm Springs are just as liable to hire scenic designers as an architect and decorator. One of the most successful is James MacNaughton, a transplant from Bucks County who has been at one time or another art director for all three major networks. One of Mr. MacNaughton's most celebrated villas was designed for a San Fernando land developer named Harry Morrill who spent $300,000 on an elaborate pad and has since sold it to George Hearst. Nestled next to Raymond Loewy's, a house where the swimming pool comes into the living room, the ex-Morrill place is built in what MacNaughton describes as modern Palladian villa style. "Palladio with lots of glass," he calls it.

When Morrill had the house, it featured square-topped gazebos at the corners of the pool, marble statuary of some nondescript Greco-Roman period. The entranceway was guarded by a pair of lions from India with Shiva on their backs, and it looked through to the statue-bordered pool and to the mountains and the valley beyond, a view interrupted only by a giant thirteenth-century Siamese temple bird whose gilded feathers were pocked with stones. When Morrill sold the house to the Hearsts, the lions and the temple bird reverted to MacNaughton and they now perform similar duties at *his* house, a modest mansion where the mirrored walls of the sitting room slide back after the early-afternoon sundown and the bamboo shades are lifted, leaving a Japanese altar in center stage backed by glass windows showing a fading view of the stark mountains behind. "I am incorporating the principles of elegant classic architecture with modern structures. Hell, it looks like Greece around here anyway and it fits in well with the white columns."

Most of the big houses in Palm Springs are built for entertaining, an endeavor that is greatly aided by a graying Filipino named Santos de Jésus who operates a huge catering service and appears at gala affairs in a mobile kitchen remade from an old school bus. For a swimming pool party, guests sometimes filter through the bus, entering the side door, having their trays filled from the hot kitchens, and stepping down at the front door to find a seat around the pool. Santos, who caters for everyone from Bob Hope to General Eisenhower, can come up with any sort of party from Polynesian to French, not excluding complete chuck wagon dinners, an occasion when Santos himself roams the stakeout with bottles of Scotch and gin in a pair of side holsters.

MOBILE or at least semi-mobile living is a password here on the desert. Mobile homes are gathered in tribal collections that in any other less *au fait* and less polished community might be called trailer parks. Applicants seeking entrance to the Blue Skies Trailer Park are required to have on hand a trailer of not less than $10,000 value, and must agree to put out at least $7,500 in improvements in a year's time. Such embellishments would certainly comprehend such primary additions as a carport on one side of the trailer and a fully enclosed permanent room, called a cabaña, on the other. All these features can be executed in the style of the ancient Egyptians, the old New Orleans designs, or perhaps a pagoda to summon the mysteries of the

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1117

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1117 will be found in the next issue.

BX BG PZNT WPNE - CNPPEAE

QZBFQNG SRPGA CBXA BG

LPBGPZPOG.

GWRPLAZRQOAY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1116

Colors are the deeds and sufferings of light. —GOETHE.

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East. Trailers have waterfalls, Georgian columns, lakes, widows' walks, and splashing fountains.

Although Palm Springs drew its first adherents because it was, as the Europeans are so fond of calling such places, a climatic station, it quickly gained a horse atmosphere. There are still some clubs around—Smoke Tree Ranch is one—that hold out against the glitter of the golf courses and the geegaw shops that now line Palm Tree Canyon. Smoke Tree offers its guests rustic cabins in the mesquite, sends around ice and setups every afternoon, gives its members and a guest an engraved clothespin that remains at the club forever and indicates where they are to take their place at table. The service is purposely sketchy and the colonists, as its members are called, must carry their plates into the kitchen for the main course which is ladled out to them by a battery of chefs.

Back in 1950, before he was elected to office, Mayor Bogert was running Thunderbird, an elegant and exclusive golf club that began as a dude ranch. Bogert got the idea of selling homes around the ranch, but as he toured the country looking for prospects he found more people wanted golf than wanted horses. The people who play golf are older and in higher income brackets. It now costs $15 for a guest to play golf at most clubs, plus $8 for a golf cart, guest or member. If four people play they must take along a caddy, whose fee is $10. Membership can be healthy at Palm Springs' eighteen courses (Los Angeles has only twenty-eight for its massive population): El Dorado charges $7,500 as an initiation fee with yearly dues at $600, Thunderbird is $7,000 and $600 a year, and the new Canton Country Club, owned by Eastern money, charges $7,200 to get in, a fee that doesn't seem to faze such members as Paul Whiteman, David McDonald, president of the Steel Workers Union, Walt Disney, who is a colonist at Smoke Tree Ranch, David Janssen of *The Fugitive*, Mervyn Leroy, Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, and Dean Martin, most of whom belong to other clubs, too. Those who own homes here—Whiteman and McDonald are among them—must lease their land from the Indians who own it by federal decree.

At lunch, members can sit in the broad, elevated dining room, look across the desert floor now mostly occupied by putting greens, the golf-course homes, and beyond the growing village to the mountains, San Jacinto, the Shadow Mountains, and the Santa Rosas. Lately some people have taken to living in the barren mountains themselves. High on the heights is the new development called South Ridge Estates, a fashionable and lofty enclave that looks clear across to the snowy peak of San Gorgonio, 12,000 feet high and the second highest mountain in all Southern California. Just below is a new development of condominium apartments pasted against the crusty hills. For $34,500 a family can settle comfortably in the community, which comes equipped with its own whirlpool baths available to any taker who buys a typical two-room apartment with fully equipped dishwasher, garbage disposal, walk-in closets, and a great view of the valley below. Somewhere down there the rich and the recuperative, the convalescents, the bored, the adored, and the devotees, and the refugees from frost and bustle are making their daily rounds: early-morning rides, early-morning golf, to lunch at the Tennis Club or the Racquet or even El Finko's, then an hour in the sun to get a tan and an hour and a half from the Spa to get a workout. To a cocktail party, to Ruby's or the Racquet for dinner, and early to bed to be up early for an early-morning ride or early-morning golf. It is easy to keep up with it all in a perch at Tropic Hills. Every new apartment dweller gets a terrace-side telescope free.

Karlsbad

Continued from page 45

ventions should always be held in such places where you can do something for your health. The excuse alone will make you feel well.

There were other hot springs—the Mühlbrunnen, the Marktbrunnen, the Felsenquelle, the Schlossbrunnen. Each had its addicts. There were beautiful colonnades, and there was music.

I FELT sorry for the musicians. The Kurmusik began to play Strauss waltzes at six-thirty in the morning. No wonder the spa musicians looked tired and unhappy. And the people hardly listened. Uncle Leo and his Zionist friends talked about Zionism. Or they discussed their doctors. Spa doctors were a certain species of medical men, like psychiatrists or gynecologists. They seemed to mesmerize their patients. Uncle Leo had a hypnotic doctor, called Dr. Dietrich or Dr. Dittrich, I don't remember exactly, who had dueling scars on his cheeks and didn't have much sympathy for Zionists or, for that matter, Jews. He stared hard at my uncle and said, "Herr Krieger, above all—you must not cheat, or the cure will not work." My uncle blanched and I shuddered. That night Uncle Leo ordered the special *Kalbsgulasch*.

He never did it again. The next morning Dr. Dietrich (Dittrich?) knew all about it. Today I'm convinced that his intelligence organization was better than Mr. McCone's. Obviously the waiters at the spa's restaurants, pastry shops, and cafés would immediately report all infringements against The Diet. Thereupon Uncle Leo bought the waiter's silence with an extra-large tip, and the corrupt double agent no longer reported him. This, said Uncle Leo, was the Zionist way of dealing with Dietrich. My belief in Zionism increased enormously in these days. I knew they couldn't fail, and they didn't.

During the few good years of Masaryk's Czechoslovakia I went back to Karlsbad. The spa was crowded with financiers, businessmen, French barons, Hungarian estate owners, rich Americans, all of whom had a weakness for *foie gras naturel* and other good things. But when they came to Karlsbad, or to neighboring Marienbad (Mariánské Lázně), once the favorite watering place of King Edward VII, they gave up all pantophagist tendencies and became humble cure guests. Menus, stock market quotations, alluring women didn't exist for the duration of the cure. Nothing mattered but how much they'd weighed in the morning, what their doctor had said, and whether the Sprudel was more effective for gout than the Mühlbrunnen. Karlsbad was a lovely place, with elegant shops in Neue Wiese, a good theater, many concerts, beautiful villas, and the birthplace of Bayer's *Oblaten*, paper-thin pastries pressed together with almond and sugar filling, that were permitted between sips of the waters.

AND eventually came the glorious day when you'd paid your doctor, had lost five kilos, and felt clean and empty like a well-scrubbed bathtub. Then you would go to Pupp's and order everything à la carte, from *foie gras* to fish to roast duck to dessert, and another dessert. When you got up, you had already regained a precious kilo, and for the first time in ages you felt like a human being again, not like a cure guest.

I stopped going to Karlsbad in the 1930s, when it became a playground of the Sudeten-German, pro-Nazi movement. Only a decade after it had been host to the Zionists! In fact, it was in Karlsbad that I first heard of the expression "winter Nazis"—hotel proprietors, restaurateurs, businessmen and spa doctors like Dittrich (or was it Dietrich?) who catered to their rich, mostly Jewish clientele during the summer season, and in wintertime financially supported the Henlein Party.

Well, that's all over now, and today the members of another party meet in Karlovy Vary. Instead of kings and financiers they have peasants and workers. Americans may again go there—but if they haven't seen the place in the old days they won't really know what Karlsbad was like.

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Too Many Revolutions to the South

***Latin America: Myth and Reality,** by Peter Nehemkis (Knopf. 286 pp. $5.95), and **Generals vs. Presidents: Neomilitarism in Latin America,** by Edwin Lieuwen (Praeger. 160 pp. $4.50), analyze the fundamental problems of a continent plagued by continuing crises. Robert G. Mead, Jr., is advisory editor to the magazine "Hispania," and currently visiting lecturer in Latin American literature at Yale University.*

By ROBERT G. MEAD, JR.

PETER NEHEMKIS and Edwin Lieuwen are widely informed in international affairs and particularly sensitive to current developments in the Western Hemisphere. Both are acutely aware of the complex of clichés, stereotypes, myths, prejudices, and folk-memories that obscure mutual understanding between the U.S. and Latin America and among the Latin American nations themselves. The climate of tension pervading their books stems from the authors' feeling of urgency about the imminent danger that relatively peaceful evolution may give way to violent revolution in many Latin American areas.

Taking his *leitmotiv* from a passage in Senator William J. Fulbright's speech of last March on foreign policy, Peter Nehemkis, a Washington consultant and international lawyer, seeks objectively to separate myth from reality in his consideration of the key problems and issues now facing the Americas. He forthrightly states the issues as he sees them, and his reasoning is so balanced and cogent that even though his readers were to range the entire gamut from *fidelistas* to ultra-reactionaries, many of them would of necessity agree with much if not most of his exposition even though they rejected the solutions he proposes. Yet his objectivity cannot hide the deep compassion he feels for the jobless slum-dweller or the undernourished worker in Latin America, nor the admiration he has for the area's writers, scientists, enlightened entrepreneurs, and social and political reformers.

What are these fundamental issues, distorted as they are by widely held myths, and what are the realities masked by the myths? How does Nehemkis seek to focus more clearly the blurred image of a Latin America where, in his own words, "an industrial revolution, an agrarian revolution, and a social revolution are on a collision course"?

In the majority of his thirteen chapters the author, separating propaganda and prejudice from fact, analyzes dispassionately, one by one, the components of what by now has become almost a "standard" list of Latin America's social, political, and economic ills: the fundamental disunity of the Latin lands; *caudillismo*, or military domination of the government; *latifundismo*, or land ownership by the few; one-commodity economies; overemphasis on industrialization as a panacea for economic dependency; the cancerous growth of the cities; cynicism toward or disillusionment with the Alliance for Progress; Latin American capitalists' lack of faith in their own countries; the shocking gap between the few wealthy and the many poor. In the last chapters Nehemkis points out some positive, alleviating factors or measures: the potential unity and economic integration implicit in the Central American Common Market; the "creative and constructive role" many American companies are playing in the region's economic development; the increase in the number of corporations financed by both native and foreign capital; the fact that, contrary to the belief held by some, most foreign capital has not lost confidence in Latin America.

Nehemkis's final chapter contains the most optimistic pages of the book. Here he proposes an international consortium, operating under a "Charter of Rights, Duties and Obligations of the Investors and the Respective Governments." Under his suggested Charter government leaders and businessmen of integrity and vision from many nations would join in a huge effort for economic progress, "a genuine . . . partnership" which "would operate strictly within the framework of the profit system," utilize the best in technology, and supply management training as well as investment capital. Peter Nehemkis believes that business leaders in the United States, Latin America, and Europe are well aware of the massive challenge presented by the revolution of rising demands in Latin America, and he stresses this eloquently in his final sentence: "Among this select company of men there is the gnawing anxiety—perhaps it would be more accurate to call it atavistic fear—that unless the private economy is willing to work as hard and as eagerly for the kind of world we want as the Communists work for the kind of world they want, there is probably little chance of our survival."

Edwin Lieuwen's book, *Generals vs. Presidents*, is of the same high quality and succinctness as the Nehemkis study, but deals primarily with a specialized aspect of Latin America. In fact, in many ways it is an expansion of Nehemkis's 105-page chapter "Where the Soldiers Call the Shots." Professor Lieuwen, chairman of the University of New Mexico's history department, explodes

—Nancy Palmer.

Buenos Aires—"a blow against democracy."

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the myth of recent vintage that the "new" armies of Latin America have become increasingly instruments of social improvement; he shows conclusively that, in actual fact, the military still views programs of rapid social reform as endangering its institutional interests. The author recalls the apparent progress toward democracy and constitutionality in Latin America that many observers saw in the elimination, between 1954 and 1961, of eleven of the twelve military governments then in power, only to note that from 1961 to early 1964 seven new military régimes took over after deposing constitutional, duly elected executives. To these seven must now be added an eighth military coup, the Bolivian, which occurred after the book appeared. The background of this resurgence of militarism, the social, economic, and political factors involved, and the implications for the future constitute the fundamental concerns of this volume.

The first five chapters are pithy, temperate analyses of the recent coups in Argentina, Peru, Guatemala, Ecuador, the Dominican Republic, Honduras, and Brazil. In other chapters Professor Lieuwen considers military intervention in Latin American politics today and the relationships of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson with the Latin American generals. Finally, he makes some suggestions regarding United States policy toward Latin America particularly with respect to the military.

Since Professor Lieuwen's own thinking is best indicated by these latter chapters, and since they constitute a fine synthesis of the book's ideas, a representative selection of their comments and recommendations follows:

1. Latin American armed forces do not exist to defend the nation against external aggression nor to defend the government by preserving internal order. "In the eyes of the military, the government exists to defend the armed forces, rather than vice-versa."

2. The decision-makers in today's armed forces in Latin America are not optimistic about the chances for viable democratic systems of government. Their institutional identification is so strong that they cannot identify significantly with civilian social groups, and their "almost morbid fear of a social revolution that might destroy their organization" makes for "political philosophy that is basically conservative."

3. All the seven recent coups had profound political and social consequences for the countries concerned. "One obvious political result is a blow against democracy, for in every case, the successor régime that emanated, or will emanate, from the [military] junta rule is inevitably less representative than the government it deposed." More coups or military interventions will become likely, "for the interveners must now protect themselves against possible vengeance from the resurgent democratic forces."

Socially, the coups meant the strengthening of reaction. For even if the military did not act "at the behest of the propertied élite," their acts in effect stalled or destroyed the broad social reforms being pushed by the governments they overthrew. The oligarchy are the chief benefactors of these coups. And this social consequence of military intervention "raises one of the principal threats, both immediate and long range, to the whole Alliance for Progress program."

4. Until now, the Latin American military has not differentiated between "democratic and Communist reform elements." The military mood "has been one of blind, exaggerated anti-Communism," and Latin American militarism today, as contrasted with both democracy and Communism, "is a political force that . . . brings social change and reform programs to a halt." Its only role, therefore, is to hold up the process of social revolution.

5. Should we remain indifferent to internal events in Latin America which do not disturb our short-term interests? Will we not reap the disastrous consequences of such a policy in a few years? Can we continue to identify ourselves with counterrevolutionary governments in Latin America and, at the same time, "convince the people [there] that we are really for the principles of human freedom and social justice espoused under the Alliance for Progress"? Will Congress continue willingly to approve Alliance appropriations for governments basically opposed to Alliance principles? "Is it not high time for the United States to recapture here moral leadership in Latin America?"

6. Clearly, militarism in Latin America is "going to plague Washington for years to come." Our most promising policy, then, is "to continue the efforts to make the Latin American military good soldiers, to try to convince them that they should eschew politics completely, that they must learn to become the tools rather than the masters of the state, that they must devote themselves exclusively to legitimate military functions." If they come to realize that their survival requires the acceptance of evolutionary change now so that violent revolution will be avoided tomorrow, then democratic ideals will have their "best opportunity for eventual realization in Latin America."

The convincing and concise analysis of fundamental inter-American issues contained in these two books deserves the widest possible diffusion. Let us hope, therefore, that they will soon become available in paperback editions, and in Spanish and Portugese versions as well as English.

Where the Grass Is Always Wet

The Marsh Arabs, *by Wilfred Thesiger (Dutton. 242 pp. $6.50), laments the passing of an unspoiled if rigorous way of life under the encroachments of technology. Hal Lehrman, often writes from or about the Arab Middle East.*

By HAL LEHRMAN

WILFRED THESIGER's unpressed claim to a rare and double crown is clinched by *The Marsh Arabs.* This strangely withdrawn yet cordial Englishman—part-time hunter-explorer and full-time traveler—is hands down the prose laureate of a vanishing Arab world he has made intimately his own. He is also the chief and most trenchant Jeremiah of our times against seductive oilfield wages, half-baked native "education" and urban slums, not to say the electric bulb, automobiles, and other pernicious engines, which, in his view, are conning the nobly primitive Arabs of Thesiger's beloved wastelands out of their pristine grandeur and primeval freedom.

There never was a more apt companion piece than *The Marsh Arabs* to the same author's previous near-classic, *Arabian Sands.* In that 1959 work Thesiger—born in Ethiopia, veteran of the Sudan Defense Force, and as much at ease in Kurdistan, the Hindu Kush, Kenya, or the Moroccan Atlas as in Westminster—produced a quiet masterpiece about his five incredible years in driest Arabia: the dread Rub al Khali (the "Empty Quarter") and other man-killing Bedu desert country. Now he reports on seven years in wettest Arabia: that corner of Iraq north and west of the Persian Gulf where the Tigris and Euphrates mingle to form 6,000 square miles of equally man-killing marsh, morass, and swamp, in which camels are unknown and the water buffalo is the Arab's best friend.

Both books reflect a passionate search for "peace of mind" away from the pretenses of civilization, and a love for the unspoiled inhabitants of remote wastes. In a culture of canoes,

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spears, and huts almost floating on water, Thesiger was enthralled by the chivalry, hospitality, and self-reliance of the marsh people, "the feeling of continuity with the past"; he "envied them a contentment and a mastery of skills, however simple, that I could never hope to attain."

Again in *The Marsh Arabs* Thesiger vents his familiar wrath over the self-shame, bad taste, banality, and misery threatening such idyllic communities through noxious gimmicks borrowed from the West. He finds the efficient despotism of sheikhs over share-cropping fishermen and rice-growers preferable to the anarchic stagnation and insecurity of the radio-blaring towns, and he takes satisfaction in a momentary trend of disillusioned natives to return from oilfields and honkeytonks to their swampland home.

Some readers may see Thesiger's abhorrence of "progress" and his appetite for physical discomfort as slightly comic. They may even suspect a whiff of flagellantism. Certainly, the perilous diet, the nonexistent sanitation, the odors, heat, cold, and eternal humidities of this marsh life, to which Thesiger returned joyfully year after year for visits of months on end, would make nearly all of us blanch.

But to each his own, and Thesiger's fortitude is clearly matched by his sensitivity, dedication, and plain courage. He hunts the sharp-tusked wild boar, rides out storms in his frail paddle-boat, or mediates blood feuds with dash and competence. At the start this Englishman with his well-oiled rifle and fluent Arabic must have seemed exceedingly weird to his native hosts, but he won wide and true acceptance.

Part of the welcome was due to his talents as amateur physician and surgeon. On each trip hundreds awaited him at every village for free medical attention for anything from headache to circumcision. But mostly it must have been thanks to Thesiger's dignity, his conviction of genuine equality with and full respect for them, which the Arabs could sense.

The enchantment of the watery wilderness and its denizens is captured in Thesiger's enchanted text and in his superb original photographs, 110 of them. Thesiger painstakingly describes the Marsh Arabs, socio-political and economic patterns, their fishing and hunting techniques, their practice of bride-purchase, the way they build ornamented canoes and the great Euphrates guest-chambers, structures made of reed and matting but cathedral-like in their vaulting and tracery. He seems goaded by a fear that all this "probably within the next twenty years, certainly within the next fifty, will have disappeared forever."

About the Birds and Beasts

John James Audubon, *by Alice Ford (University of Oklahoma Press, 488 pp. $7.95), and* ***Audubon's Wildlife,*** *by Edwin Way Teale (Viking. 256 pp. $15), present two aspects of the enigmatic artist who has come to symbolize outdoor America. Peter Farb has written several books on our continent's wilderness, among them "Face of North America" and the forthcoming "Land and Wildlife of America."*

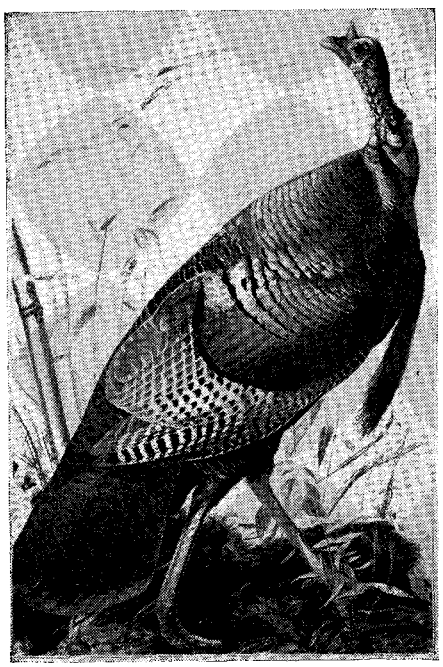
By PETER FARB

AUDUBON was endlessly complex as well as enormously gifted. He had in him much of the showman (he dressed in frontier costume on a trip to Europe) and the charlatan (he claimed that he had studied painting under David). His artistic scruples, moreover, were flexible enough to allow him to pirate several paintings by others. Nowadays the very symbol of wildlife preservation, Audubon blasted boatloads of birds from their roosts for pure sport. Although he had his allotment of the artist's poverty and struggle, he overdramatized them, even by the standards of the romantic nineteenth century.

These facts, and many others, are to be gleaned from Alice Ford's authoritative and much needed work. The last reliable biography of Audubon was published in 1917, and it is hopelessly dated. Miss Ford has performed a scholarly service by penetrating the labyrinth of myths that have grown up around Audubon, due both to his own distortions and to the bowdlerizing of his personal papers by his wife and granddaughter.

Yet this is not a satisfying biography. Miss Ford devotes a disproportionate amount of space to the trivia of Audubon's comings and goings, to a heavy traffic of obscure names and places that pop up and then disappear—but she never comes to grips with an enigmatic human being and his motivations. Her difficulty is that she never arrives at a point of view toward her material—with the startling result that aspects of Audubon's artistic career receive virtually the same weight as the kind of accommodations he had on a river barge.

I found *Audubon's Wildlife*, the second book under scrutiny, even more dispiriting. It is beyond me how so eminent a naturalist as Edwin Way Teale—who



—*Bettmann Archive.*

"The Wild Turkey," by John James Audubon.

himself might be described as a modern-day Audubon, equipped with a camera instead of a brush—ever got involved in such an unfortunate venture. Essentially a picture book, it consists of 127 pages of plates (approximately a fourth of them in color) and some ninety-five pages of excerpts from Audubon's writings. Mr. Teale contributed about twenty-five pages of enlightening biography, which includes an excellent appraisal of the artist, and informative notes. But what is essentially wrong with this book is that the publishers are not convinced that Audubon was an accomplished artist.

Anyone who has seen an Audubon print will concede, I think, that never before or since have animals been portrayed with such drama and animation; Baron Cuvier rightly called the paintings "the greatest monument ever erected by Art to Nature." Yet the publishers deny to Audubon the very quality that characterizes his art: the sense of the dramatic. They seem to think that Audubon must be jazzed up; the book jacket applauds itself for "the dramatic manner in which the material has been arranged." I submit that there is no way to give drama to the already dramatic without degrading it.

Viking Press has attempted to vitalize Audubon by the very techniques they used in *The World in Vogue* last

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year—cropping, bleeding plates over the edges of the page, silhouetting. The result is that the plates are only shreds and tatters of Audubon's monumental work. Many grotesque liberties have been taken with the original art, but I found particularly insensitive the cutting out of two squirrels from a painting and their superimposition. I maintain that Audubon is not *Vogue*, and that there is a dismal lack of taste when they are equated by the use of the same gimmicks.

The layout of the book is a study in disorder, and I offer some statistics. Of the first batch of eighteen snippings from Audubon's paintings, a mere three of the animals have any relation to the excerpts from his writings. And of the first ten excerpts from Audubon's writings, only three of the animal subjects are illustrated by plates in the book. This lack of common ground between excerpts and plates is even more lamentable when one realizes there is no excuse for it: there is a painting or sketch available for every bird or mammal Audubon ever gave more than passing mention to in his writings.

I am reminded of Jorge Borges's paradoxical story "Menard, Author of the *Quixote*," in which he maintains that each age involuntarily rewrites past masterpieces according to its own values. Alice Ford's painstaking but bloodless biography is characteristic of our age, which finds more appeal in the fact than in its significance. And Viking Press's streamlined treatment of Audubon has been published in the same year in which a World's Fair exhibit danced blue lights across Michelangelo's *Pietà*.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Lou Andreas Salomé—
"Adler tried to convert her."

The Doctors in Her Diary

The Freud Journal of Lou Andreas-Salomé, *translated by Stanley A. Leavy (Basic Books. 211 pp. $4.95), chronicles the early struggles of and clashes between the founding fathers of psychoanalysis. Richard Plant did his dissertation on Arthur Schnitzler, the Viennese psychiatrist and author, whose fictional characters often anticipated the findings of Freud.*

By RICHARD PLANT

GRADUALLY, that amazing personality of the early decades of our century, Lou Andreas-Salomé, seems to be gaining a measure of recognition. One biographical study has been published, a full-length biography is promised, and now we have this short diary of her association with Freud, Jung, Adler, Ferenczi, Rilke, Franz Werfel, Max Scheler, Richard Beer-Hoffmann, and others. For the uninitiated: Lou Salomé, born in Russia, was the author of novels, stories, essays, and memoirs. A devoted friend of Nietzsche, Freud, and Rainer Maria Rilke, she knew most of the leading writers and psychologists of her day. She became one of the first women practitioners of psychoanalysis. She possessed a wide-roaming intelligence, an amazing instinctual insight, a good sense of humor. That she was also a very attractive woman we can only guess from this journal: certainly, Adler was as jealous of her friendship with Freud as a high school senior discovering that his schoolmate has dated his best girl.

Among the best sketches in the journal is that of Rilke. Lou took the poet on two trips to Russia, when he was twenty-one and she about thirty-six, and their liaison endured many years. However, although he was plagued by what we would call psychosomatic disturbances, she would not analyze him because she feared she might destroy one of the centers from which his unique creativity flowed.

In Lou's diary we can trace, if somewhat haphazardly, the development of Freud's ideas on anxiety, bisexuality, displacement, anal fixation, and compulsive neurosis. From the journal there also emerges a much clearer picture of Freud's feuds with Adler, with a now-forgotten specialist named Tausk, and, of course, with his "son," Jung. For Lou, Adler became a sort of *bête noire*. She remarks rather curtly that he looked like a button and as if he had gotten stuck somewhere. Again and again, Adler tried to convert her to his theories of "organic inferiority," but Lou never entered his church.

On the contrary. During long walks she and Freud developed various theories on the functions and metamorphoses of the unconscious, on the odd part played by sexual neuroses (actually, they are a precautionary phenomenon), on alcoholism, on narcissism. Here we watch Freud in his "workshop," forever adapting his speculations to new facts revealed through his patients; we follow him as he explores the hypotheses he has published, abandoning some, adding to others, never content, always searching.

Freud held regular Wednesday meetings, gathering around him the founding fathers of psychoanalysis, yet we hear little of Rank or Reik and nothing of Ernest Jones. Of course, the journal is not a systematic study; rather, it is a sourcebook for those concerned with analysis, especially its early struggles, not least with the hostility, the stupidity of the medical profession of the period: some of the Viennese MDs walked out when Freud mentioned such problems as masturbation and sadism. Official Vienna around 1910 was as prudish as a small New England town.

Were it not a bit frivolous, one might say that it is at the same time fun, reading Lou's diary, to watch the play of Freud's mind. If only the journal's adaptor and translator, Dr. Stanley A. Leavy, had used a lighter touch. Written in a style that might be labeled "AMA Modern," his introduction is leaden, and occasionally censorious (he accuses Mrs. Andreas of "serial polyandry"); Dr. Leavy's notes are also inadequate, although he has worked hard.

Coming next week:

"The Challenge of Prosperity"

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. compassion. 2. polyglot. 3. hidden. 4. novice. 5. archaic. 6. thrifty. 7. presage. 8. apostate. 9. talk. 10. irate. 11. synergy. 12. foe. 13. transitory. 14. schism. 15. worship.

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The Empire Faded at Her Touch

Napoleon and Josephine: The Biography of a Marriage, *by Frances Mossiker (Simon & Schuster. 448 pp. $6.95), portrays the conqueror of Europe as the victim of a hopeless passion. J. H. Plumb is the author of "Men and Centuries."*

By J. H. PLUMB

THE STORY of Napoleon and Josephine has been told over and over again. Within the last decade new letters of Josephine have been discovered which have added fresh poignancy to Napoleon's unhappy situation, although they have not altered in any essential way what was already known of the burning, passionate, avaricious love that Napoleon felt for a lighthearted, mildly affectionate, adulterous woman. Napoleon himself described his love as "a kind of death."

A kind of death, because in its grip ambition, success, fame, the sense of power, even victory in battle faded to insignificance. To Napoleon they mattered not at all compared with his hopeless hunger for Josephine or with his urgent desire to make her understand and feel as he did. When he thought of her, the world died:

> "I am in a dreadful state of mind, and your conduct—but should I reproach you? No. Your conduct is as fate decrees it. So lovable, so beautiful, so sweet, how could you be . . . the instrument of my despair?"
>
> "When you write, dearest, assure me you realize that I love you beyond the limits of imagination, that every minute of my life is consecrated to you, that never an hour passes without thinking of you. . . ."

And so on. Napoleon concealed nothing, naïvely believing that the force of his love would compel love.

Nor was this just romantic love in a romantic age; it was as earthy and as passionate as Napoleon himself. He wanted every inch of Josephine, whose body he hungrily, repeatedly devoured with kisses. She merely thought him funny, and after their marriage would slip away to a *maison de convenance* or, heavily veiled, meet her love in the *louche* gardens of the Parc Monceau. Napoleon mildly frightened her, nothing more. His success meant more clothes, better houses, larger credit; she failed, for a time, to grasp its portentous dimensions. So Josephine pursued Hippolyte Charles, a feather-headed, sleek-thighed Hussar, full of the sexual self-confidence that Napoleon lacked. Of course Napoleon was told, of course he suffered intensely, of course time staunched the pain, and of course he took to mistresses.

But the tide turned against Josephine. For the wife of the First Consul, later the Empress, indiscretions were impossible; and the fear of what she might lose brought Napoleon the Emperor the authority he had failed to acquire as a lover. Anxiety and jealousy became Josephine's lot in life, yet they were far easier for her to bear than they had been for Napoleon, who could never tear out the roots of love that she had planted so deeply. He found it intolerably hard to divorce her, and behaved with remarkable generosity and constant affection. Indeed, in his relations with Josephine there is a sense of greatness, combined with a capacity for suffering, that give a humanity to Napoleon which he might otherwise lack.

Frances Mossiker has, wisely, confined herself to the story of Napoleon's courtship and marriage, relying as far as possible on letters and memoirs, quoting always with judgment and force. She herself writes perceptively and elegantly, and shows admirable insight into the vagaries of human character. Perhaps she is too kind to Josephine, heightening her sensibility and charm while gliding over her essential bitchiness. Still, this is one of the great love stories of the world; it will be told countless times, but rarely as well as here.

Writing in the Region of the Thaw

Half-Way to the Moon: New Writing from Russia, *edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 276 pp. $5.95), and* ***Soviet Russian Literature: Writers and Problems,*** *by Marc Slonim (Oxford. 365 pp. $7.50), offer glimpses of life in the USSR during the Khrushchev régime Maurice Friedberg, a professor at Hunter College, has written widely on Soviet literature.*

By MAURICE FRIEDBERG

PATRICIA BLAKE and Max Hayward have assembled in *Half-Way to the Moon* what is beyond doubt the best single volume of post-Stalin Russian writing available in English. Tireless observers of the Soviet literary scene, they have succeeded in retaining the sense of proportion and perspective that are so sorely lacking in many other anthologies. Thus, the two poets most generously represented are Andrei Voznesensky, probably the most talented and sophisticated of the young Soviet poets, and Yevgenii Yevtushenko, a lesser talent who is interesting chiefly for extraliterary reasons as an example of the mixture of rebellion and conformity that characterizes so much of the new generation of the Soviet intelligentsia; but, unlike other anthologies, this one gives the greater space to Voznesensky.

Similarly, the prose section of the book includes two of the finest short stories to emerge from the USSR in the last decade (Yurii Kazakov's Chekhovian "Adam and Eve" and Alexander Solzhenitsyn's moving "Matryona's Home"), as well as works whose primary value is that of social documentation (Bulat Okudzhava's "Good Luck, Schoolboy!," Victor Nekrasov's generally fair and perceptive travel impressions of Italy and the United States, and Vasilii Aksyonov's "Half-Way to the Moon," the story of a restless, mildly cynical Soviet youth). Patricia Blake's introduction combines excellent, often fascinating reportage with penetrating critical observations. Most of the translations successfully convey the flavor of the original Russian.

Marc Slonim is widely acknowledged as a gifted critic and essayist, but he lacks the patience and perseverance that are indispensable to the literary historian. The results are apparent in the present volume, as they were in Mr. Slonim's earlier works. *Soviet Russian Literature* is not a systematic exposition of the subject. It is not, to use professional jargon, good textbook material. It abounds in little errors of fact that reviewers for scholarly journals delight in disclosing (*e.g.*, Russia's book output in 1913 was 34,000 titles, not "some 20,000"; Gladkov's novel *Cement* was not translated into "all" languages of the Soviet Union); several quotations are inexact, obviously cited from memory; the transliteration system employed is terrible; some Rus-

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sian proper names are Anglicized and others, for no apparent reason, are not. The book ignores chronology and the almost canonical rules on the allocation of space to individual authors: thus Maxim Gorky, normally recognized as the "father" of Soviet literature, is not mentioned (presumably Mr. Slonim considers him pre-Soviet); and little is said about Osip Mandelshtam, one of Russia's greatest poets in this century.

But Mr. Slonim's weaknesses are also his strengths. By devoting comparatively slight attention to recitation of names, dates, and titles that appear to him to be of scant interest or significance, he retains polemical vigor. This approach results in a book that is committed to a definite point of view, a book "biased" in the best sense of the word—uneven, impressionistic, occasionally brilliant, abounding in astute observations condensed into brief, elegant sentences.

Mr. Slonim does not seem to share the widespread enthusiasm for some early Soviet prose, notably that of Isaac Babel, Vsevolod Ivanov, and Mikhail Zoshchenko. Somehow one also feels that in his heart he is no worshiper of Pasternak or of the post-Stalin writers. On the other hand, Mr. Slonim gives us a delightful essay on Alexei Tolstoy ("the master of the anecdote"), an excellent appraisal of Mikhail Prishvin ("the nature lover"), and fine portraits of the poet Nikolai Zabolotsky and of Alexander Grin, the author of endearing stories of a never-never land called "Grinland"—all of them writers little known in the West. Similarly rewarding is Mr. Slonim's spirited attack on Ehrenburg ("the master journalist"), whom he considers shallow and opportunistic, but whose intelligence and sophistication he recognizes.

The first point Mr. Slonim makes in his attempt to explode several myths surrounding Soviet literature is not likely to raise serious objections: "Although the young [Soviet] writers of the 1918-20 period felt like pioneers hewing logs for new dwellings in the wilderness, they were really putting up walls and laying roofs with the bricks and shingles left behind by their pre-revolutionary predecessors." Granted; nevertheless, the edifice they built was quite unlike the old structure.

Mr. Slonim's second observation is more controversial. He criticizes "the desire of Soviet historians to apply—quite gratuitously—the label of socialist realism to all works of merit published by quite diverse writers, regardless of the fact that each of them belonged to a different literary tradition." True, but it should be noted that the label is for the most part applied to works officially regarded as meritorious—sometimes for non-literary reasons. Mr. Slonim slights the fact that many literary trends have been suppressed as "alien" to the Soviet idea. Symbolism did not die a wholly natural death in the USSR; neither did Futurism; and the pseudo-realism that still flourishes there is not entirely sustained by artistic forces or, for that matter, public demand.

Mr. Slonim's third observation, recommending Tolstoy's *What Is Art* as "more enlightening for the understanding of Soviet literary criticism than the few pages of Marx, Engels, and Lenin" on the subject, is valid, but one must also mention the other radical critics of nineteenth-century Russia: Belinsky, Dobrolyubov, Chernyshevsky.

Nevertheless, like *Half-Way to the Moon*, this book offers a fascinating picture of what will, no doubt, be known in retrospect as the Khrushchev era of Soviet history.

India Through a Glass Darkly

Gods, Demons, and Others, *by R. K. Narayan (Viking. 241 pp. $6.50), attempts to illumine with fifteen stories drawn from the Ramayana, Mahabharata, and less familiar sources, the ingredients of Hindu tradition and values. Rosanne Klass, who wrote "Land of the High Flags: A Travel Memoir of Afghanistan," has long had an interest in Indian writing and especially the works of Mr. Narayan.*

By ROSANNE KLASS

CAN WE ever move emotionally into a world as different from our own as that of Hindu India? Can we ever begin to feel the culture as its own heritors feel it, to share—even briefly—their responses? There have been many attempts to open the door to this empathy by carrying to the West the great myths and legends that formulate and embody the traditions which have been throughout history the fountainhead of Indian thought and literature. None so far has totally bridged the gap.

Now the brilliant Indian novelist R. K. Narayan has turned his hand to the task, and it would be difficult to think of anyone more likely to succeed. Through his delightful novels Narayan has for years been bringing the world of South India to vivid life for an international as well as Indian audience. In *The Man-Eater of Malgudi* he tried, with some success, to convert the story-line of a familiar legend into the framework of a novel. Now, with *Gods, Demons, and Others,* he approaches his material directly as myth and legend, taking it straight from the mouth of the village storyteller who has transmitted these tales from generation to generation from their prehistoric origins to our own day.

The fifteen stories he has chosen, drawn of course from the two great epics —the Ramayana and the Mahabharata— but from less familiar sources too, illustrate many of the classic themes. They are accompanied by excellent brief introductory notes illuminating each story, a glossary, a pantheon of the gods mentioned, and an outline of the cosmogony of Hindu myth.

Narayan's narrative style is swift, firm, graceful, and lucid, and the light of his urbane humor plays across the tales he retells. As always, he can create a total scene in a sentence or two. Yet, for the first time in all his work, Mr. Narayan is speaking with a voice that we know to be foreign. Beyond the limits of the stories lies a whole world with vastly different values, which he can take for granted and we cannot, a world where (for example) gods must bargain with demons to whom they have granted fantastic powers. Gods? Demons? To our own civilization the very words signify good and evil, conceivably locked in a Manichaean struggle but hardly engaged in haggling over small favors. Again, when we read a story in which a woman considers immolating herself on her husband's funeral pyre, can we put aside our ingrained revulsion against self-destruction to view this as an act of virtue? Can we really participate in the emotions of the story itself, or feel the impact it was intended to convey?

Narayan has written an excellent book —thoroughly knowledgeable, skilful, entertaining. One could hardly hope for better. But the ultimate understanding would seem to be beyond achieving.

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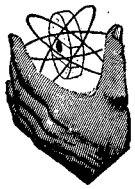
SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Journals • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: Our Weakness in Space

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

FLUORIDE AND CIVIL LIBERTY

TOWARD the close of the year 1963, *SR*'s science editor declared in this space his conviction that fluoridation of public drinking water as a means of controlling tooth decay was a violation of civil liberties guaranteed by the U. S. Constitution. He pleaded that the U. S. Public Health Service abandon its policy of encouraging this measure of compulsory medication. Strong objections to his position came from many proponents of fluoridation. Among other less pleasant epithets was this: *SR*'s science editor was an anachronism who should be removed from his editorial chair. Some asserted that no responsible segment of the medical profession would support his view.

Toward the close of the year 1964, there came to the science desk at *SR* a copy of Vol. XXIII, No. 3 of *The Massachusetts Physician*, a socio-economic journal which serves as bulletin board for meetings and other affairs of the Norfolk District of the Massachusetts Medical Society. The Norfolk District, with a membership around 1,000, is the largest unit of the state society. *The Massachusetts Physician* is edited by an independent board of practicing physicians headed by Carl Bearse, M.D., and is circulated among the membership of the Massachusetts Medical Society and medical doctors in New Hampshire and Vermont as well. Beginning on page 60 of Vol. XXIII, No. 3, the following remarks are headed CIVIL LIBERTIES:

"In a system of society where one man's rights might conflict with another's, individuals band together and vote or agree on what is best for the most. More complex systems of society lord over simpler groups so that the rights of one group do not infringe on the rights of another. The lower-level groups create the higher-level groups and allow them to operate for their own protection.

"This simple delegation of authority is lost sight of when top-echelon groups dictate to individuals or lower groups and avoid the chain of command. For instance, Congress might make laws governing the use of a river which flows through several states. It would not be proper, however, for Congress to force an individual to subscribe to city water service if he preferred to drive his own well. On the other hand, the individual's group (city) could rule that the location of that well be a safe distance from sewage, since disease could result that would affect the rights of others. The principle requires that regulations should operate at the lowest effective level.

"This being the case, the issue of fluoridation does not so much involve the mechanical limitations of flowmeters or the toxicity of a drug. It does involve the individual's right to take medication or not. With so much hue and cry about civil liberties in other situations, one wonders how the public can be so abject in accepting fluoridation. Even judges, who should know better, have ruled that they see no infringement on human rights in public fluoridation. They lose sight of the fact that they do not have a natural or acquired right to impose fluoridation on anyone, because failure to use fluoride does not infringe on anyone else's rights. The supposition that it is expedient, a good idea, effective or in great need has nothing to do with the concept of individual rights. . . .

"IF a child has scarlet fever, he is not obliged to take penicillin. He may be worse off without it, but the group (city) has no control over him whatsoever as long as he is not a menace to society by breaking quarantine. If a typhoid carrier refuses to have her gallbladder removed, she is a menace to society. But the group cannot legally tie her down and operate on her, although they could with more justification than fluoridating public waters. Unless government is aware of its proper function of protecting the rights of the group, instead of prescribing for the masses, we could with little stretch of the imagination have our drinking water supplemented by typhoid vaccine, polio vaccine, pituitary growth hormone, or reserpine. The use of iodine in the drinking water for goitrous districts is good, as far as accomplishing a big job by a simple means, but it is easy and possible for each individual to take iodine on his own initiative. Government is simply not endowed with the right to force it upon him. . . .

"This then is the delusion. Expediency is confused with obligation. . . . The distinction between what is an obligation of society to protect its members is confused with a paternalism which places the state in a position of authority instead of being a servant, as was originally intended. Examples of a police state are all around us, but we cannot imagine them as applying to us. . . .

"It would be far more in the public interest to interdict alcohol, tobacco, and rich foods than to impose fluoride on the masses. Since there are powerful money-eyed interests in opposition to this, no governing body has had the gall to try it. Fluoride can be administered by dentistry, tooth paste, with vitamin drops, or in gum. The individual could in this way take it or leave it. Legislators should encourage the use of fluoride by educational campaigns. The element of coercion should be removed. Education has been successful in polio and triple vaccine inoculation campaigns. Coercion invites opposition.

"The fact that we are in favor of fluoridation is beside the point."

ADVOCACY of the use of fluoride on such a footing is a wholly acceptable exercise in democratic process. It invites intelligent debate of the following problem: Fluoride is a poison which in at least one insecticidal compound cannot be found in a body by any now known chemical means one hour after it has caused death. How do we discover the subtle effects of repeated dosing with small amounts of it?

Today only a handful of researchers are studying the role of trace chemicals in biology. A major reason for the neglect is that trace elements are elusive; it takes a long time to track them down. Scientists so engaged can't write frequent reports for scientific journals. Since the number of reports a man publishes (not the value of their content) determines his rate of promotion in the scientific hierarchy, trace element study is left to the few truly dedicated men to whom truth is the meaning of life.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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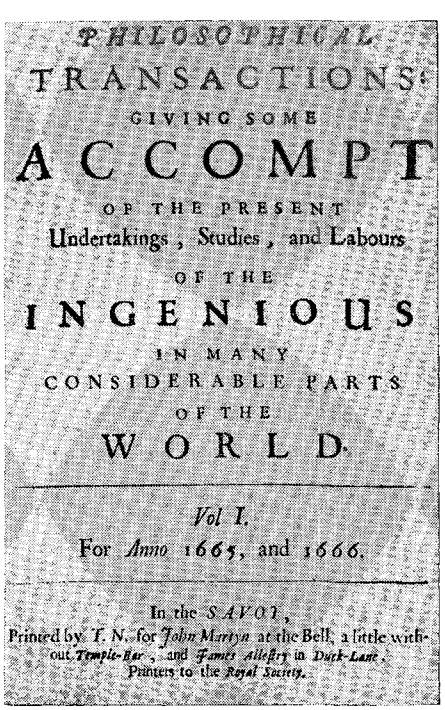
The Accumulation of Scientific Knowledge—I

300 YEARS OF STORING WORDS

WE do not know the precise date of the first scientific report. Early civilizations of China, India, Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia contributed to science and technology in several ways. But writings from such civilizations are difficult to evaluate since only fragments remain of many ancient herbals, papyri, and cuneiform clay tablets. In ancient Greece, the communication of scientific knowledge was largely oral, because of the scarcity of written scrolls.

Successful printing from movable type by Gutenberg about 1455 was highly significant in the dissemination of knowledge. This event was a prerequisite to the wide circulation of scholarly writing, because it provided for the first time multiple copies of manuscripts in the form of books.

Owing to intellectual, economic, social, and technological advances in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a literate and leisured class arose in Europe. During these times "natural philosophers" began to advocate the scientific method of inquiry and the direct observation of nature. Francis Bacon, for example, felt scholars were placing too much emphasis on fixed ideas, and he recognized the need of "minds washed clear of prejudices and preconceptions" when he said: "We are not to imagine or to suppose, but to *discover,* what nature does or may be made to do."


PHILOSOPHICAL
TRANSACTIONS:
GIVING SOME
ACCOMPT
OF THE PRESENT
Undertakings, Studies, and Labours
OF THE
INGENIOUS
IN MANY
CONSIDERABLE PARTS
OF THE
WORLD.
Vol. I.
For *Anno* 1665, and 1666.
In the SAVOY,
Printed by *T. N.* for *John Martyn* at the Bell, a little without *Temple-Bar*, and *James Allestry* in *Duck-Lane*:
Printers to the *Royal Society*.

—*Library of Congress.*

First science journal in English.

René Descartes went even further in discarding teachings transmitted from the ancient world. He recommended "the methodic doubt of everything . . . and to start again with thyself asking questions and looking for explanations that can be proved." People with intellectual curiosity were intrigued by this concept, and other similar teachings, and they began to devote their leisure time to the critical examination of ideas. Scholars soon realized, however, that the *search for truth* was not merely a superficial term, but rather an actual experience in life. As a result, they sharpened their powers of observation and began to experiment extensively on nature. Such activity stimulated the development of science, and this immediately led to the problem of exchanging new scientific knowledge.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, written scientific communication was primarily through books and gazettes. Soon there arose in science, however, this important formula: One experiment or observation equals one communication or publication. This formula was of significance because it meant that current methods of publication were inadequate. The characteristic book was inappropriate for presenting the results of one new experiment or observation, because an author had to wait until he accumulated several results before he could justify publication. Even so, many single observations or discoveries continued to be published in the form of separate booklets or pamphlets. William Harvey's great work on the circulation of blood, for example, appeared as a seventy-two-page booklet in 1628. The early gazettes or newspapers consisted mainly of reports from so-called intelligence offices, and they were not suitable for transmitting scientific information.

Because Bacon and others advocated that the experimental method could best be promoted by the corporate action of natural philosophers, frequent informal and sometimes secret meetings of men of science were held between 1600 and 1650 in various centers of Europe. These assemblies (sometimes referred to as the "invisible college") were soon to lead to the founding of many great scientific academies and societies. The results of the experiments and discussions, and the other events of philosophical and political importance in the early meetings, were frequently recorded. Copies of the records were then sent as letters to friends engaged in similar activities in other centers. Communication in all countries at that time was facilitated by Latin, the international language of the learned. But the vernacular was also coming into use.

By 1660 the men of science recognized that they were dependent on private correspondence to keep abreast of the new knowledge being discovered throughout the world. Many invitations were extended among inquisitive colleagues to exchange ideas through letters. For example, the first letter book of The Royal Society contains a letter dated 22 July 1661 by the president, Sir Robert Moray, who was writing to Paris about the interchange of scientific information. This interesting letter describes so exactly the situation of science in the middle seventeenth century that it is worthy of reading by all persons interested in the history of science.

Sir Robert found that his correspondence required much time and energy. In a letter of August 27, 1661 to Christian Huygens in Holland, he expressed the need of some aid in his work. At the same time, he may have been introducing the idea of a journal when he said:

> "It will be impossible for me to inform you, by letter, of all the particulars that have occurred. But I believe from time to time we shall print what passes among ourselves, at least everything that may be published. Then you shall have copies among the first, and if there is something withheld from publication, it will be much easier for me to communicate it to you, than to send you word of everything by letters."

When Henry Oldenburg was elected secretary (jointly at first with John Wilkins) to The Royal Society in April 1663, he relieved Robert Moray of much of the letter writing. In fact, Oldenburg began extensive correspondence with philosophical and curious persons in all parts of the world: Huygens, Leeuwenhoek, Leibnitz, Malpighi, Redi, and Spinoza in Europe; Governor Winthrop

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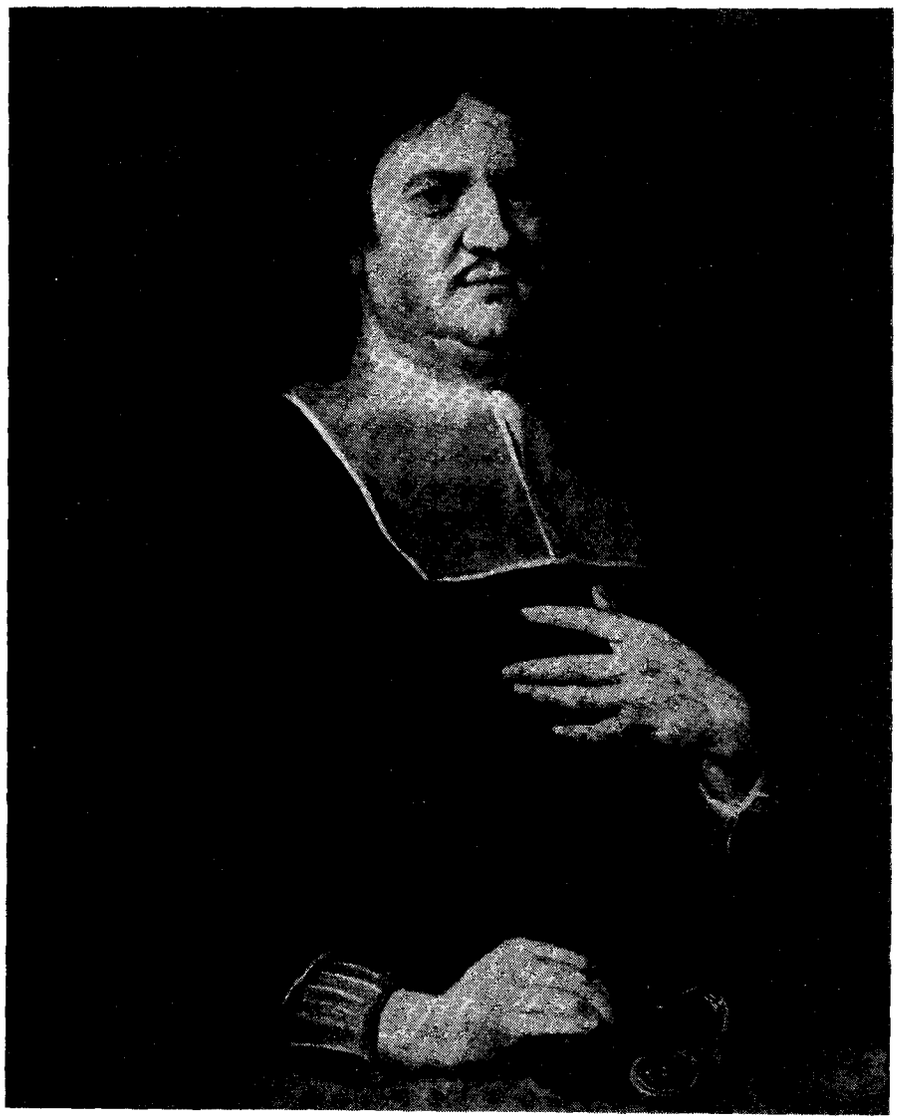
of Connecticut; and Boyle, Halley, Hooke, Lister, Newton, and Wren in England. In describing his duties, Oldenburg wrote that his correspondence "employs a great deal of time and [that he] takes great pains to satisfy foreign demands about philosophical matters, [and to] disperse far and near . . . directions and inquiries for the Society's purpose. . . ."

Within the year the work became so heavy that Oldenburg also needed assistance with his foreign correspondence, and arrangements were made to establish a committee for correspondence. In August 1664, Oldenburg wrote Robert Boyle, who was living in Oxford at the time:

> "On Friday last our committee for correspondence met the first time at Mr. Povey's where we were sorry to be without you, and without your queries for Guinea. . . . General inquiries were drawn up, serving for all parts of the world, and authors were distributed among the members of the committee, to be perused for the collecting thence particular inquiries for particular countries. This was our entertainment above ground: I leave you to guess what our correspondence and entertainment was underground in the grotto, and near . . . so many dozens of wine bottles of all kinds."

COMMUNICATION by letter simplified the spelling and form of many words and phrases in use at that time, and the letters provided records of scientific experiments. But just as the book was inadequate for publishing the results of one scientific experiment, so it was soon realized that correspondence among small groups was not ideal for the rapid and widespread dissemination of new ideas and knowledge. Many letters were personal, and they were not sent usually to people who would criticize or debate their contents. As a result, unsound theories were frequently not disputed or rejected for some time. Because questions of priority often arose between two men, or among groups of scientists, ciphers or systems of shorthand were devised by some to maintain secrecy. The answer to the defects in handwritten correspondence became clear to several people. The printing press had rendered the making of books in quantity a simple matter. Now these same presses could save time and labor by printing multiple copies of letters for wide distribution.

In 1663 François Mézeray, historian to the French king, took out a privilege or letters patent for a literary-scientific periodical; the plans for this publication are described in the handwritten papers of Mézeray, which are on file in the Department of Manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Nationale. Mézeray's publication was not to include political records, but only current news in most of the fields of interest to cultured men: archeology, arts, literature, sciences, and trades. This project was never realized for several reasons, but it did mark the first concrete proposal in Europe for a device to aid scholars in keeping up with new scientific events. The need for the learned periodical was at hand, and it was inevitable that such a publication would soon be brought into existence.



—*The Royal Society.*

Henry Oldenburg, first editor of a science journal in English.

On July 26, 1664 Pierre Perrier (Marquis de Crenan), a colleague of the great French mathematician and philosopher Pascal, wrote the following postscript on a letter to Huygens in Holland:

> "M. de Sallo, Counselor of the Court of Parliament, desires to have correspondence throughout Europe in order to learn of new events, as much as in affairs of State as in matters of science. He has asked me to write you requesting your approval for an exchange of news to this end; he is a person of merit, and of consideration."

Sallo was an unusual and ingenious person. He belonged to the group of learned men of the time who were thoroughly in sympathy with dispelling superstition and intolerance. He kept two scriveners or copyists working constantly, transcribing the most remarkable passages he encountered in his reading. He formed extensive anthologies and arranged the material so he could find quickly information on any desired subject. He conceived the idea that by publishing his material he might do for the public what he was doing for himself. The scheme to publish a weekly journal was submitted to Colbert, the controller-general of finances under Louis XIV. Colbert and others hailed the idea.

On August 8, 1664 a privilege was signed for *Le journal des sçavans* (Journal of Learned Men) at Fontainebleau, and this was followed by the announcement of the publication in various circles throughout Europe. Sallo's privilege was

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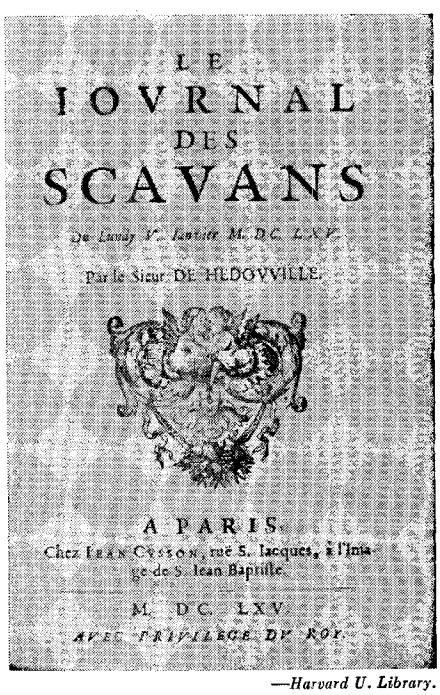
registered 30 December 1664 and reads as follows:

> "Today a privilege has been presented to us, obtained by Sir Denis de Sallo, Counselor in the Court of Parliament, for the printing of the *Journal des Sçavans*: granted for twenty years; dated from 8 August 1664 and signed by Pecquot: The above privilege was handed over by Sir De Sallo to Jean Cusson, Bookseller, by today's act."

The first weekly issue of the *Journal* was published 5 January 1665; it consisted of twenty pages, and it contained ten articles, letters, and notes. The purpose of the *Journal* was well stated in the address of the printer to the reader in the first issue. It proposed (i) to catalogue and to give useful information on books published in Europe; (ii) to print necrologies of famous persons and summarize their works; (iii) and, most significant for us, to make known experiments in physics, chemistry, and anatomy that may serve to explain natural phenomena, to describe useful or curious inventions of machines, and to record meteorological data; (iv) to cite the principal decisions of civil and religious courts and censures of universities; and finally (v) to transmit to readers all worthy current events.

Sallo retained his right to the publication of the *Journal* under the assumed name of de Hedouville. According to several historians, this was the name of a small piece of land that Sallo owned in Normandy; but, according to others, it was the name of his servant, who was also called Germain.

Sallo claimed that the "*Journal* was invented for the relief of those either too indolent or too occupied to read whole books" and that "It is a means of satisfying curiosity and becoming learned with little trouble." Several of Sallo's friends helped review and edit the new *Journal*, and they spent much time discussing natural philosophy as they worked. This new periodical grew in popularity throughout Europe.


LE
IOVRNAL
DES
SCAVANS
Par le Sieur DE HEDOVVILLE.
A PARIS.
M. DC. LXV.
AVEC PRIVILEGE DV ROY.

—*Harvard U. Library.*

First science journal in French.

The more popular the *Journal* became with the general public, the more it was censored without discretion by the authorities. After three months (thirteen numbers), because of the severe criticism, the *Journal* was suppressed, and Sallo's privilege was withdrawn. Publication was soon resumed (January 4, 1666) under the direction of l'Abbe Gallois, one of Sallo's collaborators. Reprint editions were also published for awhile in Holland (1665-1792) and in Germany (1667-1671). After several irregular periods of publication during the next 150 years, the *Journal* was reorganized in 1816 (as *Journal des Savants*); it continues today as one of the leading literary journals in Europe.

At the time *Le journal des sçavans* was being established in France, plans were underway in England to publish a somewhat different type of periodical. Moray, Boyle, Hooke, Oldenburg, and others discussed this matter for some time. They concluded that a more truly scientific periodical was needed, excluding legal and theological matters, but including especially the accounts of experiments conducted before the Society. Finally, the Council of The Royal Society ordered on March 1, 1664-5: ". . . that the *Philosophical Transactions*, to be composed by Mr. Oldenburg, be printed the first Monday of every month, if he has sufficient matter for it, and that the Tract be licensed by the Council of the Society, being first reviewed by some of the members of the same. . . ."

In conformity with this order the first issue of the *Transactions* appeared on Monday, March 6, 1665. It consisted of sixteen pages, and it contained a dedication to The Royal Society, an introduction, nine articles, and a listing of certain important philosophical books.

In the early years the *Transactions* faced many perils. Because plague was prevalent in London during 1664-1665 there was a great exodus of people from the city. This severely handicapped all forms of business, and especially the sale of the *Transactions*, which did not cater to the interests of a widespread public audience. Further problems arose when the Great London Fire swept the city in September 1666, destroying back issues of the *Transactions* in storage at stationers.

At first the direction, composition, and publication of the *Transactions* were entrusted to Mr. Oldenburg; not until the forty-seventh volume in 1753 did this serial become the official publication of The Royal Society. This great publication has survived for 300 years, with only a short period (1676-1683) of dormancy. During this time its volumes have contained some of the most illustrious scientific papers published anywhere.

BEFORE moving on, I wish to speak briefly about and pay respects to Henry Oldenburg, the first editor of a truly scientific journal. Oldenburg, who sometimes signed his name anagrammatically as *Grubendol*, was a theologian, statesman and diplomat, man of letters, and a natural philosopher. He went to London from Bremen in 1653 to negotiate a treaty with Cromwell in the war between England and Holland. This mission was accomplished. Soon after arriving in London, Oldenburg became a close friend of Milton, Pepys, and other distinguished scholars of the day. Because of certain events, he began to devote himself to the "new experimental learning" with the cherished "belief that the world was not too old or the living race too exhausted to bring forth something new." After he became secretary to The Royal Society he donated so much time to the organization that he encountered difficulty earning a good living, and he suffered many hardships. When the council of the Society authorized him to publish the *Transactions* in 1664, it was intended that revenue from sales would pay for his gratuitous services. But the net profit never amounted to more than forty pounds a year. Because of his extensive foreign correspondence during the trade war with the Dutch he excited suspicion of the English court, and for a while he was imprisoned in the Tower of London. His latter days were embittered by a disagreement with his colleague, Robert Hooke, who complained because the *Transactions* had not done justice to Hooke's invention of the hairspring for pocket watches.

Oldenburg's *Transactions* and Sallo's *Journal* served as two distinct models for all subsequent scientific periodicals. The *Transactions* became the standard for publications of academies and societies that promoted experimental science throughout the world.

I do not wish to tire those of you who are filled with the wonders of the present with further details about journals of the past. Rather, I want to bring you up to date quickly by indicating that, beginning with 1665 and continuing until today, the growth of scientific periodicals has been exponential, with the number of primary journals doubling every eighteen to twenty years. Estimates on the number of scientific and technical serial journals in the world today range from

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25,000 to 100,000. The most reliable study on this subject shows 35,300 current periodicals. To this number, however, may be added approximately 8,000 technical reports of government and commerce, and 9,000 to 11,000 house organs and related publications which usually do not contain material of primary nature. The scientific and technical literature of the world is published currently in over sixty languages.

Supposedly, there are about 3,000,000 scientists and technologists in the world today (at least we know there are approximately 1,000,000 in the United States). Estimates are that this number will increase ten to fifteen times by the end of the century. But if it now takes 35,000 periodicals to provide publication outlets for 3,000,000 scientists and technologists, then it is conceivable that ten times as many workers may require 350,000 journals. It is futile to estimate the number of articles, or the new information, appearing in a third of a million journals. How can scientists, librarians, and others cope with this tremendous increase in the scientific literature?

Studies indicate that the average scientist reads with comprehension at a speed of 200 to 300 words a minute. Reading as slowly as he does in his own field, the scientist can hardly make a dent in his "required reading" these days, to say nothing about future requirements if we think in terms of one-third million journals.

We have reached a period in science somewhat similar to that encountered by our colleagues of 300 years ago. Creative and inventive minds must now discover new methods for coping with the scientific literature. If this is not done, science will face a real crisis within a generation and may suffocate from its own immense production.

—J. R. PORTER
in *Bacteriological Reviews*,
Vol. 28, No. 30.

The author of the report above is Professor of Microbiology at the College of Medicine, State University of Iowa, and president of the American Society for Microbiology. The text reproduced here was excerpted from his presidential address of 1964, originally printed in "Bacteriological Reviews" and reprinted in SR with the permission of the copyright owner, the American Society for Microbiology. Several years of work went into preparation of this 300th birthday commemoration by Professor Porter, whose interest in scientific journals was stimulated by a decade of service as editor-in-chief of the "Journal of Bacteriology." For a more extensive account, he commends to readers the Scarecrow Press book, "History of Scientific Periodicals," by David A. Kronick.

The Accumulation of Scientific Knowledge—II

STORING SPARKS TOMORROW

When scientists turned to the printed page as a receptacle for the information they collected about their experiments and, incidentally, about themselves, they had to begin elimination of confusion by agreeing on standards of phraseology, page format, fonts of type, and mathematical symbols. As they turn today to the practice of storing data in smaller space in the form of numbers reduced to electrical sparks and set down magnetically on memory tapes of computers, the old problem of confusion arises again. Below the chief executive of one of the best known computer builders, David Sarnoff of Radio Corporation of America, defines the new situation and suggests a solution.

NEITHER the operators nor the machines we have built for the processing and transmission of information can yet speak to each other in a commonly understood and accepted language. The means of preparing data, of forwarding and entering data in the machine, and of instructing the machine in its use differ sufficiently from one make of equipment to the next so that none can readily accept the product of another.

We function today in a technological Tower of Babel. There are, by conservative count, more than 1,000 programming languages. And there are languages within languages—in one instance, twenty-six dialects, and in another, thirty-five dialects. There are eight computer word lengths in use. There are hundreds of character codes in being, at a ratio of one code for every two machines marketed. Four magnetic tape sizes are employed with at least fifty different tape tracks and codes.

Standards have not been accepted even for commonly used symbols, instruction vocabulary, or program development procedures. Words which have currency throughout the industry assume different meanings, depending on whether a man has trained in Pasadena, Poughkeepsie, or Camden. We have yet to produce a universally accepted computer glossary.

No means have yet been perfected for a program in one basic language to be run efficiently into computers of different makes. The result has been needless duplication, delay, and waste—both to the manufacturer and to the user—in cost, in equipment, in operating efficiency, and in manpower and skills.

Incompatibility has compelled the manufacturer to build optional choices into peripheral equipment for the input and output of data. It has required him to maintain various types of the same equipment, or to build to a customer's specifications on each order. It has diverted needed engineering and programming talent from the vital work of new product and systems development.

The burden of incompatibility has been even more onerous to the user. It has meant the extra cost of providing hardware and programs to handle the differences between incompatible systems, the cost of extra machine time to process data set for another computer, the cost of training people to do things differently, the cost of not being able to do the job immediately.

Last year, an estimated $2,000,000,000 was spent by American business and government for privately developed computer programs, representing thousands of man-years of effort. Yet, when a change to new equipment is made, portions of this effort must be thrown away because they have no validity to another make of machine, or they are retrievable only at further cost.

I have heard it said that even a degree of standardization and compatibility might inhibit the progress of the art. In my judgment, this argument is without substance. The nature of a computer is such that its operation is governed far less by its internal construction than by the program that is given to it.

The effort to bring order to the flow of computer intelligence need not affect competition either in creating programs or in seeking new generations of increasingly efficient machines. On the contrary, the result could be a greater concentration of effort toward this primary goal.

—DAVID SARNOFF
in *The Promise and Challenge of the Computer* (1964 Fall Joint Computer Conference).

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OUR WEAKNESS IN SPACE

By FRANK DRAKE

THE AUTOMATIC spaceship Mariner 4 is well started on the way from earth to Mars. If it holds to its present course, the ship will sail between the two planets, at a distance of 5,400 miles from the southern hemisphere of Mars, in mid-July 1965. If all the instruments aboard perform according to instruction, nine different scientific observations will be taken simultaneously. Eight of the nine will give simple "yes," "no," or "I count this many" answers to questions previously posed. These will affirm or deny what scientists already believe to be true about Mars. So all will add something to current understanding of Mars. But it is the ninth instrument that promises the greatest potential excitement of the Mariner 4 voyage. It is the only one possessed of great versatility in detection of the unexpected.

This ninth instrument has the function of the human eye. It is a TV camera. During the half hour of Mariner 4's closest approach to Mars, the TV eye will record what it sees for eventual transmission to earth.

Readers of *SR* have studied in these pages some stunning examples of Ranger 7's brilliant TV picture-taking mission on the moon last summer. In about fifteen minutes—half the time allotted to Mariner 4's TV assignment—4,316 photographs were snapped and returned home. In the clearest of them, objects only three feet in size were visible.

Now fair allowance must be made for the fact that Mariner 4 will snap its photos of Mars while passing thousands of miles from the surface of Mars, whereas Ranger 7 did its lunar picture-taking en route to a crash landing on the moon. Furthermore, Mars will be 150,000,000 miles away from earth next July while the moon was only 238,000 miles away from earth when Ranger 7 landed. Nevertheless, it is disappointing to discover that the best we can expect from Mariner 4, with twice the exposure time of Ranger 7, is a total of twenty-two photographs, none intended to show any detail of the Martian scene sharper than details of the moon's face now revealed in pictures taken through the strongest earthbound telescopes.

The prospect is especially frustrating because we now actually possess the practical means of obtaining pictures of Mars with clarity equal to that of the Ranger 7 pictures of the moon.

Why aren't we going to get them?

The answer is that we lack a reasonable system of interplanetary expense accounting, derived from the principle that the one meaningful purpose behind exploration of the space beyond our home planet is acquisition of knowledge.

Spending for design and construction of ever more powerful rockets for exploratory voyages makes sense only insofar as the rockets can gather proportionately more knowledge recoverable by man.

Our recent preoccupation with the moon has obscured this fundamental truth. The moon is so close to us that communication of data has never been a serious problem. Our signal transmission and reception devices are, in fact, capable of handling information that cannot yet be obtained from the moon because our rockets are not yet sufficiently powerful. It would, for example, be possible to transmit consecutive TV pictures of the entire equatorial circumference of the moon—if we had rockets with enough thrust to enter the lunar neighborhood and then maneuver into orbit around the moon in a plane suitable to the equatorial picture sequence.

As our spaceships venture farther from home, however, the situation changes. The same rocket that reaches the moon can carry the same payload to Mars with only nine per cent more push. Though similar proportions might be expected to hold in the sending of news from the spaceship back to earth, they actually do not. The messages weaken according to the square of the distance. Thus, when Mariner 4 passes Mars next July, the Mariner will be 570 times farther from earth than Ranger 7 was when the Ranger met the moon. But the radio signals from Mariner 4 at that point in space and time will, because of the inverse square law, be 325,000 times fainter than were the signals Ranger 7 sent from the moon.

An obvious solution to this communication problem would be to step up the power of the radio transmitter aboard Mariner 4. However, the Mariner's present transmitter weighs 300 pounds and accounts for half the total weight of the spacecraft. Mariner's scientific instruments, on the other hand, weigh only sixty pounds. To make room for a radio big enough to compensate for the signal attentuation would be impossible . . . even a trivially modest increase in transmitter would require serious reduction or perhaps even abandonment of the observing devices, the source of the messages, the justification for the voyage.

An alternate solution to the communication problem can be explained by a close analogy. Suppose you are listening to someone speak in a language with which you are only mildly conversant. If sentences are rapidly rattled off, the slurring of the words, the hissing of the voice, the clickings of the tongue against the teeth, the redundant parts of speech all clutter the context of the message. But if the speaker enunciates each word

—Cornell.

THE WRITER OF THE ACCOMPANYING CRITIQUE of interplanetary exploration is, while still in his early thirties, one of the most famous astronomers alive. Though best known as originator of Project Ozma, the first try at communication with intelligent life on the planets of stars other than the sun, Frank Drake is no wild-eyed irresponsible. He has been head of the telescope operations division of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, W. Va., and chief of the lunar and planetary sciences section of California Institute of Technology's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. He is now Associate Professor of Astronomy at Cornell University, a member of the astronomy center Cornell runs in partnership with the University of Sydney in Australia, and a member of the astronomical facilities panel of the National Academy of Sciences committee on science and public policy.

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slowly, the difficulty in understanding disappears.

The same phenomenon occurs in transmission of radio messages. The faster messages are sent, the larger grows the number of different wave lengths conveying them, and the more noise is introduced. When the rate of speed of transmission is reduced, the number of message carrying wave lengths is fewer, allowing the information content of the waves to stand out more clearly against the surrounding noise. In other words, the slower the data travels, the easier it is to read.

THIS technique of conveying information very slowly will be used in transmission of Mariner 4's TV pictures of Mars. Since there is no way to reduce the number of picture elements, or spots of light and shade, beyond a certain minimum without destroying the informative value of the picture, Mariner 4 will actually record 250,000 bits of data for each photograph. These bits will be put on magnetic tape at the rate of 10,700 per second. The record on the tape will later be played back to earth at the rate of 8.33 bits per second, so that reproduction of each picture will occupy eight hours and twenty minutes. If Mariner 4 were to transmit nothing but pictures (in reality, much other data also must be sent), the process would fill every available minute for more than ten days.

All of this week-and-a-half's work could be packed into one photograph of quality comparable to that of the pictures Ranger 7 radioed from the moon. But suppose that one photo turned out to cover a region of Mars outside the sunlit region, or covered by clouds, or just plain uninteresting! The chances of disappointment inherent in such a one-shot gamble would seem excessive. The alternate risk of taking a score of pictures of lesser quality offers some statistical insurance that at least a few of them will provide interesting though unclear details.

I believe I have established the point that the plans for Mariner 4's voyage—a very expensive scientific expedition—were controlled not by the scientific requirements, or by the ability of the spaceship to carry the necessary photographic equipment (a more powerful telescopic lens and a device to compensate for image motion, both of acceptable weight, would be enough to produce TV pictures of Ranger 7 clarity), or by ability to launch and guide the spaceship. The design of Mariner's key experiment was dominated by feeble communication between Mariner 4 and earth.

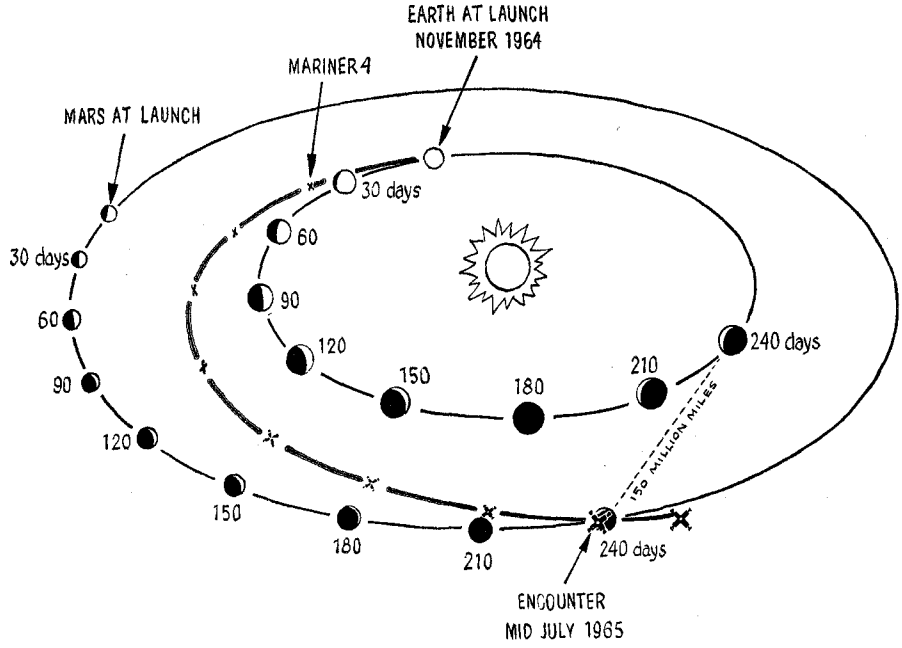
If acquisition of knowledge had been the foremost determinant, Mariner 4 would have been assured full opportunity to return a great amount of data. Certainly some experiments can be so designed as to permit transmission of results in short and simple form. These include measurements of magnetic field, temperature, pressure, and cosmic radiation. But these experiments ask specific questions of nature—the answers to which we already glimpse. The more interesting problems of science are always the ones in which we hardly know what to expect; to solve them, we must collect a great deal of data in order to be sure we have the full story. For example: What is the structure of the surface of Mars? What is its chemical composition? Does life exist on Mars; if it does, what is its nature?

TO answer such questions, we must examine Mars with high-resolution TV, automated microscopes, and general purpose infrared and X-ray spectographs. All these instruments acquire large quantities of data, much of which is worthless but some of which is priceless. Consider the millions of bits of information in the thousands of pictures Ranger 7 sent back, showing only barren landscape on the moon. Then suddenly, in one corner of a few pictures, a huge rock mass appeared in a crater. Here is a vital clue to understanding of the moon. It was an unexpected thing in a sea of monotony.

The present moment is a most appropriate time for discussion of this matter. For although the era of interplanetary exploration was opened by Mariner 2's trip to Venus in 1962, only with the voyage of Mariner 4 do we begin to extend the range of man's reaching outward from the sun. It is on Mars, more than anywhere else in the solar system (and less so on Venus) that we may expect to find another world most like our own. It is there we will find what twists of fate, what peculiarities of the laws of physics and chemistry, what bizarre events in the history of the solar system, shaped other worlds. From this, we will come to understand our own world, which in itself does not provide enough ready evidence to elucidate clearly its own past. On Mars, Venus, and Jupiter (and not on the moon) we will find an atmosphere, and will be able to study the many consequences of atmospheric influence on the planet, the effect on the chemical evolution of the outer planetary layers, the results of uninterrupted shielding of the surface of the planet against usually destructive ultraviolet light and cosmic rays.

Of paramount importance is the nature of life to be found there, or, if there be no life, the nature of any biologically relevant materials whose chemical structure, abundance, and location will tell us how life develops on a planet or why life will not develop.

It is quite possible that, because of its small mass (one-half the mass of the earth) Mars does not have enough gravitational pull to hold a suitable atmosphere for chemical evolution to occur. Thus it may be necessary to go on out to Jupiter (or perhaps back to Venus) to find what really happened on the primitive earth. Jupiter today still possesses an atmosphere which we believe is quite similar to that of the early days of earth,



—*Doug Anderson, following* NASA *sketches.*

THE TIMETABLE FOR MARINER 4's VOYAGE from planet earth to planet Mars is set forth in the diagram above. Originally set to pass 8,600 miles from the surface of Mars, the Mariner's course was corrected en route to swing within 5,400 miles of Mars. At the time of the Mariner's closest approach, Mars will be 150,000,000 miles away from earth.

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before the free oxygen that supports life generally today became plentiful. It's in an atmosphere like Jupiter's, containing large quantities of hydrogen, methane, ammonia, and other compounds still represented in the earth's atmosphere, that chemical reactions which eventually lead to living things are thought to take place.

If we must go to Jupiter for the basic data about life's remote beginnings, the radio messages from there will be ten times fainter than messages from Mars. So the argument with which I shall conclude this paper becomes even more cogent.

Every new planet we explore will first have to be approached by unmanned landers. As these spaceships penetrate the atmosphere of a planet, we will need to know everything that is happening: how hot the ship is, what air resistance it is experiencing, and what can be seen below the ship as it descends. All this data should be received on earth as soon as it's acquired. Otherwise, the information may be lost in some unexpected catastrophe. Only if we have the information in hand can we learn how to do better the next time if a catastrophe does occur.

Our present inability to accomplish "live" data transmission is already jeopardizing plans for landings on Mars in 1969 and later—landings that are in every other way feasible.

Has the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, in its headlong race against the Soviets to the moon, developed a form of tunnel vision in which rocket power is an obsession, blotting out proper consideration of other key aspects of space exploration? Certainly it can be argued that NASA has not carefully designed the over-all planetary exploration program. NASA has failed to analyze every project with the goal in mind of acquiring the maximum amount of scientifically pertinent data at the lowest cost. Such analyses should be carefully made to seek the optimum combination of rocket, spacecraft, and communication system which best achieves this goal.

As obvious as this seems, the situation with Mariner 4 leads to the conclusion that the proper optimization has been badly missed. The neglected component in the formula is the radio communication system. Earlier in these pages it was demonstrated that an increase in radio power on the spacecraft is not a good solution because that would entail unacceptable reduction in the scientific observing instruments aboard. There is no such limitation on the radio receiving facilities back here on earth, the so-called Deep Space Net.

The Net presently consists essentially of three 85-foot diameter radio telescopes located near Goldstone, California; Woomera, Australia; and Johannesburg, South Africa. At least one of the three will always have a spacecraft in view. There are two spares at Goldstone. These instruments have been so highly developed that they can detect weak signals better than any similar large parabolic antennas in the world. The personnel at California Institute of Technology's Jet Propulsion Laboratory who operate these listening stations for NASA manifestly excel in a field where there is very enlightened competition from some of the most clever members of the scientific world.

BUT no amount of skill can make an antenna seem appreciably larger. And the stark reality is that the data which can be recovered from a planetary explorer is directly proportional to the energy collecting area of these ground antennas of the Deep Space Net. These antennas contain a total of a few hundred square yards of collecting area, about the same size as a tennis court. With this one set of disproportionately small electronic "ears," we are gathering the information relayed back to us by many hundreds of millions of dollars worth of lunar and planetary spacecraft.

This procedure would be irreproachable if the space exploration system were optimized in the forementioned sense—if, in fact, diverting more funds to the Deep Space Net would so reduce the capabilities of the space vehicles that a net loss in data would occur. But even the crudest economic analysis shows this is not the case. A gross inequity exists.

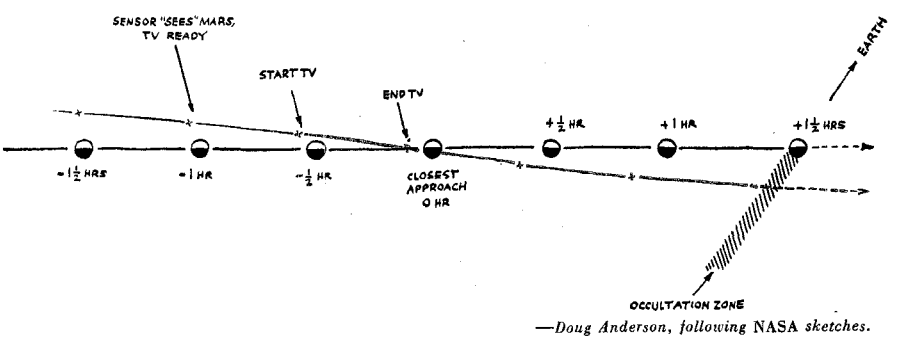
Each of the 85-foot antennas costs $1,000,000, according to JPL. (They could presently be duplicated for about $700,000.) Thus the total capital investment in the Deep Space Net antennas is $3,000,000. True, there are other costs, such as electronics and buildings, which total $15,000,000, and operating costs which JPL has estimated will add $30,000,000 more over a period of ten years. But these latter costs do not depend on the size of the antenna and do not influence the amount of data the net can recover from a spacecraft. One may note already a serious imbalance here—$45,000,000 might be spent to utilize $3,000,000 worth of antennas. Yet it is the antennas alone on which the data recovered depends. The $3,000,000 is by far the most relevant figure.

It is hard to say precisely what the optimum relative allocation of effort in space exploration should be, but we are clearly far from it. As an example, it would be possible to double the funds provided for Deep Space Net antennas and yet reduce the funds available for space vehicles in the next ten years by perhaps as little as one per cent. The total data accrued would be nearly doubled because of the direct dependence of the data acquisition on the collecting area of the Deep Space Net. Mariner 4, for instance, could handle twice as many TV pictures or the same number of twice-as-good pictures. It is not unreasonable to think that the appropriate increase in resources allotted to the Deep Space Net would be by a factor of more than ten but probably less than one hundred.

Some improvement in the Deep Space Net has already been undertaken. A year ago construction was started at Goldstone of a 210-foot antenna costing about $12,000,000. This antenna, due to be completed in 1965, will increase our data capacity six times, which is still far from enough. Presumably the 210-footer will be matched in time at the two other Deep Space Net installations.

Further development of the Deep Space Net is tenable only if additional resources will lead to proportionately greater antenna collecting area. There is a real problem here. If we think in terms of building ever bigger parabolic antennas, we soon reach a point of rapidly diminishing returns. Single antennas much larger than 210 feet become inordinately expensive. Cost analyses indicate that the price rises quite accurately as the cube of the antenna diameter.

Does this mean that additional support for the Deep Space Net might really be ineffectual? Experience justifies a negative answer to the question. For some years, radio astronomers have been searching out ways to circumvent the inevitable cube law in antenna costs.



—*Doug Anderson, following NASA sketches.*

Approach path of Mariner 4 to Mars, showing TV observation interval.

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A workable and in many ways desirable solution has been found. As one might guess, it is the aggregation of large collecting area by electrically connecting many smaller antennas. Since the total collecting area is then proportional to the number of antennas connected together, the total cost is directly proportional to the collecting area. This is far better than the cube law, and as good a bargain as anyone could hope for.

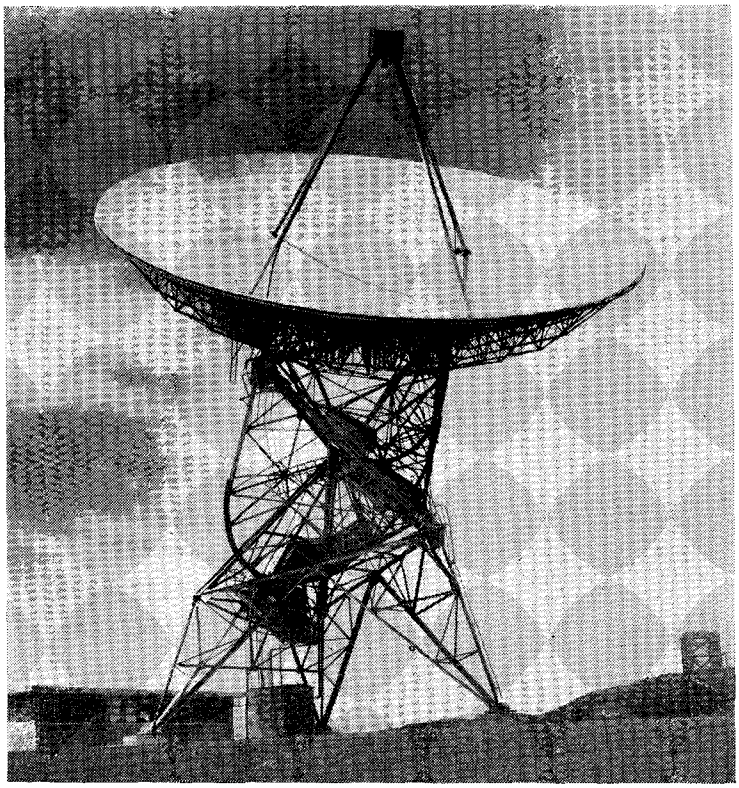
Although such an arrangement is simple in principle, the electrical interconnection of many antennas into a so-called "array" must be done very carefully. The radio waves from distant spacecraft, when captured by the antennas, generate high-frequency electrical waves at the antennas. These are carried by cables to a central point where all the waves are added together. The technological feat which must be accomplished is the bringing of all the wave crests simultaneously to this central point over circuits hundreds of yards long.

The radio waves always arrive at different antennas at different instants. So the lengths of the cables which interconnect the antennas are adjusted to compensate. However, because of the spacecraft motion and the rotation of the earth, the intervals between the times when the waves arrive at the antennas are continuously changing. This demands electrical circuitry that gives the effect of continuous change in the length of the cables connecting the antennas.

Despite the nightmare this description suggests, the problem has been solved. At Stanford University, an array of thirty-two ten-foot antennas has been successfully coupled and an ingenious calibration system developed to allow the required performance. For many years at the Owens Valley Observatory of the California Institute of Technology, and more recently at the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, West Virginia, large antennas also have been connected successfully, even though at NRAO they are more than a mile apart.

Very recently, the radar industry has produced a system called the "adaptive array." In this technique, the waves coming from each antenna are compared, and the result used to drive a servomechanism which automatically adjusts the signals from the antennas to produce an optimum addition. One of the great advantages of this system is that it corrects for all disturbances to the incoming waves, including even the effects of clouds and other irregularities in the atmosphere.

From the cube law of cost for parabolic antennas, the nimble-minded might quickly conclude that it is better to assemble a given collecting area by using a gigantic number of very small antennas. Actually, this is not the best solution because each antenna must have a very sensitive and expensive amplifier on it, and the cost of the amplifier stays the same no matter how small the antenna is. Studies made at the NASA Langley Research Center and at the Stanford Research Institute conclude that the minimum cost for a given total collecting area is achieved if antennas about 85-feet in diameter are used. By coincidence, this is the same size as now used in the Deep Space Net, and at many other radio observatories. Here is something of a delight—it is as though a deeply intellectual study had been made to determine the very best design for an automobile, and the epitome hit upon was sitting in the driveway, available by the dozens at the nearest auto dealer.



—*National Radio Astronomy Observatory.*

The Howard E. Tatel 85-foot radio telescope at Green Bank, W. Va.

RECALLING the preceding discussion of Mariner 4, one concludes that the space program could well use an array containing a hundred or more 85-foot antennas. One array might cost $40,000,000, still only a few per cent of what will almost certainly be spent on planetary exploration in the next ten years. Taking into account the fact that one such array cannot constantly monitor a spacecraft, about fifty times the data-gathering ability of the present Deep Space Net would then be assembled. The lunar feat of Ranger 7 could be duplicated at Mars or Venus. We would no longer be dismayed by the feeble signal strength from a Jupiter probe. As data requirements increased, the abilities of the array could be enhanced in direct proportion to additional expenditures, simply by adding more idential antennas. Five hundred 85-footers would probably be close to optimum.

Such a breathtaking instrument would not only assure an adequate communication link with our far-flung spacecraft, but itself would be capable of making celestial observations of a quality far better than any existing or planned radio telescope. This one array of instruments could observe the sun, moon, and planets in detail, as well as the exotic and exciting objects which populate the radio astronomer's universe. These last include the gas clouds of the Milky Way, the basic stuff from which stars and planets are made, and the remnants of supernova explosions. Beyond the Milky Way, we would see clearly the tantalizing radio galaxies, including the new famous quasi-stellar radio sources, about which we understand little except that they are the most spectacular phenomena yet discovered: perhaps manifestations of gravitational energy heretofore unsuspected.

We cannot procrastinate—an instrument of the size described here takes years to produce in fully working form. Yet it is clearly needed if the great and unique promise of planetary exploration is to be fulfilled.

Until a balanced program is achieved, until our radio telescopes are worthy of our rockets, our greatest potential achievements in space will not be realized. It is time to get on with the job. While you have been reading these words, a spacecraft has flown several thousand miles closer to Mars.

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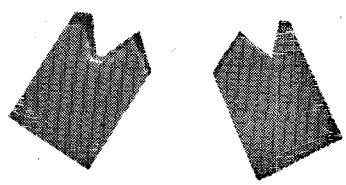
LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR



MY OWN personal gold medal to you, to John Lear, and to Dr. Alice S. Rossi, for the fine article "Will Science Change Marriage?" [*SR*, Dec. 5].

I can only reply, with profound conviction, "I hope so." Dr. Rossi is definitely on the right track, and speaks to me, and to my friends, with much more accuracy than the do-goody Aunt Hannahs who cram the pages of women's magazines.

As a young married (with a child) elementary school teacher who is looking forward to eagerly-planned science studies, I was particularly interested that the slant of the article was toward science.

I was a little disappointed at Lear's disclaiming attitude (he wouldn't apologize in advance for any other subject), but I must commend him for inclusion of the article.

MRS. LEE T. SCHIRING.
Lakewood, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor is chagrined that anyone could read an apologetic note into his report on the effects of science on marriage. For a somewhat different view of his effort to be objective, see the letter immediately below.*

THE JOURNALISTIC REPORTING of scientific research findings is, in general, rather poor. With regard to social science reporting, it is most often incredibly bad! John Lear has shown his ability in describing natural science research many times in the past. He is now due much praise for his magnificent presentation of Dr. Rossi's sociological studies of women and careers ("Will Science Change Marriage?"—*SR*, December 5).

Not only did he succinctly recount many of Dr. Rossi's important findings, but he also drew their implications for male and female roles in this society without obscuring the discussion by an introjection of his own values. The successful accomplishment of this feat—difficult even for the trained social scientist—is perhaps the *sine qua non* of the truly professional science reporter.

JAMES L. HAWKINS,
Research Sociologist,
Institute for Psychiatric Research,
Indiana University.
Indianapolis, Ind.

THANK YOU for "Will Science Change Marriage?" Coming from a man, though much of the article is based on Dr. Alice Rossi's conclusions, it will carry more weight. For as you point out women need the encouragement and support of their fathers and husbands in seeking any sort of a career.

I am a grandmother, and since twenty I have earned my living as a writer, lecturer, and teacher. During the suffrage campaign the word *feminist* had earned a certain acceptance, even glory. I have seen it become almost a dirty word; women shy away from it, not realizing that its technical definition is merely a woman who adheres to the "doctrine that favors more rights and activities for women."

The effort to keep girls and women from aspiring *too high* is all around them. It is all embracing; if you are alert to it the signs pointing to it are almost overwhelming. Today my alumni magazine, Volume 1, Number 2, came, and I am sending it to you. *Chicago Today* is on glossy paper, beautifully designed and illustrated. There is an article "Among the Eminent Men," and altogether thirty-eight photographs of distinguished men connected with the university. There is one photograph of a woman, illustrating a story of the Ladies' Auxiliary at the Lying-in-Hospital. Mention Dr. Rossi's work? Don't be silly.

MRS. REBECCA REHYER.
New York, N.Y.

IN YOUR DISCUSSION of marriage, particularly marriage of career women [*SR*, Dec. 5], one factor which you and your informant, Dr. [Alice S.] Rossi, leave out of account is grandparents. Many of the ills of present-day families are, I suspect, due to the current segregation of children from their grandparents. The child, by Mendelian heredity, is rather apt to be more like some grandparent than like either parent. Parents tend to hate progeny who are unlike them. Grandparents in the home might mitigate if not arbitrate the resultant quarrels.

And let me introduce you to my schedule for parents' attendance at college. The wife (or fiancée) will support the husband (or (fiancé) while he goes to college. Then the couple will procreate several children and start them in school. After all this, the husband will support the wife while she goes to college. Thus the wife, at the very least, will be more interesting to the husband during what Sartre's mistress calls the prime of

LETTER FROM OKLAHOMA CITY

DILEMMAS OF A HOUSEHUSBAND

Science and Marriage: A First-Hand Report

AT table not long ago, one of our daughters announced she had solved a problem in school. The issue was a routine questionnaire which asked for "father's occupation." After considering the alternatives, she finally wrote into the appropriate space: *Househusband.*

The initial impact of her word-coinage brought general merriment to the three other females in our family—my wife and daughters. But this unexpected confrontation with our space-age dilemma caused me to lose some of the savor of my own home-cooking.

It may be that a brief sketch of my personal experience during the last eleven years, with special emphasis on happenings of the past eighteen months, will cast light from a new angle on the question posed in *SR*/Research for December 1964: "Will Science Change Marriage?"

I present this vignette:

> A marries B. As college graduates, both are gainfully employed in their chosen fields. A earns almost twice as much as B. They produce three children, live in typical mortgaged sub-division two-car comfort. Then family responsibilities suggest that one person ought to be at home as a full-time parent and homemaker. So B leaves the work force to fulfill this need.

As a college teacher of speech arts, I have known dozens of intelligent young women who look forward to just such a progression even while studying for highly specialized careers. This is perhaps the classic pattern of the modern American woman. The difference in the case just cited is that A is the female, B is the male.

Let me be more direct about this: I am B.

I am not in this predicament by accident. In an age of specialists, particular skills earn handsome rewards, while other talents may go begging. When I was a beginning teacher, my superior told me that with a doctorate beyond my master's degree I might aspire to a salary of over $9,000. At that time my wife was making nearly that much as a young electrical engineer. This was

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life; besides, husband putting wife through college will make him more friendly to her, as per Franklin's dictum that you make a man your friend by persuading him to do something for you.

Remember that Balzac was for quite a while supported by his wife, as I am, at 66. My wife and I are both poets.

KELLY JANES.

Monterey, Mass.

THAT WAS a fascinating article entitled, "Will Science Change Marriage?" in the SR/Research section of your December 5 issue.

Now, when do you plan to publish an article in the SR proper, entitled "Will Marriage Change Science?"

JANET KOLTUN.

Chevy Chase, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Marriage has changed science considerably. For example, the wedding of that great personage of the British Empire, Queen Victoria, to her beloved Albert was responsible for the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace at Hyde Park. The exhibition marked the beginning of English technical and scientific education (see "South Kensington to Robbins" by Michael Argles, published by Longmans at twenty-one shillings per copy). Another example of the effect of marriage on science is Pierre Curie's influence on Marie Curie's discovery of radioactivity. This little-known story can be read in the introduction to the new Riverside Literature Series Edition of "Madame Curie," Eve Curie's biography of her mother (published by Houghton Mifflin in hard covers and paperback).*

I DISCOVER a peculiar omission in Science and Humanity [SR, Dec. 5].

The five Nobel prize winners whose pictures and names are given under the heading of "The Five Women Nobelists" are not the only women who received Nobel awards. I count at least five others in literature: Selma Lageröf [Sweden], Grazia Deledda [Italy], Sigrid Unset [Norway], Pearl Buck [United States], Gabriela Mistral [Chile].

F. DEWEY AMNER.

Kent, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Three winners of the Nobel Peace Prize also have been women: Bertha S. F. von Suttner of Austria (1905), Jane Addams of Chicago (1931), and Emily Green Balch of Boston (1946).*

An Objection

YOUR THESIS as implied in the article, "Will Science Change Marriage" [SR, Dec. 5] is totally invalid. It is not science *per se* that is changing marriage in the United States; rather it is the recognition that many intelligent women are no longer finding fulfillment in homemaking and rearing a family that has led to more women working outside of the home. Indeed, a much larger proportion of business and professional women are engaged in non-scientific than in scientific positions.

As far as Dr. Alice S. Rossi's three major categories are concerned, the implicit, underlying assumption here is "in our culture." The "traditional" careers are only traditional in some countries; in Russia medicine is traditionally a feminine occupation, as is dentistry. Culture is probably the basic factor in choice of occupations, and the many studies of personalities of women in science reflect the doggedness and determination required to successfully buck the culture.

In order to increase the number of women in science we need to start in the elementary school providing girls and boys alike with experiences in physical and biological sci-

no surprise. When we married, with my college behind me and hers just about to start, we had selected a field which suited her talents and interests *and* the rewards of the economy. We did not plan our family, but we did plan to raise one. The prospect of two careers coupled with the responsibilities of parenthood did not dismay us then, nor does it now.

There have, however, been crises, most of them due to the conflicting demands of children and jobs. As our three girls grew we tried all forms of caring for them. We took them to private sitters, to nursery school, had both young and mature women live-in by the week, took them to neighbors by the day, and to grandmother when she lived near enough. There were assets and liabilities to each arrangement. It was often difficult for the girls to adjust. But there seemed to be little to be gained in their over-all welfare by cutting off two-thirds of family income just to have mother at home. (The good reasons why mother does not choose to be at home is another story.)

A SECOND income in the family is in part self-defeating, we discovered. In addition to sitter's fees, there are extra expenses for clothing, food, and transportation, and additional taxes. These absorb a large part of the paper profit of the second wage-earner. The rewards which make the effort worthwhile are paid in status, fulfillment of ambition, useful application of knowledge, and to some the freedom from the home. (I can tell any male who is in honest doubt about it that a house can be the prison of the soul, not because there is nothing to do but because so little of what must be done stays done, or produces tangible evidence of being meaningful.)

I said I would put special emphasis on the last eighteen months. That is the period during which my wife has been not only the primary wage-earner (as she has been throughout the eleven years of our marriage) but the *sole* wage-earner of our family.

The change in the cycle of family adjustment came about through an opportunity my wife was offered for a cross-country job transfer. The uncertainties of moving to a new environment, coupled with the newer problems of children entering adolescence, plus a lack of available market for my special skills, suggested to us an experiment in role-reversal. With very little financial adjustment it was possible to provide a full-time parent in the home. Children could have their friends in the house to play in the afternoons, a request that was not often granted before. Meals would be more leisurely and better planned. Sickness of a child would no longer trigger an emergency change of all plans. Mother's night classes or out-of-town trips would not interfere with the growing outside activities of the older girls. And for father there would be time for the Sabbatical—unpaid of course—time to absorb the writings that are the raw materials upon which a teacher must feed.

Despite all the aforestated logic commending our arrangement, the experiment has not been successful. Mr. B still equivocates when friends ask, "And what are you doing now?" There is no inclination to say honestly, "I am a househusband." B discovers that in the tug of reason against emotion, reason is not always the victor. For example, reason persuades that:

> AN APRON IS A DEVICE for protecting clothing. B prefers grease-spots on the pants to being viewed by neighbors in even the most masculine of aprons.
>
> B SHOULD BE PLEASED when door-to-door salesmen refuse to do business with any but "the lady of the house." Yet this somehow makes B feel inadequate.
>
> IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE if financial obligations must be made in the wife's name, since the same bank account satisfies all. Yet when a credit reference is required B is awkward, almost apologetic in inescapable explanations.

There is no need to pile on additional examples as testimony to the cumulative negative effect that minor irritants have built up. For however annoying, these are not the major reasons why such a distribution of the family activities does not function properly.

The major obstacles to the long-range success of a role-reversal are found in the delicate family relationships. In the case of the husband, his relation to his parents may become acutely sensitive. Although parents may make identical financial investments in the educations of a son and daughter, their emotional involvements with each are seldom comparable. In our society the son is expected to achieve success in a sense

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ences. When girls realize how satisfying, challenging, and stimulating science is, the rest will follow naturally. If, as psychologists contend, a model stimulates motivation, the progress of future women scientists can be enhanced by providing models of women who have successfully combined marriage and a career. Many people do not realize that the five women Nobelists were married. This kind of information should be more widely promulgated.

GLADYS S. KLEINMAN,
Assistant Professor of
Science Education,
Rutgers University.

New Brunswick, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If Professor Kleinman has documentation to support the first two sentences of her letter, she might share it with Dr. Rossi, whose research in depth (as reported in this space last month) indicates that although women are rebellious against their present-day career limitations they are not resentful enough to oppose male resistance to their advancement. Dr. Rossi's research indicated further that girls aren't going to study science in any great numbers until they get encouragement from home.*

Brains and Bodies

YOUR STATEMENT on the Alice Rossi paper at the MIT conference was an excellent summary of the salient points. I found it very stimulating and provocative, as she intended it to be. In my book, *Academic Women*, I take a somewhat different approach to the creativity of women in science, more sociological than psychological. My findings accord rather well with Eric Erikson's, which were attacked by some of the participants at MIT. I don't go into the individual aspects, as Dr. Rossi does; I do think that body differences make a difference in what gets into the brain and out again by way of the muscles, a so-called "package metaphor." I also found that among academic people, institutional position was more important than sex in relation to productivity. That, of course, leaves the question as to why women tend to be in positions that are less productive than men.

JESSIE BERNARD.

Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Bernard was co-author of the classic "Origins of American Sociology." One of her later books, "Academic Women," referred to in the letter above, is available through its publisher, the Pennsylvania State University Press. The first results of the survey Dr. Rossi depended on can be found in still another book, "Great Aspirations," published by Aldine Publishing Company. The MIT Press is planning to publish in yet another book the transcript of the MIT symposium on women in science.*

Apoplectic Prophets

I READ with some concern and more hilarity the letters from Louis Lavoie and Peter M. Hay (Ph.D.!) [*SR*, Nov. 7]. Everyone knows that scientists are today's Messiahs—prophets—what have you? And we should all remember that to ask a prophet to assume responsibility for the handing down from on high of his truth is to invite damnation.

Look what happened when Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer wondered about developing the hydrogen bomb—they took away his security clearance.

Perhaps the reason for Louis Lavoie's and Peter M. Hays' hysteria is that they do not want an editor; they want a reporter.

GRACE W. BOOKHEIM.

Rensselaer, N.Y.

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which is not limited to the production of a normal, happy family—an end product which is not only suitable but usually desirable for the daughter. Unhappily, parents too must find an acceptable response to the innocent and common question, "And what is your son doing now?"

MORE important is the relationship of the children to the mother and father in the inverted situation. There are times, of course, when no such substitution is possible. In our family of girls there are "woman matters" that only mother can handle. Aside from these, the children realize that they are different from their friends in a subtle degree. Pride in mother's accomplishments is clouded by reaction to father's confused place in the total picture. As the adolescent need for conformity and peer approval develops, it becomes increasingly clear that to our children a "regular" father is preferable even if that means limitations in activities and increased responsibilities for them. Otherwise the children, too, must one day resort to the petty deceptions which will "explain" what father is doing.

Most important of all is the relationship between husband and wife itself. (In the case history of A and B there is no direct competition of careers. If both shared the same occupation, and particularly if their levels of achievement were similar, the odds are heavy that the woman would yield her progress in industry during the years of peak family demands.) Whatever may be possible in 1965, the ability to nurture the egg and produce the child is still reserved to the female. In the dual career family each child costs dearly not only in income lost, but in the interruption of career continuity. Even at the minimum period of four months away from the job, as usually dictated by insurance regulations and company policies, the working mother has unavoidable adjustments to make. When she is the sole source of income, the threat of pregnancy equals that to the male wage-earner faced with a serious illness. The probability that prolonged enforced maternity leave is not only pointless but harmful to her morale aggravates the mother's burden.

Even in our enlightened society, as long as couples are capable of having children there is no certainty that they will not. In the normal family situation the housewife is able to accommodate the new arrival with a minimum of fuss and re-budgeting. In the dual career family there is bound to be a vigorous upheaval as interests shift. In the family which depends on the wife as the chief source of income, there is no good solution. A temporary job for the father is not likely to produce either the funds or the emotional satisfactions the expanding family desires. A resumption of his career on the full-scale only makes it more difficult for the woman to regain her former position.

THEN too, the man who leaves the labor force for any length of time faces a re-entry problem that is greater than that which challenges the woman, if for no other reason than that it is a more unusual procedure for him to do so. The man of thirty-five or more who has lost his continuity of service may encounter strong resistance in reaching his former levels of achievement and growing beyond them. There may be a need not only for retraining but for redefinition of acceptable goals.

Other societies which seek to use the full potential of the female in the work force arrange to meet the conflicting demands upon the mother by some sort of community supervision of the children. Whatever their specific designs, such plans de-emphasize or compete with the family unit as we know it. On the other hand, Americans have abandoned the close-knit integration of several generations under one roof, an imperfect arrangement which once provided answers to some of the problems the working mother encounters. Redistribution of the family work-load between husband and wife, when temperaments and talents advise it, could encourage women to enter the professions which need them. But demands of science will not change marriage until we can overcome the stereotypes of the manly and feminine roles which govern our daily activities.

The *househusband* has yet to be defined in our culture. What is a *househusband?*

Since there are as yet no dictionary definitions, let us create one by starting with the opposite number, the well-known "Housewife: *n.* a woman who runs a home and takes care of domestic affairs" [Webster's *New World*]. Merely removing the letters *WO* will not suffice, because we read into this definition far more than is stated. Are we willing to grant to the male the additional criteria

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which are implicit in the term "housewife?"

First we ought to write *able-bodied* into our definition. The community approves of the working young-married couple. If children arrive and the couple continues to follow their separate careers they are likely to encounter genuine admiration, often expressed in some such declaration as, "Honestly, we don't see how you two manage it all!" Let the couple decide that it is to the best interests of the family for one of them to concentrate on the home during the critical child-raising years, and friends and neighbors will not only understand but applaud the wisdom of the decision. However, if the able-bodied, employable male should elect to be the one to interrupt his career, the community reaction will be negative. Men do run households—but they run them out of necessity, not choice; usually because of some disability which removes them from the work force.

THE second qualifier we must add to our definition of a *househusband* is *choice*. The fellow who chooses to trade places with the traditional little woman must be either sick or worse, lazy. "Man you really got it made!" our service station operator tells me with just a hint of friendly disapproval. Neighbors accept the deviation, but it is just that. Everyone, B included, looks for justifications and explanations that are not required of the housewife. Any adult member of the "weaker sex" is free to make a choice which is, in practice, denied her mate. Who is brave enough to accuse her of either debility or sloth in her appointed rounds?

The idea of the man in the home should not be as startling as it is. In the depression Thirties many an unfortunate husband manned the broom and pot while his secretary-wife brought home the bread. And is it not the male who dominates the commercial pinnacles of such feminine arts as fashion design, hair styling, decorating, and cooking?

Our family experiment suggests that the home isn't the place it used to be. In each family there is just about the same work to be done. Clothes must be washed and ironed, dishes scrubbed, lawns mowed, automobiles maintained. Children must be fed, dressed, supervised, counseled, and consoled—as well as ferried about to library, chum, or store. And someone must bring in enough money to meet the first of the month with at least a faint smile. What we are concerned about is not *what* must be done, but *how* the workload is divided.

Have our standards kept up with our technology? Remember the wringer washer with its drainage tubs to empty. Remember even the scrub brush, corrugated tin board, and yellow soap. Washday once required both muscle and stamina (and men let the women do the job.) Today Mr. B puts the load in the machine and shuts the lid. His work, the vital function, is executive—he must decide the correct choice of water temperature in wash and rinse, the timing of the cycle, the amount of water, the proper combination of compatible items to be washed.

Assuming there is no mechanical breakdown—an emergency for which B is better prepared than even his pioneer wife—getting the clothes dry is the next problem. Remember the numb, red-raw fingers, and socks frozen at ridiculous angles. Or the merry-go-round rope rig that mother fought into its wind-wrecked umbrella position. For B the physical strain is now an out-of-the-lid-into-the-door process. Setting the drier at the proper temperature for the proper time is crucial operation. At worst a poor decision might burn down the house. Doing the wash is not necessarily woman's work. (For confirmation look in any laundromat and count the pants—that is pants with men in them.)

Of all the chores that B does not expect his loved one to do, cutting grass and ironing lead the list, simply because they are the most dangerous. The potential of the power rotary mower to do physical damage is not to be taken lightly. Nor is the impact of the iron set to "cotton."

Cooking has its own hazards and joys. The coming of the cookout proved that normal males can achieve satisfaction in production of palatable meals. Once they discover the advantages of the modern kitchen over the barbecue pit, the possibilities are limitless. Our can opener—electric—is used frequently but with discretion. Nevertheless, our oldest daughter recently informed her high-school class that around our house father does the cooking and is better at it than is mother. The class found the very thought highly amusing.

In the home of 1965 there is not much that can be justified as the exclusive domain of either sex. The army taught me to sew and to make a bed that will bounce a quarter. Why not put these skills to civilian use? The answer is that based on common sense we divide the household tasks according to preferences, not gender. What household does not have such arrangements? It is only when the role-expectancy factor becomes involved that conflicts develop. When the woman decides to leave the home, or the man options to abandon the business world, the fabric of environment and pre-conditioning cries out against it.

Under the existing mores it is as difficult for the husband to invade the wife's house as it is for her to retire from it. It is this realization, especially if she is concerned for the welfare of her children in the interweaving of two working worlds, that prompts the capable young woman to hesitate committing herself to the arduous training leading to the professions. Without the active support of family and husband, her choice may well be career *or* marriage. There is no fundamental reason why she cannot have both.

—ROBERT VARGA.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

The Mrs. A of the report above, an engineer employed by General Electric, has promised to tell her side of the story exclusively in SR/Research for February 1965.

"Before we can get anywhere in this discussion we're going to have to break the language barrier."

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Shanghai

Continued from page 43

the lavish glitter of neon lights, restaurants serving superb Chinese food, theaters, close-packed dwellings, and workshops. Through it all cut Nanking Road, Shanghai's combined Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Along the Settlement's downtown streets sped, inched, jostled, and interwove trams, double-decker buses, cars, and the rickshas, carts, and man-drawn wagons to be found in the Chinese sections.

Almost anything could come down Shanghai streets, in the Settlement or elsewhere. Traffic was regularly held up by massive funeral processions that sometimes snaked for blocks with their carts and rickshas loaded with wreaths, the inevitable huge portrait of the deceased, and scores of wailing, white-clad mourners. On the sidewalks was the human reflection of all China: grandmothers with tiny bound feet, hurrying restaurant boys carrying trays of food on their heads for delivery to a nearby office, beggars exhibiting deformed limbs or carrying a scabrous child intended to awaken pity and loosen the purses of passers-by, Chinese businessmen with horn-rimmed spectacles and fat bellies pushing out their belted, Western-style trousers, Shanghai's superbly chic Chinese women in high-collared dresses, and everywhere, darting underfoot and in and out of traffic, swarms of children.

The other foreign section of Shanghai, the French Concession, was laced by broad, tree-lined boulevards with French names such as Rue Amiral Courbet, Avenue Pétain, and Rue de la Somme. The plush, illegal gambling houses were in Frenchtown, along with the best French and Russian restaurants, and the city's palatial residences for Chinese and foreigners. Avenue Joffre was the particular haven of Shanghai's thousands of Russian émigrés, and it was not unusual to find a countess or a prince managing a jewelry shop or running a restaurant. Generally Shanghai's spectacular formal balls were held at the French Club, even the ritual British ones. I remember waiting impatiently, after a satiety of good food and wine, for the port and the toast to the King so I could smoke. I remember dancing till dawn in eggshell satin, in deep red velvet, in crisp white linen, in petals and petals of pink organdy. Besides its foreign residents, Frenchtown also had its concentration of millionaire Chinese merchants, defeated Chinese warlords, and Chinese ex-officials with more means than probity, all seeking in this foreign enclave a haven from the troubles and the chaos outside it.

If Shanghai's foreign concessions offered Europeans and many Chinese a

moderately secure and profitable oasis in the jumbled disunity that was China, the Communists used it for underground revolutionary activity and conspiracy. Many years later Chou En-lai told me that at the time I was teaching Shakespeare and Robert Frost in the Shanghai American School he and his wife, sought by Chinese and foreign police alike, were moving quietly through the French Concession, never once together outside their room because someone who would not recognize them separately might recognize them together.

After all, much as Mao distrusts it, this was China's great proletarian city. Chinese industry was born here; so were the labor movement and the strike. So, indeed, was the Chinese Communist Party. It was in Shanghai that the Japanese struck one of the first blows of war against China that wrecked the Kuomintang and helped the Communists. It was when the Communists took Shanghai that everyone knew that Mao had won for sure and Chiang Kai-shek had been defeated.

Some months ago someone in New York asked me what was the most exciting city I had ever known or visited.

"Shanghai," I said, and added, without really thinking, a couple of lines from John Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi:* "That was in another country. And besides, the wench is dead."

Beast

By A. D. Freeman

HUNCHBACKED,
apple-breathed,
you hunt the roads;
some think good luck
is in your load.
Finally,
beast of burden,
beast of Eden,
you catch your death.

Top of My Head

Continued from page 6

1,200 club, and am interested in transferring my membership to you. You see, I don't really want it, and you do. Actually, my fifteen-year-old son has been participating in the club's activities, with all its rights and privileges, but the membership is in my name, and I therefore think I am entitled to dispose of it. Don't you agree?

You may be interested in how I became a member.

A couple of weeks ago I received a long-distance call from a rapid-speaking lady in Chicago who told me I was one of the select few chosen to serve humanity by keeping records of my family's television-viewing habits for the A. C. Nielsen Company. Naturally, I was flattered—and I also had a secret thought lurking in my mind that I might sway Madison Avenue thinking by listing only such programs as are not specifically directed toward the mentally retarded. If I could, of course, this would really serve humanity. Anyway, I agreed to join. Alas, when the time came to commence record-keeping, I found that either a) I was not home while TV was turned on, or b) I lacked the time and inclination to fulfil my responsibilities while I was home. My wife and older offspring, age twenty, no doubt miffed at not being invited to be members themselves, refused to be of assistance. So what could I do but make a proxy of my young son? Obviously, there was no other course of action.

Now, this is an intelligent, clean-cut youngster I have, and he has assumed his Nielsen duties with utmost conscientiousness. But he is just fifteen years old, and just barely, and his tastes are not mine, nor are they as sophisticated as those of most adults. Or, perhaps I err here; if Nielsen is right, and many adults do watch the programs which have the higher ratings, then David—my boy is David—is many times more discriminating than most adults.

Ah well, the point of all this is that I worry about neglecting my responsibilities, and that I am subject to accusations of unpatriotism. (A signed note from Mr. Nielsen himself has assured me that participation in club activities is "the American way.") So I am willing to forego benefits of membership and bestow them on you. *If* the directors of the club won't mind. Do you think they will mind? Sincerely.

Thank you, Mr. Cowen, for a most enlightening letter. I wouldn't want to deprive David of his adopted membership. And I don't think Mr. Nielsen is going to be too happy with David if, as you say, he is more discriminating than most adults. Now the thing for you and me to do is to find somebody not as discriminating, not as adult, not as—I wonder if Mr. Nielsen would be happy with my wife. —GOODMAN ACE.

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 105)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1604

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Legendary birthplace of Romulus and Remus, town 12 miles SE of Rome; razed 665 B.C. (2 wds.).

B. Leading male dancer in Diaghilev's Ballet Russe, 1909.

C. Common negative understatement, implying dis*astrous results, situation,* experience (2 wds.).

D. One's good spirit.

E. Coarse; lecherous.

F. U.S. Nat'l Historical Park in SW Tennessee.

G. To drowse (comp.).

H. Hero of a novel that died with its author, 1870 (2 wds.).

I. Antique molded porcelain used effectively for lamp shades many years ago.

J. Debts.

K. Opinionated (from the French).

L. Resembling a basis or foundation.

M. To pronounce by judicial decree.

N. "M-G-M's fair-haired boy, reigning favorite of Hollywood", 1944 (2 wds.; from *The Movies* by Griffith and Mayer).

WORDS

9 46 194 92 74 129 4 115 138

114 182 69 134 170 202 34 99

120 160 212 75 112 19

183 83 151 39 65 18 100 158

161 144 85 57 48 181 7

132 130 119 23 180 2

61 210 88 215 6 94

192 79 31 173 8 211 109 89 166 149

63 12 184 157 122 154 137 150 86 28

172 22 32 104 203 50 197 38 72 190 208

3 111 142 174 196 148

11 124 30 171 40 60 77 140

25 135 128 167 54 126 168 209 44 178

102 169 66 5 213 58 36 71 17 191

DEFINITIONS

O. Leaf which forms the basic plan of the Corinthian capital, copied in Byzantine architecture.

P. What the country housewife makes every autumn when grapes, crab apples, etc. ripen (2 wds.).

Q. Hurtful.

R. Specifying a building near the early churches of Connecticut, kept warm so that in winter the worshipers might thaw out there, between services in the unheated meeting houses (comp.).

S. The bloodflower of the Bahamas.

T. Monocotyledon.

U. Equipped, *arrayed.*

V. The year of travel, formerly the thing for a young man before he must settle down to his life work (German wd.).

W. Immemorial (3 wds.).

X. Returning.

Y. Burrowing in rock.

Z. Breakfast (French).

WORDS

96 146 47 131 189 80 101 20

121 127 1 155 68 24 27 51

113 107 200 64 10 205 176 43 95

125 188 42 26 118 29 147 108 35 165

214 136 45 84 201

78 141 87 153 117 204 93

206 105 67 41 73 37

90 116 49 98 14 159 123 133 185 56

156 52 175 76 62 82 97 91 193

152 59 13 162 186 143 110 139 55

33 81 21 16 199 15 70 177 207 145 164

198 187 179 103 195 53 106 163

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 P	2 F	3 K	4 A		5 N	6 G	7 E	8 H		9 A	10 Q	11 L	12 I	13 X	14 V	15 Y
	16 Y	17 N	18 D	19 C		20 O	21 Y	22 J	23 F	24 P		25 M	26 R	27 P	28 I		29 R
30 L		31 H	32 J	33 Y	34 B		35 R	36 N	37 U		38 J	39 D	40 L	41 U		42 R	43 Q
44 M		45 S	46 A	47 O	48 E	49 V	50 J	51 P		52 W	53 Z	54 M	55 X	56 V		57 E	58 N
59 X		60 L	61 G	62 W	63 I	64 Q	65 D	66 N	67 U	68 P		69 B	70 Y	71 N	72 J	73 U	
74 A	75 C	76 W	77 L	78 T	79 H		80 O	81 Y	82 W		83 D	84 S		85 E	86 I	87 T	
88 G	89 H	90 V	91 W		92 A	93 T	94 G		95 Q	96 O	97 W	98 V		99 B	100 D	101 O	102 N
103 Z		104 J	105 U	106 Z	107 Q		108 R	109 H	110 X	111 K	112 C	113 Q	114 B	115 A		116 V	117 T
118 R	119 F	120 C		121 P	122 I		123 V	124 L	125 R	126 M	127 P		128 M	129 A	130 F	131 O	
132 F	133 V	134 B	135 M		136 S		137 I	138 A	139 X	140 L	141 T	142 K		143 X	144 E	145 Y	146 O
147 R	148 K	149 H		150 I		151 D	152 X	153 T	154 I		155 P	156 W	157 I	158 D		159 V	160 C
161 E	162 X	163 Z	164 Y		165 R	166 H	167 M		168 M	169 N	170 B	171 L		172 J	173 H	174 K	
175 W	176 Q		177 Y	178 M		179 Z	180 F	181 E	182 B	183 D		184 I	185 V	186 X	187 Z	188 R	189 O
190 J	191 N	192 H	193 W		194 A	195 Z	196 K		197 J		198 Z	199 Y		200 Q	201 S	202 B	203 J
204 T		205 Q		206 U	207 Y		208 J	209 M	210 G	211 H		212 C	213 N	214 S	215 G		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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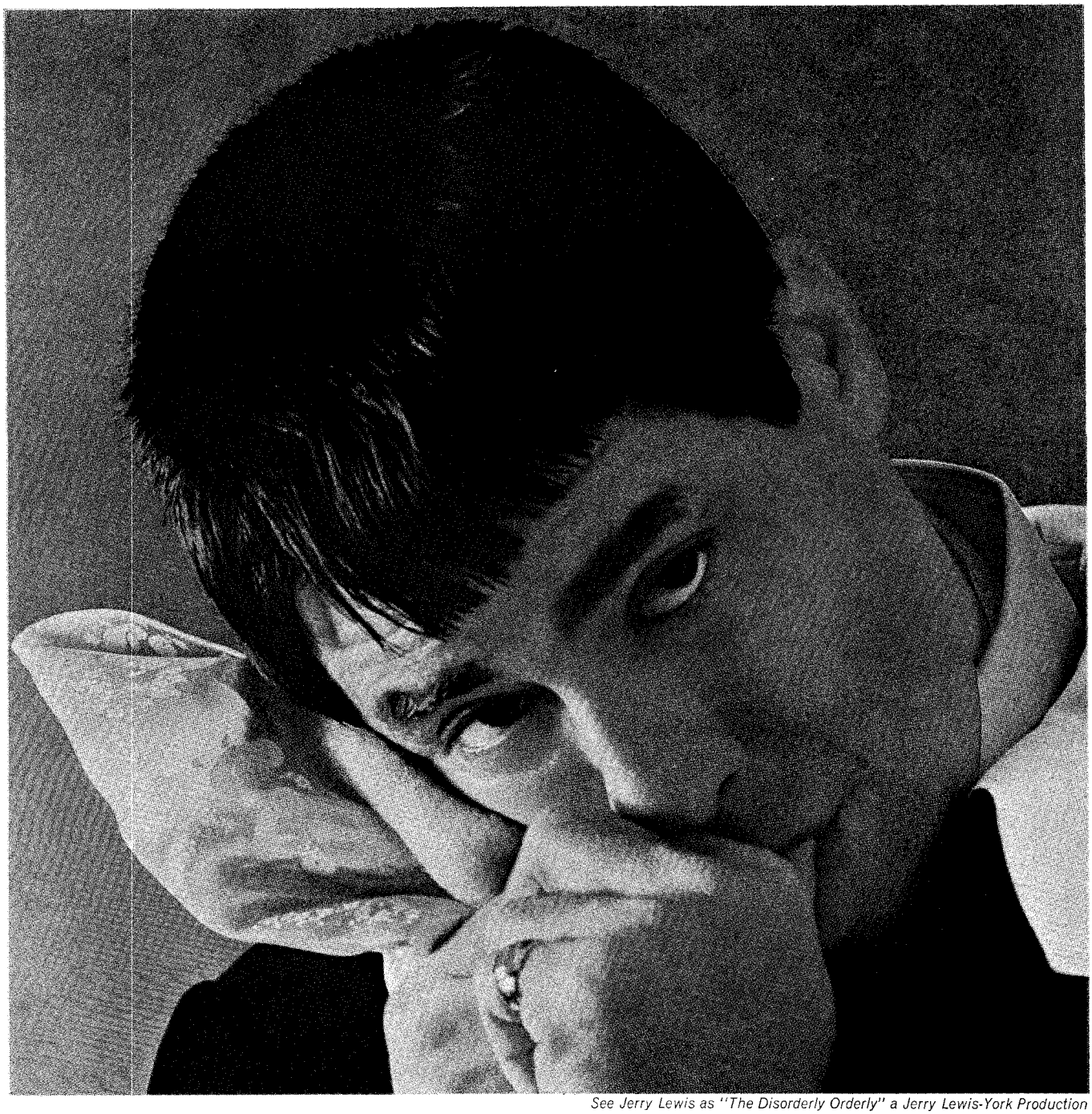

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